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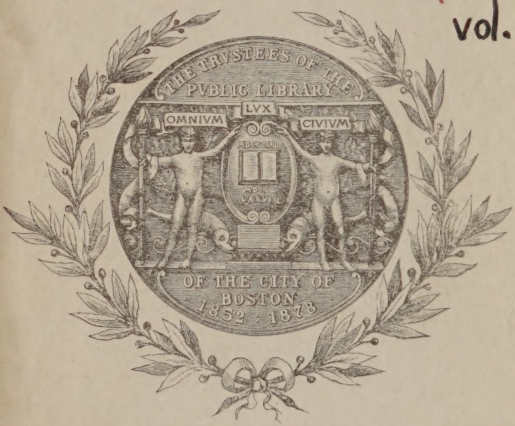

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William Dall, Esq.

THE

MIRROR.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS

1779 and 1780.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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William Bell Esq
PRESENTED
BY THE
PROPRIETORS

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MIRROR.

No. 59. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 17, 1779.

Ex otio plus negotii quam ex negotio habemus.
Vet. Schol. ad Ennium in Iphigen.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men, whom your predeceſſor, *The Spectator*, has diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *Loungers*, an innocent harmleſs race, who are remarkable for no one offenſive quality, except a mortal antipathy at *Time*; which, as that author ſays, and we are willing to allow, we ſtudy all poſſible means of killing and deſtroying. This confeſſion, Sir, of one particular ſpecies of malevolence we are not at all aſhamed to make, ſince the perſecution of our adverſary is ſo avowed and notorious, as fully to juſtify every kind of revenge which we can meditate. We conſider Time, Sir, as a ſort of *incubus*, or day night-mare, a malignant being, who, *like the old man of the ſea*, in the *Arabian Tales*, faſtens himſelf upon our ſhoulders, preſſes with intolerable weight, and ſticks ſo cloſe, that oftentimes an unhappy victim of his malice is fain to rid himſelf of his oppreſſor at the expence of his life. It is not then ſurpriſing that it ſhould be the conſtant ſtudy of us, who are infeſted by this monſter, to try every probable ſcheme for his deſtruction.

Now, Sir, as in a long-continued war, the military genius is ſharpened by exerciſe, deſtructive inventions

are multiplied, and a variety of artful diſpoſitions, manœuvres, and ſtratagems are found out, which the great maſters of the ſcience, *Folard*, *Puyſegur*, and *Saxe*, are careful to record for the benefit of belligerent poſterity: ſo I, in like manner, who for many years have maintained an obſtinate warfare with my mortal enemy, have not only put in practice all the common and moſt approved modes of attack and defence, ſo as preciſely to aſcertain the reſpective merit of each, but I flatter myſelf with having diſcovered ſeveral artful devices, and ingenious plans, which ſufficiently prove my own maſterly ſkill in the ſcience, and which I can recommend to the practice of my brother loungers, from repeated experience of their efficacy.

I have made ſo great a proficiency in this uſeful art, that it was for ſeveral years a darling project of mine, to digeſt my knowledge into a regular ſyſtem; but when, in the proſecution of this great deſign, I had got the length of forming a complete title-page, and had entered upon the conſideration of the plan, and arrangement of the work, I found a neceſſity of abandoning my project, from the immenſe variety of matter which preſented itſelf to my view, as well as from an unhappy infirmity under which I have laboured from my youth, a ſort of *lethargic* diſorder which totally unfits me for reading or writing more than half an hour at a time.

But, Sir, that the world may not be entirely deprived of the fruits of my talents and experience, I have determined to ſend you ſome of my detached notes, and a few obſervations occaſionally jotted down as materials, while the work I have mentioned was in contemplation. Theſe, Sir, as you ſeem to have a pretty turn for writing, you may, in your own way of periodical ſpeculations, enlarge and improve upon; or, if you ſhould think proper to follow out my deſign of a complete treatiſe on the ſubject, you have my full permiſſion.

The philoſophers ſay, *Cogito, ergo ſum*: I think therefore I exiſt. Now, as the ſenſe of our own exiſtence is the moſt diſagreeable of all reflexions to

lounging philoſophers, it follows, that, in order to rid ourſelves of that moſt uneaſy ſenſation, we muſt endeavour as much as poſſible to baniſh all thought.

To attain this important end, there are various means, acccording to the variety of taſtes. To eſcape from his own thoughts, one lounger betakes himſelf to his bottle, another to the gaming-table, and a third to a miſtreſs. That theſe methods are frequently ſucceſsful muſt be preſumed, ſince the greateſt adepts ſo generally employ them. Nevertheleſs, I muſt be excuſed for hinting a very few objections which have occurred in the courſe of my own practice.

As an antidote to the cares of life, and ſovereign opiate for the miſeries of thought and reflexion, there is no medicine which has acquired an equal reputation with a flaſk of good wine. But moſt opiates ſerve only as temporary palliatives, and ſome, while they give immediate relief, are known to increaſe the diſeaſe. I am afraid we muſt apply to the pleaſures of the bottle, what, with a ſlight alteration, was ſaid by a wiſe ancient: "Joy may endure for a night, but heavineſs (too "ſurely) cometh in the morning."

Gaming, too, though a very genteel occupation, muſt be allowed to approach rather too near to the drudgery of real buſineſs. The labour of thought which it requires, and the turbulence of contending paſſions, are certainly *inimical* to that tranquil indifference in which we loungers place our ſupreme felicity.

Although I am well acquainted with all the arguments in favour of gallantry, and allow them to have a great deal of weight, I cannot help thinking, that, when conſidered with a view to our fraternity, it is ſubject to many inconveniencies. Even under the management of the moſt prudent, it cannor be denied, that, it leads to ſituations in which the peace and quiet ſo neceſſary in the life of a lounger, are diſturbed and broken; or leaves him in others that render the preſence of his great adverſary, *Time*, more than uſually irkſome.

To conſtitute a complete lounger, it is neceſſary that he ſhould be a man of taſte. Reading, though, as a

food, it is groſs and of hard digeſtion, may be taken with much advantage in ſmall doſes, both as a cordial, and as an opiate. For the former of theſe purpoſes, I would recommend a complete ſet of jeſt-books from *Joe Miller* and the *Medley of Fun*, down to *Johnſoniana;* for the latter, moſt of the new novels. I would likewiſe adviſe the taking in all the magazines and reviews. Thoſe, beſides the very conſiderable amuſement in cutting up their leaves, enable a gentleman, by the moſt compendious means, to form a complete judgment of any author, in any ſcience, and to decide upon his merits in any company, with that proper confidence which repreſſes all oppoſition of opinion.

An ingenious author of this age * has lately demonſtrated, that it is poſſible to acquire a critical taſte in any of the fine arts, without the ſmalleſt portion of natural genius; and it muſt be acknowledged, that his theory is proved by the example of moſt modern critics. Among theſe arts, I would particularly recommend, as moſt profitable to the lounger, the acquiſition of a taſte in muſic. After acquiring a good taſte, it will be an eaſy matter to obtain a proficiency in the practice of the ſcience; and of this the advantage is very great. I have the honour to know ſeveral very accompliſhed gentlemen, who, with no other companion than their violin, are able to fiddle away a complete ſummer's day with much comfort and delight.

The occupations I have hitherto mentioned, it will be obſerved, are chiefly of the domeſtic kind. I could enumerate a variety of ſchemes for the deſtruction of time without doors. Theſe, however, are ſo generally known, that it were ſuperfluous to dwell upon them. In the morning the political lounger betakes himſelf to his coffee-houſe—the literary lounger to his bookſeller's ſhop—the ſaunterer to the public walks—the dreamer to his uſual occupation of counting the ſign-poſts. In the evening, clubs, card-parties, and public places, furniſh a rendezvous for loungers of all denominations.

Beſides theſe I have already mentioned, I could eaſily,

* Mr. Webb. See Preface to his Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, &c.

Sir, communicate a variety of other approved ſchemes and ingenious devices; but I ſhall, for the preſent, content myſelf with barely hinting at one other expedient, though I am aware that its vulgarity will not permit it to be *often* employed by people of *taſte* and *faſhion*. It muſt be acknowledged that the moſt effectual of all methods of killing time, is by ſerious buſineſs or occupation. This is the great ſecret by which many thouſands of the vulgar herd jog on through life with much compoſure, nay even ſeeming ſatisfaction, while thoſe who conſtitute the polite world are put to a variety of ſhifts to compaſs what the others attain without ſeeking after. Now, as a capital painter may ſometimes conceive a happy idea from the daubing of a ſign-poſt, ſo the lounger, though he diſdain to follow ſo mean an example as that of the plodding ſons of induſtry, may, nevertheleſs derive from it a very profitable leſſon. When any piece of buſineſs neceſſarily obtrudes itſelf, let him conſider, that it would be highly improvident to diſpatch or execute in one hour, or in one day, what, with a little prudent management, may eaſily furniſh occupation for twenty. Thus, when a lounger begins to write a letter, it may very reaſonably employ him for a month, the ranging of his library may give him a hurry of buſineſs for a year, and clearing accounts with his ſteward is the work of a life-time.

Theſe, Sir, are a few of the materials for that great deſign above mentioned, from which it is eaſy to form a judgment both of the copiouſneſs and importance of the ſubject. As that ſcheme, however, is now laid aſide, I take the liberty of ſending you theſe imperfect hints, in hopes (as many modeſt authors expreſs themſelves) that they may prompt an exertion of genius from ſome abler pen.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

ESYCHUS.

P. S. Your correſpondent, in your 14th Number, ſeems to poſſeſs many of the talents requiſite for ſuch an undertaking.

No. 60. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 21, 1779.

Quin ubi ſe a vulgo et ſcena in ſecreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Lælii;
Nugari cum illo et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti. HOR.

I HAVE heard a ſtory of an eminent philoſopher who was invited to dine and ſpend the evening with ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed men for learning and genius of the age in which he lived. Dinner being over, the converſation took a light and eaſy turn. While a cheerful glaſs went round, the common topic of the time, the joke of the day, or the occaſional pleaſantry of the minute, filled up their diſcourſe. The philoſopher, whoſe mind was conſtantly occupied with abſtract ſtudies and inquiries, took little ſhare in the converſation, and felt no pleaſure in it. After having ſat a conſiderable time, one of the company propoſed that they ſhould take a game at cards. Although they played for a trifle, the philoſopher refuſed to join in the party, and it was made up without him. While they were thus engaged, he retired to a corner of the room, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and began to write. Upon being aſked what he was writing? he anſwered, that he had conceived high expectations of the inſtruction and entertainment he was to receive from the converſation of ſo many eminent and diſtinguiſhed men; that he had reſolved, before he came among them, to take notes of what paſſed, leſt he ſhould forget it; and that this was now his occupation. The company, conſidering the manner in which they had been employed, felt the rebuke, and were made a little uneaſy by it.

People may think differently of this ſtory. I, for my part, think the philoſopher to blame, and that the company were in no reſpect the objects of cenſure. I have long been of opinion, that one of the moſt important leſſons to be learned in life, is that of being able to *trifle* upon occaſion. No character can poſſibly

be more contemptible than that of a talking, empty, giggling, fool, who is incapable of fixing his attention upon any thing that is important, and whose mind, like a microscope, sees only what is little, and takes in nothing that is great. But no character can be more respectable than that of a man of talents, whose thoughts are often employed upon the great and important objects of life, but who can nevertheless unbend his mind, and be amused with easy and simple recreations. A man, by taking false and improper views of life, may bring himself to think, that even those objects which are reckoned great and important, are, in reality, little; the projects of ambition, the desire of fame, even the pursuits of study, may sink before him; and, to such a man, the ordinary recreations of the world must appear too small to engage his attention. But, "*'twere "to consider too curiously, to consider so.*" He who thinks rightly, and adapts his mind to the circumstances in which he is placed, will soon be convinced, that, as activity and employment were intended for us, so we ought to be interested by the different objects around us. The projects of an honest ambition, if not carried too far, the desire of being thought well of, if kept within proper bounds, and the search after knowledge, if it does not lead to arrogance and conceit, will appear suited to our nature, and objects upon which it is right that we should fix our attention. In the same manner, it will appear proper that the mind, when there is place for it, should unbend and allow itself to be amused by those other objects which, compared with those of ambition, fame, or study, may appear little or trifling.

The mind is very apt to receive a strong cast from the manner in which it is employed. When a man is constantly engaged in something which requires great study and application, which figures as an important object, and which agitates and interests him, he is in danger of acquiring a hardness of temper which will make him disagreeable, or a tone of mind which will render him incapable of going through the common duties of life as a friend, a relation, or a parent. Nothing will preserve him from these bad consequences so

much as his taking advantage of an idle hour, and allowing himself to be unbent with recreations of an easy, and in themselves of a frivolous nature. This will not only afford him an agreeable relaxation, but will give his mind a gentleness and a sweetness which all the hardness of application, and all the agitation of his employments, will not be able to destroy.

There is no anecdote in antiquity which I have read with greater pleasure than that of Scipio and Lælius, related by the eloquent pen of Cicero, and put into the mouth of Crassus: *Sæpe ex socero meo audivi* (says Crassus in the dialogue *de Oratore*) *cum is diceret, socerum suum Lælium, semper fere cum Scipione solitum rusticari, eosque incredibiliter repuerascere esse solitos, cum rus ex urbe, tanquam e vinculis, evolavissent. Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere consuêsse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere. Sic enim se res habet, ut quemadmodum volucres videmus, procreationis atque utilitatis suæ causa, fingere et construere nidos; easdem autem, cum aliquid effecerint levandi laboris sui causa, passim ac libere solutas opere volitare; sic nostri animi forensibus negotiis, atque urbano opere defessi gestiunt, et volitare cupiunt, vacui cura atque labore.*—"I remember to have heard "my father-in-law mention," says *Crassus*, "that his "kinsman *Lælius*, and the great *Scipio*, were frequently "wont to fly from the hurry of business and the bustle "of the town to a quiet retreat in the country, and "there to grow, as it were, boys again in their amuse-"ments. Nay (though I should hardly venture to "tell it of such men), we are assured by *Scævola*, "that at *Caieta* and *Laurentum*, they used to pass their "time in gathering shells and pebbles, unbending their "minds, and amused with every trifle; like birds, "which, after the serious and important business of "preparing nests for their young, fly sportfully about, "free and disengaged, as if to relieve themselves from "their toils."

Nothing can be more truly delightful than to picture out the conqueror of *Carthage*, who had led to victory the triumphant armies of the Roman state, amusing himself with his friend *Lælius*, at *Caieta* or *Laurentum*,

in gathering shells and pebbles on the sea-shore. Far from sinking their dignity in our estimation, it adds to it; and it must give a high idea of the elegant simplicity and virtuous tranquillity of mind of which the illustrious friends were possessed, when from the cares of state, they could descend to, and feel amusement in, those innocent and simple-hearted pleasures. None but men of virtue, and who possessed an easy and irreproachable mind, could have enjoyed them *. Men whose consciences upbraided them, who felt the agitation of bad passions, and who were inwardly gnawed by the sensations of envy, jealousy, revenge, or hatred, could not have thus indulged themselves. They must have buried their feelings, they must have got rid of their own minds, under less peaceful, less simple, and less innocent amusements. That absorption of calm feeling which hard drinking produces, and that agitation created by deep gaming, must have been their resource.

A

* See Melmoth's Cicero's Letters.

N. B. The MIRROR is to be discontinued till Tuesday the 7th of December, on which day will be published No. LXI. and then continued, as formerly, every Tuesday and Saturday.

No. 61. TUESDAY, *December* 7, 1779.

DURING the late intermission of my labours, I paid a visit of some weeks to my friend Mr. *Umphraville*, whose benevolence and worth never fail to give me the highest pleasure—a pleasure not lessened, perhaps, by those little singularities of sentiment and manner, which, in some former papers, I have de-

ſcribed that gentleman as poſſeſſing. At his houſe in the country, theſe appear to the greateſt advantage; there they have room to ſhoot out at will; and, like the old yew-trees in the garden, though they do look a little odd, and now and then tempt one to ſmile, yet the moſt eccentric of them all have ſomething venerable about them.

Some of my friend's peculiarities may not only be diſcovered in his manner and his diſcourſe, but may be traced in his houſe and furniture, his garden and grounds. In his houſe are large rooms lighted by ſmall Gothic windows, and acceſſible only by dark narrow ſtair-caſes; they are fitted up with old arras, and have ceilings loaded with the maſſy compartments of the laſt age, where the heads of bearded ſages and laurelled emperors look grim and terrible through the cobwebs that ſurround them. In his grounds you find ſtiff, rectangular walks, and ſtraight, narrow avenues. In his garden the yews and hollies ſtill retain their primeval figures; *lions* and *unicorns* guard the corners of his parterres, and a *ſpread-agle*, of a remarkable growth, has his wings clipped, and his talons pared, the firſt Monday of every month during ſpring and ſummer.

The contempt in which, to a ſomewhat unreaſonable degree, he holds modern refinement, has led him to continue theſe antiquated particulars about him. The India paper of ſome of his faſhionable neighbours' drawing-rooms, has enhanced the value of his arras; his duſky Gothic windows have been contraſted to great advantage, with their *Bows* and *Venetians*; their open *lawns* have driven him to the gloom of his avenues; and the *zig-zag* twiſt of their walks has endeared to him the long, dull line of his hedged terraces. As he holds, however, ſome good old political tenets, and thinks, as I have often heard him expreſs himſelf, that every country can afford a king for itſelf, he had almoſt ſubmitted to the modern plan of *gardening* a few years ago, on being put in mind, that the faſhion of *hedges* and *terraces* was brought in by King *William*.

But, excluſive of all thoſe motives, on which his ſiſter and I ſometimes rally him, my friend, from the warmth of his heart, and the ſenſibility of his feelings,

has a ſtrong attachment to all the ancient occupiers of his houſe and grounds, whether they be of the human or the brute, the animate or inanimate creation. His tenants are, moſtly, coeval with himſelf; his ſervants have been either in this family, or on his eſtate, from their infancy; an old pointer, and an old houſe-dog, generally meet him in the lobby; and there is a flea-bitten horſe, who, for ſeveral years, has been paſt riding, to whom he has devoted the graſs of his orchard, and a manger of good hay during the ſeverity of winter. A withered ſtump, which, I obſerved, greatly incommoded the entry to his houſe, he would not ſuffer to be cut down, becauſe it had the names of himſelf and ſome of his ſchool-companions cyphered on its bark; and a divorce from his leathern elbow-chair, patched and tattered as it is, would, I am perſuaded, be one of the moſt ſerious calamities that could befal him.

This feeling will be eaſily underſtood by thoſe in whom the buſineſs or the pleaſure of the world has not extinguiſhed it. That ſort of relation which we own to every object we have long been acquainted with, is one of thoſe natural propenſities the mind will always experience, if it has not loſt this connexion by the variety of its engagements, or the buſtle of its purſuits. There is a ſilent chronicle of paſt hours in the inanimate things amidſt which they have been ſpent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets, the ſentiments, of our former days; that gives us back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both a penſive pleaſure, which men who have retired from the world, like *Umphraville*, or whom particular circumſtances have ſomewhat eſtranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, thoſe objects which recal the years of our childhood, will have this tender effect upon the heart: they preſent to us afreſh the bliſsful illuſions of life, when Gaiety was on the wing undamped by Care, and Hope ſmiled before us unchecked by Diſappointment. The diſtance of the ſcene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increaſes the tenderneſs of its recollection; 'tis like the view of a landſcape by moon ſhine; the diſtinctneſs of

object is loſt, but a mellow kind of dimneſs ſoftens and unites the whole.

From the ſame ſort of feeling has the idea of *Home* its attraction. For, though one's intereſt there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to perſons, yet there is, excluſive of that connexion altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the houſe, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He muſt be a very dull, or a very diſſipated man, who, after a month's abſence, can open his own door without emotion, even tho' he has no relation or friend to welcome him within. For my part, I feel this ſtrongly; and many an evening, when I have ſhut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and ſwept the hearth, I ſit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room.

There is, perhaps, a degree of melancholy in all this; the *French*, who are a lively people, have, I think, no vocable that anſwers to our ſubſtantive *Home;* but it is not the melancholy of a ſour unſocial being; on the contrary, I believe, there will always be found a tone of benevolence in it both to ourſelves and others;—I ſay ourſelves, becauſe I hold the ſenſation of peace and friendſhip with our own minds to be one of the beſt preparatives, as well as one of the beſt rewards, of virtue.

Nor has Nature given us this propenſity in vain. From this the principle of patriotiſm has its earlieſt ſource, and ſome of thoſe ties are formed, which link the inhabitants of leſs favoured regions to the heaths and mountains of their native land. In cultivated ſociety, this *ſentiment of Home* cheriſhes the uſeful virtues of domeſtic life; it oppoſes, to the tumultuous pleaſures of diſſipation and intemperance, the quiet enjoyments of ſobriety, œconomy, and family affection; qualities which, though not attractive of much applauſe or admiration, are equally conducive to the advantage of the individual, and the welfare of the community.

ſee p. 68

No. 62. SATURDAY, *December* 11, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

WHEN I was in *Languedoc*, many years ago, I had an invitation to a great entertainment given by the *Intendant*. The company was very numerous; and, several foreigners happening to be present, the natives vied with each other in displaying their own importance. The conversation chanced to turn on the campaign of Marshal *de Villars* against the people of the *Cevennes*; and some of the guests were old enough to remember the events of those times.

"*M. de la Tour le Colombier*, my father," said an old lady, "had connexions with many of the most considerable Calvinists; and, after their defeat, he generously afforded an asylum to *M. Cavalier*, and three hundred and sixty-four of his followers. They were concealed among old ruins in a large forest which lay behind my father's *Chateau*, and composed part of his domain. None of the servants of the family were let into the secret, excepting one of my own maids, a sensible handy girl; she and I went every day, and carried provisions to the whole band, and we dressed the wounds of such of them as had been wounded in the action. We did this, day after day, for a fortnight, or rather, if I remember right, for near three weeks. Minute circumstances are apt to escape one's memory, after an interval of many years; but I shall never forget the gratitude of those poor people, and the ardent thanks which they bestowed on us when they went away and dispersed themselves."

I took the liberty of observing, that the provisions necessary for so many mouths might possibly have been missed in the family, and that this might have led to a discovery. "Not at all," replied she. "*Fue M. mon Père se piquoit toujours de tenir bonne table*,

" *c'éſtoit ſa maroëtte même* [my father, who is now " gone, always made a point of living handſomely ; " *that* was even his hobby-horſe.] But indeed I re- " collect," continued ſhe, " that we were once very " near being diſcovered. The wives of ſome of the " fugitives had heard, I know not how, that their " huſbands lay concealed near my father's *Chateau*. " They came and ſearched, and actually diſcovered " the lurking-place. Unfortunately they brought a " good many children along with them ; and, as we " had no eatables fit for the little creatures, they be- " gan to pule and cry, which might have alarmed the " neighbourhood. It happened that *M. Cavalier*, the " general of the inſurgents, had been a journeyman " paſtry-cook before the war. He preſently made " ſome prune tarts for the children, and ſo quieted " them. This was a proof of his good-nature, as " well as of his ſingular preſence of mind in critical " ſituations. Candour obliges me to bear ſo ample " teſtimony in favour of a heretic and a rebel."

We had ſcarcely time to draw breath after this ſtory, when a mean-looking elderly man ſaid, with the affectation of modeſt dignity, " I had the happineſs to " be known to *M. de Villars*, and was pleaſed greatly " to over-rate my poor ſervices. On a certain occaſion, " he did me the honour to preſent me with a horſe of " the unmixed Arabian breed, and a wonderful ani- " mal it was :" Then addreſſing himſelf to Lady W——, " I muſt doubt, *mi Ledi*, whether it could " have been matched in your country, ſo juſtly cele- " brated for fine women and horſes.—One evening, " while I was in garriſon at *Pont St. Eſprit*, I took him " out to exerciſe. Being in high ſpirits and excellent " wind, he went off at an eaſy gallop, and did not " ſtop till he brought me to the gates of *Montpelier* " [between twenty and thirty leagues diſtant,] and " *there*, to my no ſmall ſurpriſe, I found the Dean and " whole Faculty of Medicine ſtanding in their gowns " to receive me. The Dean made a long harangue in " Latin, of which to ſay the truth, I underſtood not " one word ; and then in name of his brethren, put " into my hands a diploma of Doctor of Phyſic, with

" the usual powers of curing, and so forth. He would " have had me partake of an entertainment prepared " for the occasion; but I did not choose to sleep out of " garrison; so I just ordered my horse to be rubbed " down, gave him a single feed, mounted again, and " got back to *Pont St. Esprit*, as they were shutting " the gates. Perhaps I have dwelt too long on the " praises of my horse; but something must be allowed " for the prejudices of education: an old horse officer " [*un ancien Capitaine de Cavalerie*] is naturally pro- " lix, when his horse chances to be the subject of dis- " course."

" Pray, Captain," said one of the company, " will " you give me leave to ask the name of your horse?" —The question was unexpected:—" Upon my word," said he, " I do not remember his name. Oh! now I " recollect; I called him *Alexander*, after *M. de Vil-* " *lars*, the noble donor: that *M. de Villars* was a " great man."—" True; but his Christian name was " *Hector*."—" Was it *Hector?* then depend upon it, " my horse had the same Christian name [*nom de Bap-* " *tême*] as *M. de Villars*."

My curiosity led me afterwards to inquire into the history of the gentleman who " always made a point " of living handsomely;" and of the old horse-officer whom *M. de Villars* so much distinguished.

The former was a person of honourable birth, and had *served*, as the *French* express it, with reputation. On his quitting the army, he retired to a small paternal estate, and lived in a decent way, with most scrupulous œconomy. His *Chateau* had been ruined during the wars of the League, and nothing remained of it but one turret, converted into a pigeon-house. As that was the most remarkable object on his estate, he was generally known by the name of *M. de la Tour la Colombier*. His mansion-house was little better than that of a middling farmer in the south of England. The *forest* of which his daughter spoke, was a copse of three or four acres; and the ruins in which *Cavalier* and his associates lay concealed, had been originally a place of worship of the Protestants; but was demolished when those eminent divines, *Lewis* XIV. and

Madame de *Maintenon*, thought fit that all *France* ſhould be of one religion; and, as the edifice had not received conſecration from a perſon epiſcopally ordained, the owner made no ſcruple of accommodating two or three calves in it, when his cow-houſe happened to be crowded; and this is all that I could learn of *M. de la Tour le Colombier*.

As for "the old horſe-officer," he had ſerved with *eclat* in the corps eſtabliſhed for ſuppreſſing ſmugglers of tobacco. This recommended him to the notice of the Farmers General; and, by their intereſt, he obtained an office that gave him a ſeat at thoſe great tables to which all the world is invited; and he had lived ſo very long in this ſtation, that the meanneſs of his original ſeemed to have been forgotten by moſt people, and eſpecially by himſelf.

Thoſe ridiculous ſtories which excited mirth when I firſt heard them, afterwards afforded matter for much ſerious reflexion.

It is wonderful that any one ſhould tell things impoſſible, with the hope of being credited; and yet the two perſonages, whoſe legends I have related, muſt have entertained that hope.

Neither is it leſs wonderful that invention ſhould be ſtretched to the utmoſt, in order to perſuade mere ſtrangers to think highly of the importance of the relater.

M^le *de la Tour le Colombier*, and the old horſe-officer, had not ſeen us before, and had little chance of ever ſeeing us again. We were the acquaintance of the day, entertained without affection, and parted from without regret; and yet what pains did they take to leave on our minds the impreſſion of their conſequence!

The country where this ſcene lay, is the land of the nativity of Romance; and it is probable that warm ſuns and pure ſkies enliven and fertilize the invention of its inhabitants. But Romance, for I will not give it a harſher name, thrives not in the bleaker and more northern climates: *there* it is forced fruit, without that flavour which it has in its own ſoil.

We can as little rival the French in their eaſe of be-

haviour, and in the inexhauſtible talent of enunciating trifles with grace, as in their *Colloquial Romances*. How do I feel for my countrymen, on obſerving them toil through a romance, compoſe ſentence by ſentence as they go on, heſitate with the conſciouſneſs of doing wrong, ſtare like a criminal, at once abaſhed and obdurate, and at length produce a ſtory as tedious and dull as truth.

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

No. 63. TUESDAY, *December* 14, 1779.

Celebrare domeſtica Facta. HOR.

THE incidents attending domeſtic and private ſituations, are of all others the moſt apt to affect the heart. Deſcriptions of national events are too general to be very intereſting, and the calamities befalling Kings and Princes too far removed from common life to make a deep impreſſion. With the virtues of ſuch perſonages, it is nearly the ſame as with their ſufferings; the heroic qualities which hiſtory aſcribes to great and illuſtrious names, play around the imagination, but rarely touch the feelings, or direct the conduct; the humbler merits of ordinary life are thoſe to which we feel a nearer relation; from which, therefore, precept is more powerfully enforced, and example more readily drawn.

Mr. *Hargrave* is one of my earlieſt friends. Being many years younger than he, I have ever been accuſtomed to regard him both as my guardian and my friend; and the reverence with which I looked on him in the one character, never took from the tender and affectionate warmth which I felt for him in the other. After having been, for ſome time, a good deal in the world, he retired to the country, where he lived with elegance and eaſe. His wife, a very amiable woman,

died soon after her marriage, leaving one only child, a girl, to the care of whose education Mr. *Hargrave*, after her mother's death, devoted his whole attention. Nature had done much for her; and the instruction she received from an accomplished father, gave her every grace which can adorn the female character.

Emily Hargrave was now in her twentieth year. Her father was advanced in life, and he began to feel the weaknesses of age coming fast upon him. Independent of the gratification which he used to receive from the observation of his daughter's virtues and accomplishments, he had come to feel a pleasure somewhat more selfish from the advantage which those virtues were of to himself. Her care and dutiful attention were almost become necessary to him; and the principal pleasure he received was from her company and conversation. *Emily* was sensible of this; and, though she was at pains to conceal her solicitude, it was plain that her whole care centered in him.

It was impossible that a girl so amiable as *Emily Hargrave*, could fail to attract attention. Several young men of character and fortune became her professed admirers. But, though she had a sweetness which gave her a benevolent affability to all, she was of a mind too delicate to be easily satisfied in the choice of a husband. In her present circumstances, she had another objection to every change of situation. She felt too much anxiety about her father, to think of any thing which could call off her attention from him, and make it proper to place any of it elsewhere.—With the greatest delicacy, therefore, and with that propriety with which her conduct was always attended, she checked every advance that was made her; while, at the same time, she was at the utmost pains to conceal from her father the voluntary sacrifice she was resolved to make on his account.

About a month ago, I paid a visit to Mr. *Hargrave*'s family. I found him more changed than I had expected; the imbecilities of age, which were beginning to approach last time I had seen him, had now made great advances. Formerly Mr. *Hargrave* used to be the delight of every company; and he never spoke without

inſtructing or entertaining. Now he ſpoke little; when he did, it was with a feebleneſs both of voice and manner. Feeling his memory declining, ſenſible that he was not ſo acute as he once was, and unable to keep up his attention to a continued diſcourſe, though his underſtanding was ſtill perfectly good, he was afraid to venture his opinion, or to take any decided meaſure. He was too conſcious of his own infirmities; and that conſciouſneſs led him to think, that his failure was greater than it really was. In this ſituation, his whole dependance was upon *Emily*, and ſhe was his only ſupport. Never, indeed, did I ſee any thing more lovely, more engaging. To all her other charms, the anxious ſolicitude ſhe felt for her father had ſtamped upon her countenance,

"That expreſſion ſweet of melancholy
"Which captivates the ſoul."

There is ſomething in the female character which requires ſupport. That gentleneſs, that delicate ſoftneſs approaching to timidity, which forms its moſt amiable feature, makes it ſtand in need of aſſiſtance. That ſupport and aſſiſtance *Emily* had received in the completeſt manner from her father.—What an alteration now! Inſtead of receiving ſupport herſelf, ſhe was obliged to give it; ſhe was under the neceſſity of aſſiſting, of counſelling, and of ſtrengthening the timid reſolutions of him who had been, in her earlier years, her inſtructor and her guide, and to whom, next to Heaven, ſhe had ever looked up. *Emily* felt all this;—but feeling took not from her the power of acting.

Hargrave is abundantly ſenſible of his daughter's goodneſs. Her conſciouſneſs of this, and of how much importance her attentions are to her father, gives her the beſt conſolation.

While I was at his houſe, he hardly ever ſpoke of himſelf. Once, indeed, I remember he ſaid to me, "I "am become a ſtrange being;—even the goodneſs of "that girl diſtreſſes me; it is too much for me to "bear:—it is," added he, in a very faint and broken voice, "like to overwhelm me."

I have often remarked, that there is a perſeverance in virtue, and a real magnanimity in the other ſex, which is ſcarcely to be equalled in ours. In the virtue of men, there are generally ſome conſiderations not altogether pure, attending it, which, though they may not detract from, muſt certainly diminiſh, our wonder at their conduct. The heroic actions of men are commonly performed upon the great theatre, and the performers have the applauſes of an attending and admiring world to animate and ſupport them.—When *Regulus* ſuffered all the tortures which cruelty could invent, rather than give up his honour or his country, he was ſupported by the conſcious admiration of thoſe countrymen whom he had left, and of thoſe enemies in whoſe hands he was;—when *Cato* ſtabbed himſelf, rather than give up the cauſe of liberty, he felt a pride which told him, that "*Cato's would be no leſs honoured* "*than Cæſar's ſword;*"—and when the "*ſelf-devoted* "*Decii died,*" independent of their love for *Rome*, they had every motive of applauſe to animate their conduct. But when *Emily Hargrave* ſacrifices every thing to filial goodneſs and filial affection, ſhe can have no concomitant motive, ſhe can have no external circumſtance to animate her. Her ſilent and ſecret virtue is the pure and unmingled effect of tenderneſs, of affection, and of duty.

S

No. 64. SATURDAY, *December* 18, 1779.

Populumque falſis
Dedocet
Uti vocibus. HOR.

THE ſcience of *Manners*, for Manners are a ſcience, cannot eaſily be reduced to that ſimplicity in its elements of which others admit. Among other particulars, the *terms* employed in it are not, like thoſe of *Arithmetic*, *Mathematics*, *Algebra*, or *Aſtronomy*, perfectly and accurately defined. Its ſubjects are ſo

fleeting, and marked with ſhades ſo delicate, that, wherever a general denomination is ventured, there is the greateſt hazard of its being miſapplied or miſunderſtood.

In a former paper I endeavoured to analyſe the term *A man of Faſhion*; in this I am enabled by an ingenious Correſpondent to trace the meaning of another phraſe, to wit, *Good Company*, which, as it is nearly connected with the former, is, I believe, as doubtful in its ſignification. The following letter is a practical treatiſe on the ſubject; which I ſhall lay before my readers in the preciſe terms in which I received it.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM at that time of life when education, formerly confined to the ſtudy of books, begins to extend itſelf to the ſtudy of men. Having lately arrived in town, I was anxious to be introduced into *good company* of every rank and denomination: and, in virtue of ſome family-connexions, aſſiſted by the kindneſs of ſome college-friends and acquaintance, I flattered myſelf I ſhould ſucceed in my purpoſe.

My ſtrong bent for *Letters* induced me firſt to procure an introduction into the *good company* of the learned; and I went to a dinner where ſeveral of the *literati* were to be aſſembled, full of the hopes of having my mind enlightened with knowledge, expanded with ſentiment, and charmed with the Atticiſm of elegant converſation.

During our meal, there was a more abſolute ſuſpenſion of diſcourſe, than I expected in a ſociety of ſpirits ſo refined as thoſe with whom I was aſſociated. The ordinary functions of *eating* and *drinking* made no part of my idea of a learned man; and I could obſerve in my fellow-gueſts an attention to the diſhes before them, which I thought did not quite correſpond with the dignity of that character. This, however, was but a ſmall deviation from my picture, and I paſſed it over as well as I could, in expectation of that mental feaſt with

which I was to be regaled when the table ſhould be uncovered.

Accordingly, when the cloth was removed, the converſation, which I expected with ſo much impatience, began. I had too humble an opinion of myſelf to take any other part than that of a hearer; but I very ſoon diſcovered that I was the only perſon in the company who had an inclination to liſten. Every one ſeemed impatient of his neighbour's ſpeech, and eager to have an opportunity of introducing his own. You, I think, Mr. MIRROR, have compared converſation to a favourite diſh at an entertainment; here it was carried on like a dinner at one of thoſe hungry *ordinaries*, where *Quin* uſed wittily to call for a baſket-hilted ſword to help himſelf with: in a ſhort time, every one, except your Correſpondent, endeavoured to ſecure it to himſelf, by making it a diſh which nobody elſe could taſte. An old gentleman, at the head of the table, introduced a German treatiſe, written by a man whoſe name I could neither pronounce nor remember, which none of the reſt of the company had ſeen. Another, taking advantage of a fit of coughing with which he was ſeized, brought us upon a philoſophical inquiry into the properties of *heat*, and a long account of ſome experiments he had lately witneſſed on that ſubject. Being unfortunately aſked for his toaſt, and pauſing a moment to deliberate on it, he was ſupplanted by my right-hand neighbour, who ſuddenly tranſported us into the country of *Thibet*, and ſeemed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the *Delai Lama*. One of the company, who ſat oppoſite to him, thruſt in, by mere dint of vociferation, *Travels through the interior parts of America*, juſt then publiſhed, and ſailed over the *lakes* in triumph; till happening to mention a particular way in which the Indians dreſs a certain fiſh, the diſcourſe was, at laſt, laid open to every body preſent on the ſubject of *cookery*; whence it naturally fell into a diſcuſſion of the comparative excellence of different wines; on which topics the converſation reſted with ſo much emphaſis, that a ſtranger, who had overheard it, would have been led to imagine this *ſympoſium*, into which I had procured admiſſion with ſo much eagerneſs, to be a ſociety of

Cooks and Butlers, met to improve each other in their several callings.

I next procured an introduction into the *very best company;* that is, I contrived to become a guest at a table of high fashion, where an entertainment was given to some of the greatest men in this country. The ambition natural to my age and complexion, prompted me to desire this honour; which, however, I purchased at the price of a good deal of embarrassment and uneasiness. Nothing, indeed, but the high honour conferred by such society, could compensate for the feelings even of that minute, in which a man, not used to the company of the great, ascends from the lowest step of a wide echoing stair-case, to the door of a great man's drawing-room.——Through this, however, and several other little disquietudes, did I pass, in hopes of finding, in the discourse of those elevated persons, that highly polished elegance, that interesting information, and those extensive views of polity and government, which their rank had afforded so many opportunities of acquiring.

Not only during the time of dinner (as in my last company), but for a considerable time after, the scene was silent and solemn; this, while it added to my confusion, increased my expectations. Conversation at last began; it was carried on in a manner exactly the reverse of that in my former visit. There nobody was disposed to listen; here few seemed inclined to speak; for in this assembly I could perceive there were two or three *very great* men, to whom the great men were little, and the proud were mean. The last, therefore, hardly spoke at all, except to applaud the observations or anecdotes delivered by the very great men; in which, had they not been delivered by the very great men, I should have discovered no uncommon sagacity or exquisite entertainment. One, who seemed to be at the top of this *climax* of greatness, began a story of a pretty old date, in which he introduced, at dinner in the house of the then minister, almost all the orators and wits of the time. Though, from the anecdotes to which I had already listened, my ears were now familiarized with the sounds of *Duke*, *Marquis*, *Earl*, and *Am-*

baſſador; yet from the hiſtory of this illuſtrious aſſemblage, I ſtill conceived very eager expectation: but, after being led through twenty epiſodes, all tending to ſhow the connexion of the Noble relator with many other Right Honourable perſonages, the concluſion proved to be nothing more than a joke upon a country member of parliament, who aſked to be helped to a bit of *gooſe*, when, in fact, the diſh was a *ſwan*, which it ſeems was a favourite bird at the miniſter's table; and ſome conceit about not knowing a *ſwan* from a *gooſe*, and all the miniſter's *geeſe* being *ſwans*, was the point of the ſtory; at which all the company laughed very loud and very long; but the little men, all except myſelf, infinitely the loudeſt and the longeſt.

I began now to think that the charms of convivial and ordinary converſation were not, perhaps, to be expected among men, whoſe learning, or importance in the ſtate, made it unneceſſary for them to cultivate the leſſer accompliſhments of life; and that I muſt look for them in the company of the *gay*, whoſe minds, unbent from ſerious and important occupations, had leiſure to ſport themſelves in the regions of wit and humour, and to communicate the livelineſs of their fancy to the ſociety around them. I found it no difficult matter to be admitted to a party of this kind; I was introduced, at a public place, to a gentleman, who, I was told, was a man of faſhion, and of the world, and was by him invited to a *petit ſupper*, where I underſtood I ſhould meet with ſome of the livelieſt and moſt entertaining companions of both ſexes.

Of the converſation at this houſe I would give an account if I were able; but ſo many talked at once, ſo various and deſultory were the ſubjects on which they talked, and ſo unintelligibly faſhionable were many of the phraſes which they uſed, that I am altogether unqualified to abridge or analyſe it. I find, Sir, there is a jargon among people of faſhion, as well as among the ſchoolmen they deride, and that it requires initiation into the myſteries of the one as well as of the other, to be able to comprehend or to reliſh their diſcourſe. Converſation, however, was ſoon put an end to by the introduction of cards, when I found a perfect equality

of underſtanding and of importance. At length ſupper was announced at a very late hour, and with it entered a gentleman, who, I was informed, poſſeſſed an infinite fund of humour, and for whoſe appearance I had been made to look, for ſome time, with impatience.

The ſuperiority of his talents for converſation ſeemed, indeed, to be acknowledged; for he was allowed to talk almoſt unceaſingly, with very little interruption from any other perſon. After a few glaſſes, he was prevailed on to ſing one very innocent ſong; a few more emboldened him to ſing another a little more free; and, juſt before the ſecond bottle was called for, he took off a Methodiſt preacher with great applauſe.

The ladies now retired. I had fancied that in the companies of the two former days, the want of their ſociety had deprived us of the eaſe and gaiety of diſcourſe. But here the removal of the female members of the party ſeemed to have a contrary effect from what my concluſion would have warranted. I diſcovered a ſmile of ſatisfaction in the countenances of moſt of the gueſts when the ladies were gone. Several of them, who had not uttered a ſyllable before, were eloquent now, though, indeed, the ſubject was neither abſtruſe nor delicate. The wit was called on for another ſong, and he gave us one perfectly *maſculine*. This was followed by ſeveral jocular ſtories, and burleſque exhibitions, moſt of which were in perfect uniſon with that tone which the abſence of the ladies had allowed the company to aſſume. The jeſts were not ſuch as I can repeat; one fancy, however, I recollect, of which, I think, a better uſe may be made than its author intended. "Suppoſe," ſaid he, "our words left their "marks on the walls, like claret ſpilt on a ſmooth ta- "ble, how confounded the women would look when "they next entered the room!" For my part, I have ſo much reverence for a woman of honour, as to hold ſacred even the place ſhe has occupied, and cannot eaſily bear its immediate profanation by obſcenity. I therefore took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing, which I was the more willing to do, as I found our wit poſſeſſed, in truth, only a chime of buffoonery, which, when he had wrung out, he was forced to ſubſtitute

the bottle in its place, the laſt joke he uttered being a reproof to our landlord for not puſhing it about.

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I muſt beg of you, or ſome of your well-inſtructed Correſpondents, to inform me, if in all, or any of thoſe three ſocieties, I was really and truly in *good company;* as I confeſs I have entertained ſome doubts of their deſerving that name. Theſe, however, are probably the effects of ignorance, and a bookiſh education, in which I am very willing to be corrected from proper authority.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

V

No. 65. TUESDAY, *December* 21, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE polite reception you have given to letters from ſeveral perſons of my ſex, emboldens me to addreſs myſelf to you, and to lay before you a kind of diſtreſs, of which neither you, nor any of your predeceſſors, as far as I can recollect, have taken notice. It is, I believe, more common in this part of the united kingdom than in *England.* That circumſtance may, perhaps, account for its being overlooked by the writers of both countries; in the one caſe, from its being almoſt unknown, and in the other, from its being ſo common, that it has ceaſed to make any impreſſion.

What I allude to, will be beſt underſtood from a ſhort account I ſhall take the liberty to give of myſelf.

My father was a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, and, what he valued more, was deſcended from a very ancient family. In the earlier part of his life he had lived much abroad, and in conſequence, I believe, of

an attachment to the houſe of *Stewart*, had ſerved ſome years in the *French* army. Theſe circumſtances, perhaps, contributed to increaſe his veneration for noble blood and old families.—Soon after he returned to his native country, he married Lady C———, only daughter of the Earl of ———, a woman who was juſtly deemed an ornament to her ſex. She died before I had finiſhed my ſixth year, leaving one ſon, about two years younger than myſelf.

My father, a man of warm affections and ſtrong paſſions, ſeemed to exiſt but in his children. But for us, I have often heard him ſay he could not have ſubmitted to live. To our education he dedicated the whole of his time. My brother, whom he conſidered as the laſt ſtay of his family, he wiſhed to render a worthy repreſentative of it. Nor were his pains thrown away; for never was there a more engaging youth; and every year ſeemed to add ſome new grace to his form, and ſome new accompliſhment to his mind.

To me my father was all indulgence. He ſeemed to watch my wiſhes, in order to gratify them, before I could give them utterance. It was his chief deſire to ſee me excel in every polite and faſhionable accompliſhment; and the education he gave me was proportionably elegant and expenſive.

Soon after I had entered my twentieth year, my father was ſeized with a violent fit of illneſs. My brother, who was then at college, was immediately called home. My father lived but to ſee him; all he had power to ſay was to recommend me to his protection. "In you, *William*," ſaid the good old man, "*Sophia* "will find a father, a brother, and a friend. Without "encumbering the family-eſtate, I could make no ſuit- "able ſettlements on her; but this gives me no uneaſineſs, when I reflect on your virtues, and your at- "tachment to your ſiſter."

My brother, whoſe diſpoſitions were all gentle and amiable, was much moved with this ſcene. After our father's death, his behaviour to me was full of attention and affection. He regretted that he was not of an age to make ſuch ſettlements as would render me inde-

pendent. "But why" would he add, "should I regret it?—is not my fortune yours? as such I must "insist that you will ever consider it."

In a few months my brother set out on his travels. Our parting was full of tenderness, and his letters from abroad breathed the warmest sentiments of friendship and of affection. After the common tour of *France*, *Italy*, and *Germany*, he went to *Spa*, with an intention to pass some weeks there, and then return to his native country. At *Spa* he met with the sister of Lord ———, who soon engaged his affections so completely, that he offered her his hand. The marriage was speedily concluded; and soon after my brother and his wife arrived at his seat in ———, where I had resided almost constantly ever since he had gone abroad.

The looks and appearance of the lady prepossessed me strongly in her favour. She was beautiful almost beyond any thing I had ever seen; and though, perhaps, there was not in her countenance any expression strongly marked, there was, nevertheless, a gentleness and a sweetness in her whole deportment, joined with an elegance of manners, that could not fail to please every beholder. I observed with pleasure, my brother's strong attachment to her, which if possible, seemed daily to increase; and I could not find fault with any little want of attention to myself, when I saw that it proceeded from so amiable a motive, from affection to a lovely woman, to whom he was for ever united, and on whose happiness his own was ever to depend.

It was my wish to live with my sister-in-law in terms of the strictest friendship; but, with all my partiality in her favour, I could not help observing that I made little progress in obtaining any share of her confidence. Always polite and well-bred, it is true, but with a coldness, that chilled every approach to openness, and every attempt to that freedom which is the truest mark of genuine friendship. For a while I thought that this might proceed from a reserved temper, sometimes to be found united with the best dispositions. But when I came to be more thoroughly acquainted with her character, I found that her mind was equally incapable of friendship as of love. Alive only to emotions of vanity,

and the pleaſures of admiration, ſhe was dead to every other ſenſation. How often have I ſeen her prefer the applauſe of the meaneſt and moſt contemptible of mankind, whom ſhe herſelf deſpiſed, to the happineſs of a man who doated on her to diſtraction, and to whom ſhe was bound by every tie of gratitude and duty!

I was at the utmoſt pains to conceal, both from her and my brother, the alteration in my ſentiments which this diſcovery had produced; and I was not without hopes, that her natural good ſenſe (for of ſenſe ſhe was by no means deſtitute) would, in time, prevail over this childiſh vanity, which made her appear in ſo ridiculous a light. It is, however, perhaps impoſſible to live long with a perſon of whom we have conceived a mean or unfavourable opinion, without betraying it; or, what in effect is much the ſame, ſuppoſing that we have betrayed it. Whether ſhe really perceived any alteration in my opinion of her, I cannot poſitively ſay; but I thought her behaviour looked as if ſhe had, and that ſhe conſidered my preſence as a reſtraint upon her. This idea, once awakened, the moſt trivial incidents ſerved to confirm. I found my ſituation become daily more and more diſagreeable, and I had already begun to think of quitting my brother's houſe, when my ſiſter-in-law brought things to a criſis, by informing me that ſhe and Mr. *M*— (naming my brother) intended to paſs the enſuing winter at *London*; adding, with an air of the moſt finiſhed politeneſs, "that, as ſhe wiſh-"ed to keep up a conſtant correſpondence with me "during her abſence, ſhe would be glad to know how "to addreſs her letters." It is not eaſy to deſcribe what paſſed in my mind on this occaſion. I took, however, my reſolution at once, and determined to quit, for ever, the family of a brother, whom, from my earlieſt infancy, I had been accuſtomed to love and to eſteem.

When I communicated my intentions to him, he ſeemed embarraſſed, and, with a faultering voice, muttered ſomething of his regret——of his wiſhes that I ſhould remain in his family; but it was in a manner too irreſolute to have ſhaken a purpoſe much leſs decided than mine.

It is now ten years since I quitted my brother's house, and took up my abode in a paltry lodging in this city, where the interest of the small provision left me by my father, is just sufficient to furnish the necessaries of life to myself and a female domestic, who had lived long in my father's family, and insisted on attending me. As to money-matters, my brother, I am persuaded, would have been very desirous to make me more comfortable; but I had too high a spirit to communicate my wants to him. Besides, I found that the expensive line of life he had got into, did not leave it much in his power to indulge his feelings of generosity.

For some years I found my situation extremely unpleasant. Accustomed as I had been to a state of ease and affluence, and to all the pleasures of an elegant society, it was not easy for me to submit, at once, to poverty, neglect, and solitude. The power of habit has however at length, in some measure, reconciled me to my fate. I can now look with indifference on the pleasures and pursuits of the world; and, notwithstanding the chagrin that is commonly supposed to attend persons in my condition, I have still so much philanthropy as to wish that you would employ a paper in representing the cruelty and injustice of educating a girl in luxury and elegance, and then leaving her exposed to all the hardships of poverty and neglect. I am, &c.

S. M.

No. 66. Saturday, *December* 25, 1779.

AMIDST all my veneration for *Shakespeare*, I have been often obliged to confess that there were passages in his works, the meaning of which I could not understand; and of others I have sometimes ventured to doubt if they were strictly in Nature. Of this last sort is the celebrated scene in *Richard the Third*, where that artful usurper first mollifies the resentment, and then gains upon the affections, of the unfortunate *Lady Anne*. The following piece of criticism on that scene

has been sent me by a Correspondent, from whom, if I mistake not, I have formerly received several ingenious communications.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

FEW of *Shakespeare*'s tragedies have obtained higher reputation than *The Life and Death of Richard the Third*. Yet, like every other performance of this wonderful poet, it contains several passages that can hardly admit of apology. Of this kind are the instances it affords us of vulgarity, and even indecency of expression.

At the same time, in censuring *Shakespeare*, we ought to proceed with peculiar caution; for, on many occasions, those passages which, on a cursory view, may be reckoned blemishes, on a closer examination, will appear very different, and even lay claim to considerable excellence. In his imitations of Nature he is so very bold, and so different from other poets, that what is daring, is often, in a moment of slight attention, deemed improbable; and what is extraordinary, is too rashly pronounced absurd. Of this, in the work above mentioned, the strange love-scene between *Richard* and *Lady Anne*, the widow of Prince *Edward Plantagenet*, affords a striking example. It seems, indeed, altogether unnatural that *Richard*, deformed and hideous as the poet represents him, should offer himself a suitor to the widow of an excellent young prince whom he had murdered, at the very time she is attending the funeral of her father-in-law, whom he had also slain, and while she is expressing the most bitter hatred against the author of her misfortune. But, in attending closely to the progress of the dialogue, the seeming extravagance of the picture will be softened or removed: we shall find ourselves more interested in the event, and more astonished at the bold ability of *Richard*, than moved with abhorrence of his shameless effrontery, or

offended with the improbability of the situation. When a poet, like *Shakespeare*, can carry us along by the power of amazement, by daring displays of Nature, and, by the influence of feelings altogether unusual, but full of resistless energy, his seeming departure from probability only contributes to our admiration; and the emotions, excited by his extravagance, losing the effect which, from an inferior poet, they would have caused, add to the general feelings of pleasure which the scene produces.

In considering the scene before us, it is necessary that we keep in view the character of *Lady Anne*. The outlines are given us in her own conversation; but we see it more completely finished and filled up, indirectly indeed, but not less distinctly, in the conduct of *Richard*. She is represented of a mind altogether frivolous, the prey of vanity, her prevailing, over-ruling passion; susceptible, however, of every feeling and emotion, and, while they last, sincere in their expression, but hardly capable of distinguishing the propriety of one more than another; or, if able to employ such discernment, totally unaccustomed, and unable, to obey her moral faculty as a principle of action; and thus exposed alike to the authority of good or bad impressions. There are such characters; persons of great sensibility, of great sincerity, but of no rational or steady virtue, produced or strengthened by reflexion, and consequently of no consistency of conduct.

Richard, in his management of *Lady Anne*, having in view the accomplishment of his own ambitious designs, addresses her with the most perfect knowledge of her disposition. He knows that her feelings are violent; that they have no foundation in steady determined principles of conduct; that violent feelings are soon exhausted; and that the undecided mind, without choice or active sense of propriety, is equally accessible to the next that occur. He knows, too, that those impressions will be most fondly cherished, which are most a-kin to the ruling passion; and that, in *Lady Anne*, vanity bears absolute sway. All that he has to do, then, is to suffer the violence of one emotion to pass away, and then, as skilfully as possible, to bring

another more suited to his designs, and the complexion of her character, into its place. Thus he not only discovers much discernment of human nature, but also great command of temper, and great dexterity of conduct.

In order, as soon as possible, to exhaust her temporary resentment, for she expresses resentment rather than grief in her lamentation for *Henry*, it is necessary that it be exasperated to its fiercest extreme. Accordingly *Richard*, breaking in abruptly upon the funeral procession, inflames and provokes her anger. He persists in his plan; appears cool and unconcerned at her abuse; and thus urges her to vent the rage and vehemence of her emotion in rude invectives and imprecations.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death! &c.

All this is general: but, before the vehemence of her wrath can be entirely removed, she must bring home to her fancy every aggravating circumstance, and must ascertain the particular wrongs she has suffered. After this operation of her mind, and that she has expressed the consequent feelings, she has no longer any topics or food for anger, and the passions will, of course, subside. *Richard*, for this purpose, pretends to justify or extenuate his offences; and thus, by advancing into view, instead of concealing his enormities, he overcomes the resentment of *Lady Anne*. To this effect also, his assumed appearance of candour will readily contribute.

Glo. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman!
Of those supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself, &c.
Anne. Did'st thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed, &c.

Here also we may observe his application of those flatteries, which, if they cannot take effect in the present moment, otherwise than to give higher provocation; yet, when her wrath subsides, their recollection will operate in a different tendency, and assist in working upon that vanity by which he will compass his design.

It was not alone sufficient to provoke her anger and resentment to the utmost, in order that they may immediately subside; but, by alleging plausible reasons for change of sentiment, to assist them in their decline. Though *Lady Anne* possesses no decided, determined virtue, yet her moral nature, unimproved as it appears, would discern impropriety in her suddenly acquiescing in the views of *Richard*, would suggest scruples, and produce hesitation. Now, in order to prevent the effect of these, it was necessary to aid the mind in finding subterfuge or excuse, and thus assist her in the easy business of imposing upon herself. Her seducer, accordingly, endeavours to gloss his conduct, and represents his actions as less criminal than she at first apprehended.

Glo. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall to something of a slower method;
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect, &c.

In these lines, beside a confirmation of the foregoing remark, and an illustration of *Richard*'s persevering flattery, there are two circumstances that mark great delicacy and fineness of painting in *Shakespeare*'s execution of this excellent scene. The resentment of *Lady Anne* is so far exhausted, that her conversation, instead of impetuous, continued invective, assuming the more patient and mitigated form of dialogue, is not so expressive of violent passion, as it denotes the desire of victory in a smart dispute, and becomes merely "a keen "encounter of wits." The other thing to be ob-

ſerved is, that *Richard*, inſtead of ſpecifying her huſband and father-in-law in terms denoting theſe relations, falls in with the ſubſiding ſtate of her affections towards them; and, uſing expreſſions of great indifference, ſpeaks to her of "thoſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* "and *Edward*."

Lady Anne having liſtened to the converſation of *Richard*, after the firſt tranſport of her wrath, occaſioned by the death of the *Plantagenets*, ſhowed, that the real force of her paſſion had ſuffered abatement; and, by liſtening to his exculpation, it ſeems entirely ſubdued. In all this, the art of the poet is eminent, and the ſkill he aſcribes to *Richard* profound. Though the crafty ſeducer attempts to juſtify his conduct to *Lady Anne*, he does not ſeek to convince her underſtanding, for ſhe had no underſtanding worth the pains of convincing, but to afford her ſome pretence and opportunity of giving vent to her emotion. When this effect is produced, he proceeds to ſubſtitute ſome regard for himſelf in its place. As we have already obſerved, he has been taking meaſures for this purpoſe in every thing he has ſaid; and, by ſoothing expreſſions of adulation, during the courſe of her anger, he was gradually preparing her mind for the more pleaſing, but not leſs powerful, dominion of vanity. In the foregoing lines, and in what follows, he ventures a declaration of the paſſion he pretends to entertain for her: yet he does this indirectly, as ſuggeſted by the progreſs of their argument, and as a reaſon for thoſe parts of his conduct that ſeem ſo heinous:

Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect;
Your beauty, that doth haunt me in my ſleep, &c.

Richard was well aware that a declaration of love from him would, of courſe, renew her indignation. He accordingly manages her mind in ſuch a manner as to correct the violence of her anger, by ſuggeſting the idea of his paſſion, when he firſt mentions it, in terms more playful than ſerious; and, afterwards, when he announces it more ſeriouſly, by an indirect and ſeeming accidental declaration. Still, however, with all theſe

precautions to introduce the thought in a familiar and eafy manner, he is aware of her difpleafure. Here, therefore, as in the former part of the fcene, he muft depend on his command of temper, and, on the fame means, of artfully irritating her emotion till it entirely fubfides. Accordingly, perfifting in his adulation, he incenfes her anger to its utmoft extreme: and, finally, by varying the attitude of his flatteries, by affuming an humble and fuppliant addrefs, he fubdues her foul to the dominion of guilty vanity.——In the clofe of the dialogue, we may trace diftinctly the decline of her emotion. It follows the fame courfe as the paffion fhe expreffes at the beginning of the fcene. She is at firft violent; becomes more violent; her paffion fubfides; yet fome ideas of propriety wandering acrofs her mind, fhe makes an effort to recal her refentment; the effort is feeble; it amounts to no more than to expref contempt in her afpect; it is baffled by a new attitude of adulation; and, by a pretended indirect appeal to her compaffion, fhe is totally vanquifhed.

Through the whole of this fcene, our abhorrence, our difguft and contempt, excited by cruelty, falfehood, meannefs, and infignificance of mind, are fo counterbalanced by the feelings that arife on the view of ability, felf-poffeffion, knowledge of character, and the maflerly difplay of human nature, as that, inftead of impairing, they rather contribute force to the general fenfation of pleafure. The conduct of *Richard* towards a character of more determined virtue, or of more ftubborn paffions, would have been abfurd: towards *Lady Anne* it was natural, and attended with that fuccefs, which it was calculated to obtain.

No. 67. TUESDAY, *December* 28, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR predeceffor, *The Spectator*, ufed to be conſulted in cafes of difficulty. I know not if you, Mr. MIRROR, fet up on the fame footing. I am

resolved, however, to try; and, although you should refuse to prescribe, I shall at least have the satisfaction of communicating my distress.

I am between the age of a young man, and what the ladies call an old batchelor, not many years under forty, of no inconsiderable family, with an opulent fortune. I was educated like most other young heirs, that is, very indifferently. My teachers, it is true, were eminent in their different branches. My father obliged me to give regular attendance to their instructions; but another part of the family seemed to think the restraint I was kept in too severe. The knowledge of this encouraged my want of attention at the time, though the recollection has, of late, given me much regret. I succeeded to my fortune at the age of eighteen, and engaged deeply in those pursuits which are stigmatised with the name of vices, by those who are unable to attain them. Having run on in the usual career, I became tired with the sameness and insipidity of the scenes in which I had so often been a spectator, or an actor. I began to look on my conduct as bordering on the contemptible, and wished to change it for something more rational and respectable. I wished to change it while I had a sound constitution, which I owed to Nature, and an unimpaired fortune, which I owed to a spirit of independence, instilled by a worthy father, from whose counsels and example I ought never to have departed. The good effects of these, if not wholly obliterated, have at least been long obscured by intemperance and dissipation.

A man who, from being idle and dissipated, becomes sober and regular in his conduct, is immediately marked out for marriage by his former companions. Mine certainly thought of it for me long before I did so for myself. Many of my relations seemed to entertain the same opinion. They had long wished me to marry, to prevent a considerable part of my fortune from going to a worthless and distant relation; and showed so much satisfaction at my supposed resolution, that I adopted it in earnest.

You, who set up for an instructor, are, I presume, better acquainted with the world than to imagine that

I would first turn my views to those young ladies with whom I was most intimately acquainted, and in whose society I had passed a considerable part of my time. The giddy and frivolous pursuits in which I saw them constantly engaged, left no room for that domestic tenderness which I looked for in a wife. The gloss of fashion might suffice for the transient intercourse of gaiety; but some more intrinsic excellence was necessary to fix an attachment for life.

I resolved, therefore, to pay my addresses only to young ladies who had received a less public education; and with that view I determined to cultivate an acquaintance in those families that were most remarkable for their prudence and moderation. I now began to look upon it as not one of the least misfortunes attending a young man in the fashionable world, that he is, in some degree, excluded from the opportunity of forming connexions with the best and most virtuous of the other sex at an early period of life, while the warm feelings of benevolence remain unblunted by those artificial manners, the consequences of which to society go near to overbalance the advantages arising from the refinements that produce them.

In the course of my researches I became acquainted with *Neriſſa*, an only daughter, who had been educated under the eye of a mother famed for her prudence and œconomy. She was at this time about twenty; though not a perfect beauty, she was agreeable, with an air of simplicity that is always engaging. Her conversation was sensible, and her ease of manner, and the facility with which she expressed herself, astonished me in one who had so little intercourse with the world; but *Neriſſa*'s conversation furnished not one generous sentiment. The tear of compassion never started in her eye at a tale of sorrow; nor did the glow of pleasure ever sparkle in her countenance at the success of merit. In the society in which I had lived, self-gratification seemed to be the study of every individual, without giving the least attention to the pleasure and enjoyment of others. It was only the outward conduct of *Neriſſa* that was different; her disposition was the same; and, as I had resolved to be attentive to the happiness

of a wife, I wiſhed not to chuſe one who would be regardleſs of that of a huſband. We were not ſuited to each other; the only objects of *Neriſſa* were rank and fortune; ſhe has ſince attained her wiſhes, having been lately married to a title and a ſettlement.

I next became acquainted in the houſe of Sir *George Edwin*, a man of very moderate fortune, who had lived ſome years in town for the education of his family. With Sir *George* I had but little intercourſe, though he too was a man of the world; but he moved in an inferior ſphere, his pleaſures being chiefly confined to the bottle. He had three daughters, of whom I had that ſort of acquaintance one neceſſarily acquires in a narrow country like this, by meeting frequently at places of public reſort, as well as at private entertainments; but, as they were always attended by their mother Lady *Edwin*, a grave matron, ſhe never permitted them to engage in thoſe familiar parties, amongſt whom, or at the tavern, I generally paſſed my evenings.

The Miſs *Edwins* were juſtly eſteemed handſome; their manners were eaſy, not elegant; their converſation was, for the moſt part, confined to the occurrences of the day, and never went further than obſervations on the laſt ball or the laſt dinner. Theſe they were ſo eager to communicate, that they commonly ſpoke all at once, each of them afraid, no doubt, leſt her ſiſter ſhould have the merit of her important diſcoveries. The only object of the mother ſeemed to be to get her girls well married. For this purpoſe ſhe had truſted entirely to the external accompliſhments of their perſons, and thoſe little arts which experienced matrons know well how to uſe, to entrap the amorous and unwary. I hope ſhe will ſucceed; the Miſs *Edwins* appear to be good ſort of girls, and will, I have no doubt, make excellent wifes to ſome honeſt country ſquire, or ſome plodding man of buſineſs, who has no other idea of a wife than as a breeder or a houſekeeper. Lady *Edwin* ſays ſhe is an excellent œconomiſt, and her daughters have had the benefit of her example.

In the houſe of Sir *George Edwin* I firſt heard of *Cordelia*, and not much to her advantage. This, for cenſure will often defeat its purpoſe, gave me a ſtrong

desire to be acquainted with her. I soon learned that she was an only daughter; that she was now in her twenty-second year; that her father died when she was a child, leaving her a handsome fortune, which, being placed in the hands of a relation in the mercantile line, was so much impaired by his failure, that her mother found it necessary to cut short her plan of a fashionable and expensive education, and to take the chief care of her daughter's instruction upon herself. They had lived together in a decent retirement for five or six years, except a few months which they passed in town every winter, with the only one of their opulent relations who received them with the same affection as in their prosperity. *Cordelia* and her mother were upon one of these annual visits when I was introduced to her. I will not pretend to describe the sensations I then felt, nor the "mind illumined face" that produced them; from that moment I was unhappy but in her company, and found in her conversation that elegance of mind, that cheerful sweetness and sensibility of temper, which was diffused upon her countenance. I rejoiced at that rank and fortune of which I was possessed, as giving me the power of making *Cordelia* happy, and of raising her to a station less unworthy her distinguished merit and accomplishments. The lady with whom she lived gave me every opportunity I could wish of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance, and shewing the sincerity of my attachment; nor did her mother seem averse to the connexion, though there was, at times, an anxious solicitude in her countenance at those approaches to the familiarity which I had been accustomed to indulge, both in manner and conversation, among my female acquaintance; a habit which the sincerity of my passion for *Cordelia* could not, at all times repress. *Cordelia* herself always received me with affability; and, though I could not pretend to discover any partiality in my favour, I attributed this to her compliance with the cautious prudence of a mother, which would be removed by an open declaration of my attachment, and a proposal of marriage in form.

Desirous to interest the mother in my favour, I made my first application to her, convinced that she could

not hesitate to approve of a match which was so favourable in point of fortune. Contrary to my hopes, she at once referred me to her daughter, with an observation, in which there was more truth than politeness: "That being the person principally interested, she "was the first to be applied to." Having endeavoured to make an apology for this part of my conduct, of which a better notion of female delicacy than was to be acquired among my former companions had taught me the impropriety, I was shewn into *Cordelia*'s dressing room; where, after a short pause, I entered on the purpose of my visit, and made offer of myself and fortune, with all the ardour which the strength and sincerity of my passion inspired, and with all the attention that was due to her beauty and accomplishments. She heard me, not without emotion; and, as she seemed unable to give an immediate answer, I interpreted her silence favourably; and, seizing her hand, pressed my suit with all the earnestness of which I was capable. She soon recovered her tranquillity, and withdrawing her hand, answered with her usual unaffected modesty, but with a firmness I had never before observed, "That she was obliged to me for my favour-"able opinion; but as our affections were not in our "power, and as the mode of life to which I had been "accustomed was little suited to her inclinations, or "to create that respect for the sex which she hoped to "find in a husband, it was impossible I could ever be "her's." In vain did I join with her in blaming my past conduct; in vain did I assure her of the settled purpose I had formed to alter my mode of life; that I had actually done so; that as all my wishes were centered in an union with her, it should be the future business of my life to promote her happiness. She remained inflexible; she doubted, not, she said, the sincerity of my intentions; but her resolution was taken; and she repeatedly assured me, that her motives made it unalterable. Some of the family coming in, I retired in a state of mind which I shall not attempt to describe.

This incident, Mr. MIRROR, has made me look into myself, into my past conduct, and into the errors or misfortunes, call them by what name you please,

which have been the chief cauſe of my preſent anxiety and uneaſineſs. That I was the heir of an opulent fortune, was no fault of mine; neither can I be anſwerable for having ſucceeded to it at the early age of eighteen, when the paſſions were contending for gratification, when the means were in my power, and novelty heightened the enjoyment. The ſocieties I frequented were compoſed of the firſt names of the kingdom, both for rank and fortune; our knowledge of men was not confined to the narrow circle of our own country; we were acquainted with the faces of the principal potentates of *Europe*, and with thoſe of many of their miniſters; we could diſcourſe of muſic and painting in the language of a connoiſſeur, and re-echo the opinions we had heard of the moſt celebrated ſingers of *Florence*, *Naples*, and *Rome*. Was I to blame for accommodating myſelf to the eſtabliſhed manners of my country, in that rank of life to which I belonged? Even the attention that was paid to my education, before the death of an excellent father, has been a ſource of misfortune; it can only be from the impreſſions I then received, that I acquired a confuſed idea of a conduct more becoming a being who found himſelf capable of reaſoning and reflexion. This idea often obtruded itſelf in the hours of languor and inactivity, and ſometimes even embittered the cup of enjoyment. Reſtrained, for a time, by thoſe habits which remain after the paſſions that produced them are extinguiſhed, I at laſt found means to break the charm, and to form plans of rational and domeſtic enjoyment. Diſappointed in theſe, I feel the moſt poignant regret that I was not born a younger brother, and compelled to ſeek that diſtinction from merit which I enjoyed from fortune; or that my father had not allowed me to remain equally ignorant and uncultivated as the generality of my companions, whoſe affections centre in themſelves, whoſe ambition conſiſts in frequenting the *beſt* company, and whoſe knowledge is confined to the kitchen or the gaming-table. Diſpleaſed with myſelf, diſguſted with the world, and rejected by *Cordelia*, I am preparing to ſink at once into retirement and oblivion. What my occupations are to be, I know not; an hundred

ſchemes have been formed and rejected. If it be in your power to ſuggeſt any thing I can ſteadily adhere to, and which will make me leſs contemptible in my own eyes, you will do good to one; but if you can exhibit in your MIRROR a preventative to the errors by which I have been undone, you may do good to thouſands.

I am, &c.

LORENZO.

H

No 68. SATURDAY, *January* 1, 1780.

I can make ſpeeches in the ſenate too, Nacky.
OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERV'D.

ONE morning, during my late viſit to Mr *Umphraville*, as that gentleman, his ſiſter, and I, were ſitting at breakfaſt, my old friend *John* came in, and delivered a ſealed card to his maſter. After putting on his ſpectacles, and reading it with attention, "Ay," ſaid *Umphraville*, "this is one of your modern im- "provements. I remember the time when one neigh- "bour could have gone to dine with another without "any fuſs or ceremony; but now, forſooth, you muſt "announce your intention ſo many days before; and, "by and by, I ſuppoſe, the intercourſe between two "country-gentlemen will be carried on with the ſame "ſtiffneſs of ceremonial that prevails among your lit- "tle *German* princes. Siſter, you muſt prepare a feaſt "on *Thurſday*; Colonel *Plum* ſays he intends to have "the honour of waiting on us." "Brother," replied Miſs *Umphraville*, "you know we don't deal in giving "feaſts; but if Colonel *Plum* can dine on a plain din- "ner, without his foreign diſhes and *French* ſauces, I "can promiſe him a bit of good mutton, and hearty "welcome."

On the day appointed, Colonel *Plum* arrived, and, along with him, the gay, the ſprightly, Sir *Bobby But- ton*, who had poſted down to the country to enjoy two

days shooting at Colonel *Plum*'s, where he arrived just as that gentleman was setting out for Mr. *Umphraville*'s. Sir *Bobby*, always easy, and who, in every society, is the same, protested against the *Colonel*'s putting off his visit, and declared he would be happy to attend him.

Though I had but little knowledge of Sir *Bobby*, I was perfectly acquainted with his character; but to *Umphraville* he was altogether unknown, and I promised myself some amusement from the contrast of two persons so opposite in sentiments, in manner, and in opinions. When he was presented, I observed *Umphraville* somewhat shocked with his dress and figure; in both which, it must be owned, he resembled a monkey of a larger size. Sir *Bobby*, however, did not allow him much time to contemplate his external appearance; for he immediately, without any preparation or apology, began to attack the old gentleman on the bad taste of his house, and of every thing about it. "Why "the devil," said he, "don't you enlarge your windows, "and cut down those damned hedges and trees that "spoil your lawn so miserably? If you would allow "me, I would undertake, in a week's time, to give "you a clever place. This is, for all the world, just "such a *chateau* as my friend Lord ——— (you know "Lord ———, the finest fellow on earth) succeeded "to last year by the death of an uncle, a queer old "prig, who had lived locked up in his castle for half "a century:—he died damned rich though; and as "soon as Lord ——— knew for certain that his breath "was out, he and I went down to take possession; and "in a strange condition, to be sure, we found things; "but, in less than a month, we turned all *topsy turvy*, "and it is now in the way of being as fine a place as "any in *England*."—To this *Umphraville* made no answer; and indeed the Baronet was so fond of hearing himself talk, and chattered away at such a rate, that he neither seemed to desire nor expect an answer.

On Miss *Umphraville*'s coming in, he addressed himself to her; and, after displaying her dress, and explaining some particulars with regard to it, he began to entertain her with an account of the gallantries in

which he had been engaged the preceding winter in *London*. He talked as if no woman could refist his perfuafive addrefs and elegant figure—as if *London* were one great feraglio, and he himfelf the mighty maffer of it.—This topic he was fo fond of, that he enlarged upon it after Mifs *Umphraville* had retired, and ufed a *recherché* of expreffion in his defcriptions, which, of late, has been very much affected by our *fine gentlemen*; but which fhocked *Umphraville*, to whom it was altogether new, and who has ever entertained the higheft veneration for the fex.

To put an end to this converfation, Colonel *Plum*, who feemed to be tired of it, as we were, mentioned the very fingular fituation this country was in when the combined fleets of *France* and *Spain* lay off *Plymouth*; and took occafion to obferve, that, if our fleet fhould be vanquifhed, if our *wooden walls* fhould fail us, he was afraid our country, thus laid open to the invafion of thofe hoftile powers, could not eafily refift their force. *Umphraville* entertained a very different opinion. He faid, that a naval force might perhaps be neceffary to maintain and defend an extenfive foreign commerce; but he did not fee, how it was all connected with the internal defence of a ftate, or why a nation might not be refpectable, both at home and abroad, without any great fleet? "Were the *Engliſh*," faid he, "indebted to their *wooden walls*, for the victory of *Creffy*, of *Poictiers*, and of *Agincourt*? Was it by a naval force that the great *Guſtavus* was enabled to take fo decifive a part in the affairs of *Europe*, and to render the power of *Sweden* fo refpectable? Is it by fhips that the brave *Swiſs* have defended their liberties for fo many ages? What fleets did our own country poffefs, while fhe boldly maintained her independence, for fo many centuries, againft the conftant and unremitted attacks of *England*? Did we poffefs a fingle fhip of force, when the gallant *Bruce* almoft annihilated the power of *England* on the field of *Bannockburn*? Believe me, gentlemen," continued he, "it is not an eafy matter to fubdue a free people fighting for their country. In fuch a caufe every man would

" ſtand forth. Old as I am, I would not heſitate a " moment to draw my ſword againſt our foes, ſhould " they ever be deſperate enough to make an attempt " on theſe iſlands." " You may, if you pleaſe," ſaid Sir *Bobby* (who ſeemed to be awed for a time into ſilence, by the elevated tone *Umphraville* had aſſumed), " but I'll be curſed if I would. Damn it, what " does it ſignify? If the *French* were to conquer us, " I don't think we could loſe much by it; and, in " ſome reſpects, we ſhould gain. We ſhould drink " better Burgundy; and we ſhould have clothes fit for " a gentleman to wear, without running the riſque of " their being ſeized by theſe damned locuſts of cuſtom-" houſe officers.—I ſhould not like, though, to loſe " my ſeat in the Houſe. If the French leave us that, " they may come again when they pleaſe for me."—*Umphraville*, who had not the moſt diſtant conception of his being in parliament, aſked Sir *Bobby* gravely, what *ſeat*, what *houſe* he meant? " Why, damn it, our " Houſe, the Houſe of Commons, to be ſure;—there " is no living out of parliament now; it is the *ton* for " a gentleman to be in it, and it is the pleaſanteſt " thing in the world. There are *Jack* ———, *Dick* " ———, Lord ———, and I, are always together. " At firſt we uſed to tire confoundedly of their late " nights and long debates; but now the miniſter is ſo " obliging as to tell us when he thinks the queſtion " will be put, and away we go to dinner, to the opera, or ſomewhere, and contrive to return juſt in time " to vote, or, as Lord ——— calls it, to be in at " the death."

Hitherto *Umphraville*'s countenance had diſcovered no emotion but that of contempt; now he could not conceal his aſtoniſhment and indignation. Recollecting himſelf, however, he aſked the Baronet, if he never thought of his conſtituents, and of the purpoſe for which they ſent him to parliament?—" As " that," ſaid he, there is no man ſo attentive to his " conſtituents as I am. I ſpend ſome months among " them every ſummer, where I keep open houſe for " the ſavages, and make love to their wives and daugh-" ters. Beſides, I am always making preſents to

" women of some little fashionable trinket. The last " time I came from *London* I brought down a parcel " of *spring garters*, that cost me thirty shillings a " pair, by Gad; which I distributed among them, " taking care, at the same time, to tell each of them, " that nothing shewed a fine ankle to such advantage " as a spring garter."

In the evening, after our visitors had left us, I found *Umphraville* sitting in his elbow-chair, in a graver mood than usual. " I am thinking, my friend," said he, " of the strange times we live in. You know I am " not much of a politician; and, living retired as I " do, abstracted from the world, I have little access " to be acquainted with the springs that move the " wheels of government, or the causes of national " prosperity or adversity. For some time past, howe- " ver, I have been endeavouring, in vain, to investi- " gate the latent sources of the sudden and almost in- " stantaneous decline of our empire, unexampled, I " believe, in the history of nations. The scene you " have this day witnessed, has given me more light on " that subject than any thing I have yet met with. " If such men are to conduct and to regulate the " great affairs of state, are we to wonder at our want " of success? If our senate is to be filled with be- " ings, mean as they are worthless, alike destitute of " public virtue and of private honour, we may cease " to be surprised at any calamity that befals us. Of " such creatures I presume, the Roman senate was com- " posed, when, by the groundless jealousy of an em- " peror (*Gallienus*, if I mistake not), the senators " were prohibited from holding any military employ- " ment; and they considered the exemption as a fa- " vour, not as an affront: so lost were they to every principle of honour, so void of every generous and manly feeling. But what astonishes me most is, that in times like these, when the empire is shook to its foundation, the people should be so infatuated as to trust their best, their dearest rights in such hands. Had the *Congress* been composed of *Bobby Buttons*, would *America* ever have made such a stand against us?"

How long this Philippic might have lasted I cannot say, had not Miss *Umphraville* come in and put an end to it, by challenging me to play a game at backgammon.

E

See 46

No. 69. TUESDAY, *January* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a pretty constant reader of your publications; by what means, you shall know before I have finished this letter. Among other papers of your publishing, I have read one marked No. 65. written by a lady, who subscribes herself S. M. That lady is pleased to complain of her situation, and to represent herself as unfortunate. I cannot think she has the least title to do so. She was received and entertained by a kind brother; but, forsooth, she took it into her head to quarrel with him because he married, and seemed to like his wife better than her, and to be displeased with the lady, because she appeared to have more vanity than she ought to have had. Pray, what right had she to find fault with those who so hospitably entertained her? or, how did she shew superior sense by thus quarrelling with her bread and butter?—I am, Sir, the younger brother of Sir *George Fielding*. I live comfortably and contentedly in his house; and yet I could lay a wager, were Madam *S. M.* in my situation, she would be fretful and discontented; but I shall appeal to you, Sir, if she would have any reason for her discontent.

My father, Sir *Robert*, sent me when a young man, to the University; but, as I had no taste for study, I spent most of my time at the billiard-table, at cards, in hunting, playing at golf, or in public diversions. I was more gaily dressed than any of my companions, and I united many of the qualities of a beau and a buck.—During the vacation, I resided at my father's

houſe; and the elegant and expenſive manner in which he lived, increaſed my turn for pleaſure and amuſement.

I was in my twentieth year when my father, who had ſupplied me liberally with money, died, leaving me the ſame ſmall patrimony of one thouſand pounds. Fifty pounds a-year could not ſupport the expence of one who had been accuſtomed to ſpend four times that ſum. In this ſituation it was thought neceſſary that I ſhould do ſomething for myſelf. Amidſt the various ſchemes that were propoſed, it was determined that I ſhould become a merchant. My brother, Sir *George*, generouſly diſcharged all the debts I had contracted; for, notwithſtanding my father's liberality while he was living, I had contracted ſeveral; and I was bound apprentice to an eminent trader. He was a ſober, induſtrious, thriving man; but I ſoon found it impoſſible to accommodate myſelf to his frugal and œconomical ideas; and my inclination for amuſement and pleaſure, which he uſed to call diſſipation and idleneſs, could not give way to his habits of induſtry and attention.

Accordingly, before the term of my apprenticeſhip was elapſed, my maſter wrote to Sir *George*, informing him that I had taken up with bad company; that I had neglected my buſineſs; that I had not profited by his inſtructions; and recommending to him to try me in ſomething elſe, and, in all events, to remove me to ſome other place.

After a good deal of deliberation, it was reſolved to try to ſet me up as a farmer; and I entered upon the management of a conſiderable farm. But in this buſineſs I found I did not ſucceed any better than in my former. Notwithſtanding the good inſtructions I received at a club of very honeſt fellows, at which we met every week to talk about farming and improvements, ſomehow or other, my crops never paid for the expence of raiſing them; and, in a few years, I found that I had improved away every ſhilling of my capital. Sir *George* then propoſed to me that I ſhould quit all thoughts of buſineſs, and take up my reſidence in his houſe; I cheerfully accepted his propoſal, and have lived with him for fourteen years paſt.

In his house I find every thing provided for me, and I am perfectly contented, having nothing to care for. Sir *George*, who is beloved and respected by all the neighbourhood, has frequently crowds of company who resort to his house; but, as he does not drink himself, whenever the company wish to drink a little more than usual, he deputes me to act his part as a landlord. In that capacity I do not fail to push about the bottle; and I find myself in a situation perfectly to my wish. As I am a good shot, I spend great part of my time in shooting; and Mr. *Joseph*, for that is the name I go by, is made a welcome guest at all the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood; the more so, as I seldom make a visit without carrying along with me some of the game I have killed. I never fail to make one at all the sports in the neighbourhood. At a village-wedding I am a considerable personage; and there is not a country-girl who does not think it an honour to dance with Mr. *Joseph*. When Lady *Fielding* makes a visit, I generally attend her in the absence of Sir *George*. The only part of my employment which I find disagreeable is, that sometimes, in the winter-evenings, I am set a-reading to my Lady; and, among other publications, I have read over to her most of the MIRRORS. My Lady likes them exceedingly; so do I too, but not for the same reason that she does; I like them,—because they are short. In the course of this employment I read S. M.'s letter, and have already given you my reasons for being much dissatisfied with what she writes.

I can make no doubt, that, were she in my situation, she would think she had much reason to be unhappy. She would, perhaps, complain that her brother was so rich, and she so poor; she would say, that it was an employment below her to act as toast-master to her brother's drunken company; that it was despicable to be known only by the name of Mr. *Joseph*; that she could not but consider herself as in a contemptible situation, being unfit for any employment, or to act any higher part than that of a sportsman, a dancer at a country-wedding, or an humble attendant on my Lady *Fielding*. But I am of a very different opinion.

certainly neither have the fortune, nor do I meet with the same respect that my brother Sir *George* does; —but what does that signify?——I eat, drink, and am merry, enjoy good health and good spirits; and I have neither the trouble of managing a great estate, nor am I obliged to be circumspect in my conduct, in order that I may act up, as I hear my brother and some of his friends express it, to a certain dignity of character. In a word, I am happy enough, and I think Madam S. M. might have been so too, if she had had a mind.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH FIELDING.

The situation which is described in the above letter is not, I believe, altogether an uncommon one. I should be very unwilling to make Mr. *Joseph*, displeased with it; on the contrary, I think his cheerfulness and good humour are to be envied. At the same time, without expressing those sentiments which, I doubt not, will occur to many of my readers upon the perusal of his letter, I cannot but observe, that I have sometimes felt regret, that, in certain circumstances, a more equal distribution of fortune were not made among the children of some great landed proprietors, or that care were not taken to moderate their education to that style of life in which their circumstances are likely to place them. A young man, who is left a small patrimony, ought not surely to be accustomed to habits of extravagance and dissipation, but ought to be early inured to œconomy, and be qualified for some business. Without this (though accident may sometimes conduct such young men to fortune or to eminence), there must be always great danger of their proving unfit for any valuable purpose in life, of their deserving no higher appellation than that of Mr. *Joseph*.

A

No. 70. SATURDAY, *January* 8, 1780.

Ingentes Dominos, et claræ nomina famæ
Illuſtrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita. SENECA.

IN an excurſion I made ſome months ago to the county of ———, I paid a viſit to *Antonio*, an old acquaintance of my father's, whom I had known from my infancy. He had been exceedingly attentive to me when a boy; and, as he was ſomething of a ſportſman, my guardians often permitted me to accompany him to the field, where, as indeed on every occaſion, he treated me with the eaſe and freedom of a companion and an equal. This behaviour, ſo different from that to which boys are generally accuſtomed, while it flattered my ſelf-importance, gave me ſo much favour and affection for *Antonio*, that I never ſaw him afterwards, without feeling thoſe agreeable ſenſations, which accompany the recollection of that happy period of life, when we catch the pleaſures of the moment, equally regardleſs of what is paſt or to come.

I had not heard of *Antonio* for many months. When I arrived at the village where he lived, I haſtened to his houſe without any previous inquiry. The countenance of the ſervant made me ſuſpect all was not well; and, when I entered his apartment, I found him in the laſt ſtage of a dropſy. The ſenſations that crowded on my mind at the ſqualid and death-like appearance of the good old man, ſo different from thoſe in which I was prepared to indulge, had almoſt overcome me; but the growing emotion was checked by the countenance with which he beheld it. No ſooner was I ſeated, than, taking my hand, "What a change," ſaid he, with a look of melancholy compoſure, "is "here, ſince you laſt ſaw me!—I was was two years "older than your father; had he been alive, he would "have been ſeventy-four next Chriſtmas."

The particulars of the converſation, though they have made a laſting impreſſion on my mind, would be

unintereſting to many of my readers; but as the life of *Antonio* will afford an important leſſon to the younger part of them, I give the following ſhort account of it, as the ſubject of this and the ſubſequent paper.

" The father of *Antonio* was one of the firſt men " of family in *Scotland*, who had been bred to the " profeſſion of a merchant; in which he was ſo ſuc- " ceſsful, that about the beginning of this century he " had acquired the ſum of twenty thouſand pounds, " which was, at that time, reckoned no inconſidera- " ble fortune. He had two children who ſurvived " him; *Antonio*, and a daughter, *Leonora*, who was " ſeveral years younger than her brother. As the " father had received a liberal education, he was atten- " tive to beſtow the ſame benefit upon his ſon; but being " equally ſenſible of the advantages of induſtry, he " was, at the ſame time determined, that he ſhould be " educated to ſome profeſſion or employment, though " he did not reſtrain him in his choice. *Antonio*, on " his part, ſeconded his father's views. His genius " was inferior to none of his contemporaries; allow- " ing for ſome little exceſſes, which the livelineſs and " pliancy of his diſpoſition engaged him in, he ex- " ceeded them all in the aſſiduity of his application; " and, as his manners were at the ſame time mild and " ſpirited, he was both beloved and reſpected by his " companions.

" Being arrived at an age which made it neceſſary " to regulate his ſtudies by the profeſſion he was to " follow, he made choice of that of phyſic, which, " including the different branches of ſcience uſually " connected with it, may be ſaid to embrace the whole " ſtudy of Nature: to theſe he applied rather as a " philoſopher than as one who intended to be a prac- " titioner in the art; he was, nevertheleſs, preparing " to take his degree, when the death of his father left " him, at the age of twenty, poſſeſſed of a handſome " fortune.

" *Antonio* continued his ſtudies for ſome time with " his uſual aſſiduity; but, finding his income more " than ſufficient for his wants, he gave up all thoughts " of engaging in practice. His houſe became the

" rendezvous of his former ſchool-companions, many " of them the ſons of the firſt families in the king- " dom, who were now entering into life (I ſpeak of " a period above fifty years ago), and who found " themſelves flattered by thoſe engaging manners in " the man, which had attached them to the boy.

" In conſequence of theſe connexions, *Antonio* " found himſelf engaged in a line of life to which he " had been little accuſtomed; but, as he had mixed " the ſtudy of polite literature with ſcience, and was " maſter of the exerciſes of dancing, fencing, and " riding, he ſoon acquired that eaſe in his addreſs and " converſation, which mark the gentleman, while they " hide the man of learning from a common obſerver. " His good-nature and benevolence, proceeding from " an enlarged and liberal mind, prevented him from " viewing, with too ſevere an eye, the occaſional ex- " ceſſes of ſome of his companions; an elegant taſte, " and a ſound underſtanding, prevented him from en- " gaging in them too deeply.

" *Antonio*'s time was now moſtly ſpent among the " great. He made long and frequent viſits at their " ſeats in the country; he joined them in excurſions " from time to time to the different courts on the con- " tinent; and, when he was not abroad, he reſided " almoſt conſtantly in *London*, or the neighbourhood; " ſo that he became, in a great meaſure, a ſtranger in " his own country.

" Among the companions of *Antonio* were two ſons " of the Earl of *W*———, who were particularly at- " tached to him. Their father was not more envied " by the ambitious for the diſtinguiſhed rank he held " in the councils of his Sovereign, than by the wiſe " and moderate for being father to two of the moſt " promiſing young men of the age. They had been " acquainted with *Antonio* from their infancy. They " had grown up at the ſame ſchools, and ſtudied un- " der the ſame maſters. After an abſence of three " years, they happened to meet at *Venice*, where *An- " tonio* had the good fortune to render them eſſential " ſervice, in extricating them from difficulties in which " the impetuoſity of the beſt conditioned young men

" will sometimes involve them, especially in a foreign " country. They returned together to *Britain*. Their " father, who knew their former connexion with *An-* " *tonio*, and had heard of their recent obligation to " him, expressed his sense of it in very flattering terms, " and earnestly wished for an opportunity to reward it.

" I have seen few men who were proof against the " attention of ministers. Though it does not always " gratify, it seldom fails to excite three of the most " powerful passions, vanity, ambition, and avarice. " *Antonio*, I am afraid, did not form an exception to " the rule. Though naturally an œconomist, his mode " of life had considerably impaired his fortune. He " knew this; but he knew not exactly to what extent. " He received gentle remonstrances on the subject from " some of his relations in *Scotland*, who remembered " his virtues. In the letters of his sister *Leonora* (who " still retained that affection and attachment to her bro- " ther which his attention to her, both before and " after her father's death, had impressed upon her mind), " he perceived an anxiety, for which he could not other- " wise account than from her apprehensions about the " situation of his affairs. The patronage of the Earl " of *W*——— presented itself as a remedy. To him, " therefore, he determined to apply. The intimacy " in which he lived with his sons, the friendly manner " in which the Earl himself always behaved to him, " made this appear an easy matter to *Antonio*; but he " was unaccustomed to ask favours even from the great. " His spirit rose at the consciousness of their having " become necessary; and he sunk in his own esteem in " being reduced to use the language of solicitation for " something like a pecuniary favour. After several " fruitless attempts, he could bring himself no farther " than to give a distant hint to his companions, the " sons of the Earl. It was sufficient to them; and, " at the next interview with their father, *Antonio* re- " ceived the most friendly assurances of being soon " provided for in some way suited to his taste and dis- " position.

" Elated with these hopes, he returned, after a ten " years absence, to visit his friends in *Scotland*, and to " examine into the situation of his affairs. Of the " £20,000 left by his father, there was little more " than £10,000 remaining; and the half of that sum " belonged to his sister *Leonora*. The knowledge of " this made no great impression on his mind, as he was " certain of being amply provided for; meanwhile, he " thought it his duty to put his sister's fortune in " safety; and, by his whole behaviour to her during " a nine months residence in *Scotland*, he confirmed " that love and affection which his more early conduct " had justly merited."

No. 71. TUESDAY, *January* 11, 1780.

" *ANTONIO* returned to *London* about the breaking " out of the *Spanish* war in 1739. The parties in " the state ran high; the minister was attacked on all " sides, in a language somewhat more decent than " what is in use among the patriots of the present day, " though it was not, on that account, less poignant " and severe. *Antonio*'s patron, the earl of *W*———, " took part with the minister, and both he and his sons, " who were by this time in parliament, seemed so much " occupied with the affairs of the public, that *Antonio* " was unwilling to disturb them with any private ap- " plication for himself, until the ferment was somewhat " subsided. In the mean time, he continued his usual " mode of life; and, though he could not help ob- " serving, that many of the great men with whom he " had been accustomed to converse on the most easy " and familiar terms, began to treat him with a for- " bidding ceremony, more disgusting to a mind of sen- " sibility than downright insolence; still the conscious- " ness of his situation prevented him from renouncing " a society in which the secret admonitions of his " heart frequently told him he could not continue, " without forfeiting the strongest support of virtue and " honour, *a proper respect for himself.*

" Sir *Robert Walpole* was at last obliged to resign, and " along with him a few of his friends who were most " obnoxious to the leaders of the successful party. " The Earl of *W*——— was not of the number; he " still preserved his place in the cabinet; and the new " and the old ministers having adjusted their differen- " pretensions, a calm tranquillity succeeded, as the " less powerful and disappointed patriots, rendered " suspicious by the defection of their principal leaders, " could not at once connect themselves into a formid- " able opposition.

" *Antonio* thought this a proper time to renew his " application. That delicacy which made him for- " merly shrink at the idea of asking a pecuniary fa- " vour, was now no more; his growing necessities, " and the habits of submission they produced, had " blunted the fine feelings of independence, and he " could now, though unnoticed, dance attendance at " the levees of the great, like one who had never felt " himself their equal. Fortunately there soon hap- " pened a vacancy in an office in the department of the " Earl of *W*———, which was every way suited to " *Antonio*. He modestly reminded the Earl of his " former promises; and having made the first applica- " tion, his request was instantly granted. At that " moment Lord *C*——, who was supposed to be Prime " Minister, arrived to ask the office for the son of a " butcher in *Kent*, who was returning officer in a bo- " rough where there was a contested election. The " Earl of *W*——— told the minister, that he had just " now promised it to that gentleman, pointing to *An-* " *tonio*. The minister had frequently seen *Antonio*, and " was not unacquainted with his character;—congra- " tulated him with much seeming cordiality; and, " turning to the Earl of *W*———, paid him many " compliments on his bestowing the office upon one of " so distinguished merit: " That consideration," add- ed he, " can compensate for the disappointment I feel " in not having obtained it for the person I mentioned " to your Lordship." *Antonio* was too well acquainted " with the language of the court not to understand the " tendency of all this. The Earl of *W*——— im-

" mediately obſerved, that, to oblige his Lordſhip, he " had no doubt *Antonio* would readily give up the pro- " miſe. This was inſtantly done; and theſe two noble " perſons vied with each other in their offers of ſervice; " he was given to underſtand, that the firſt opportu- " nity ſhould be taken to provide for him in a manner " exceeding his wiſhes.

" Though *Antonio* was not, upon the whole, very " well pleaſed with this incident, he endeavoured to " comfort himſelf with reflecting, that he had now " acquired a right of going directly to the miniſter, " which was ſo much the more agreeable, as he plainly " perceived that the ſons of the Earl of *W*———, " though they ſtill behaved to him with more eaſe and " attention than many others of his former companions, " would, like the reſt, ſoon be eſtranged from him. " At ſchool, at college, on their travels, and even for " ſome time after their return, their purſuits were the " ſame. Whether it was inſtruction or entertainment, " they were mutually aſſiſting to each other, and they " found *Antonio* to be in every thing their equal, per- " haps in ſome things their ſuperior. The ſcene was " now changed. In the midſt of their family and re- " lations, poſſeſſed of the adventitious, though dazzling " qualities of rank and fortune, the real merit of *An- " tonio* was hardly perceived. They now found him " to be in ſome things their inferior. This alone " would have, in time, put an end to their intimacy, " unleſs, like many others, he would have contented " himſelf with acting the part of *an humble attendant*. " Having once opened to their views the career of am- " bition, and the proſpect of riſing in the ſtate, they " eſtimated their friendſhips by the extent of their po- " litical influence. Virtue and merit were now out of " the queſtion, or were at beſt but ſecondary conſider- " ations. Former ſervices, compared to the objects " in which they were now engaged, ſunk to nothing; " at the ſame time, a conſciouſneſs of duty led them " to behave civilly to a man they had once eſteemed, " and who had done nothing to forfeit their good opi- " nion. Perhaps, even if applied to in a fortunate " moment, when impelled by a ſudden emanation of " half-extinguiſhed virtue, they might have exerted

" themſelves to ſerve him; but theſe exertions would " not have been of long continuance; they would ſoon " have been ſmothered by cold political prudence.

" After two years ſolicitation, during which his pa- " trons ſometimes cajoled him with promiſes, and, at " others, hardly deigned to take notice of his requeſt, " *Antonio* gave up all hopes of ſucceſs. His fortune " was now totally gone. His friends in *Scotland* had " frequently informed him of this; but he continued " to ſolicit and to receive ſmall ſums of money from " time to time, which he was in hopes of being ſoon " able to repay. Theſe hopes being extinguiſhed, he " could not aſk for more. He had alſo contracted " ſeveral debts to the different tradeſmen he employed. " He frankly told them his ſituation; but they re- " membered the liberality of his conduct and behavi- " our in the days of his proſperity, and would not uſe " the barbarous right of impriſonment to increaſe his " calamities.

" The accumulated diſtreſs to which *Antonio* was " now expoſed, was more than he could bear. After " combating ſome time with the agitation of his mind, " he was ſeized with a ſlow fever, attended with a de- " lirium, which made it neceſſary to acquaint his " friends. His ſiſter *Leonora* haſtened to his relief. " At the end of ſome weeks, his health was ſo far " re-eſtabliſhed, that ſhe ventured to propoſe his un- " dertaking a journey to *Scotland;* to which he at laſt " conſented, but not without reluctance.

" He learned, by degrees, that the money he " received for the laſt two years he reſided in " *London*, had come from *Leonora;* that ſhe had " paid all his debts there, and with the ſmall re- " mains of her fortune, had purchaſed an annuity of " an hundred and fifty pounds for his and her own " life. In a ſhort time, they retired to a village in " the county of———, not far from my father's reſi- " dence, who had been an early acquaintance of *An-* " *tonio's*. My father joined his endeavours to thoſe " of *Leonora* to recover him from that depreſſion of " ſpirits into which his misfortunes, and the reflexi- " on on his paſt conduct, had thrown him. They at " laſt ſucceeded, and ſaw him, with pleaſure, regain

" thoſe mild and engaging manners which they had " formerly admired. But his ſpirit and vivacity could " not be reſtored. He ſeemed to engage in the uſual " paſtimes and occupations of a country life, rather " with patience than ſatisfaction, and to *ſuffer* ſociety " as a duty which he owed to a ſiſter who had preſerved " him, and to thoſe friends who ſhowed ſo much ſoli- " citude for his happineſs, rather than to *enjoy* it as a " ſource of pleaſure and entertainment to himſelf. If " ever he was animated, it was in the company of a " few young men who looked up to him for inſtructi- " on. He entertained them, not with murmurings " againſt the world, or complaints of the injuſtice or " depravity of mankind. His pictures of ſociety were " flattering and agreeable, as giving the moſt extenſive " ſcope for the exerciſe of the active virtues. " My " young friends," he was wont to ſay, " carry with " you into the world a ſpirit of independence, and a " proper reſpect for yourſelves. Theſe are the guar- " dians of virtue. No man can truſt to others for his " ſupport, or forfeit his own good opinion with impu- " nity. Extravagant deſires and ill-founded hopes pave " the way for diſappointment, and diſpoſe us to cover " our own errors with the unjuſt accuſation of others. " Society is ſupported by a reciprocation of good offi- " ces; and, though virtue and humanity will *give*, juſ- " tice cannot *demand*, a favour, without a recompenſe. " Warm and generous friendſhips are ſometimes, nay, " I hope, often found in the world; but, in thoſe " changes and viciſſitudes of life which open new views " and form new connexions, the old are apt to be " weakened or forgotten. Family and domeſtic friend- " ſhips," would he add, with a ſigh, will generally be " found the moſt laſting and ſincere; but here, my " friends, you will think me prejudiced; you all know " my obligations to *Leonora*."

" *Antonio* and *Leonora* are now no more; he died a " few days after my laſt viſit. His ſiſter he had buri- " ed about a twelvemonth before; and I have often " heard him mention, with a kind of melancholy ſa- " tisfaction, that, to her other diſtreſſes, there had " not been added the regret of being left behind him."

No. 72 SATURDAY, *January* 15, 1780.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
VIRG.

THE conſideration of death has been always made uſe of, by the moraliſt and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to ſink the eſtimation of its pleaſures, and, if they could not ſtrip the ſeductions of vice of their preſent enjoyment, at leaſt to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a ſimilar reflexion, endeavoured to enhance the value, and perſuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have adviſed us to pluck the roſes which would ſoon wither of themſelves, to ſeize the moments which otherwiſe we could not long command, and, ſince time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of theſe perſuaſives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the ſevere or the gay, have the effects been great. Life muſt neceſſarily conſiſt of active ſcenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leiſure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The ſchemes of the buſy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amuſements of the diſſipated be either controlled or endeared by the ſhortneſs of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloyſter of the Monk, have their buſineſs and their pleaſures; for ſtudy may become buſineſs, and abſtraction pleaſure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the preſent, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the inſignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were eaſy to ſhow the wiſdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wiſe and benign, in this particular of our conſtitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often obſerved, and too juſt not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only *better*, but more delightful, *to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.*

Perhaps I felt it so, when but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less: with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like *Maria*, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of

her sisters, presents to us a little view of family-affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw *Maria* was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of *Maria* as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his *Maria* in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to Heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a

glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleneſs and hope!

Such, I am perſuaded, will commonly be the effect of ſcenes like that I have deſcribed, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like theſe, the gloom of the aſcetic is as little ſuſceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind which ſociety alone can give, though its vices often deſtroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes ſorrow pleaſant and affliction uſeful.

It is not from a melancholy of this ſort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkiſh ſolitude. Theſe are often the effects rather of paſſion ſecluded than repreſſed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The *crucifix* and the *roſary*, the *death's head* and the *bones*, if cuſtom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill deſire than excite virtue; but amidſt the warmth of ſocial affection, and of ſocial ſympathy, the heart will feel the weakneſs, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps, it will be ſaid, that ſuch ſituations, and ſuch reflexions as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be diſregarded by thoſe who need the leſſons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the reſiſtance of prejudice. I will not pretend to aſſert, that rooted principles, and long-eſtabliſhed conduct, are ſuddenly to be changed by the effects of ſituation, or the eloquence of ſentiment; but if it be granted that ſuch change ever took place, who ſhall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impreſſion, it was firſt begun? And, even if the influence of ſuch a call to thought can only ſmother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpoſe to virtue, I ſhall not have unjuſtly commended that occaſional indulgence of penſiveneſs and ſorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

No. 73. TUESDAY, *January* 18, 1780.

THE Eſſay contained in this and the following Number, was ſome time ago received from a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed name in the literary world.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN the courſe of his various inquiries into human nature, your illuſtrious kinſman the SPECTATOR did not overlook DREAMING; on which he has given us many ingenious and uſeful obſervations. Having all my life been a great dreamer of dreams, I alſo have made ſome remarks upon that myſterious phænomenon, which, I flatter myſelf, may be acceptable to the Author of the MIRROR, as I believe ſome of them are new, and not unworthy of notice.

I ſhall not take up much of your time with the opinions of the ancients in regard to the immediate cauſe of dreaming. *Epicurus* fancied, that an infinite multitude of ſubtle images, ſome flowing from bodies, ſome formed of their own accord, and others made up of different things variouſly combined, were continually moving up and down in the air about us; and that theſe images, being of extreme fineneſs, penetrate our bodies; and, ſtriking upon the mind, give riſe to that mode of perception which we call Imagination, and to which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and of our dreams. *Ariſtotle* ſeems to think, that every object of outward ſenſe makes upon the human ſoul, or upon ſome other part of our frame, a certain impreſſion, which remains for ſome time after the object that made it is gone, and which, being afterwards recogniſed by the mind in ſleep, gives riſe to thoſe viſions that then preſent themſelves. Theſe opinions, if one were to examine them, would be found either to amount to nothing that can be underſtood, or to aſcribe to human thought a ſort of material nature, which is perfectly inconceivable.

Neither ſhall I trouble you with enumerating five different ſpecies of dreams acknowledged by ſome of the ancients, and particularly deſcribed by *Macrobius*. Dreams are, indeed, of different ſorts and characters; but I ſee no reaſon why they may not be divided into five hundred claſſes, as well as into five. My own remarks I ſhall ſet down without method, and in the order in which they occur to me.

Though ſome of our dreams are exceedingly wild and extravagant, others are more regular, and more like real life. When the mind is at eaſe, and the body in health, we are apt to dream of our ordinary buſineſs. The paſſions too, which occupy the mind when awake, and the objects and cauſes of thoſe paſſions, are apt to recur in ſleep, though, for the moſt part, under ſome diſguiſe; accompanied with painful circumſtances when we are in trouble, and with more pleaſing ideas when we are happy. To this the poets attend; and, in deſcribing the dreams of their heroes and heroines, are careful to give them a reſemblance to their real fortune. *Dido*, when forſaken by *Æneas*, dreams that ſhe is going a long journey alone, and ſeeking her *Tyrians* in a deſert land;

——— longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, *Tyrioſque* deſertâ quærere terrâ.

Thus uniting, as it were, in one image, the two paſſions that ingroſſed her through the day, love to her people, and a ſenſe of her forlorn condition. *Eloiſa*, ſeparated for ever from her friend, dreams of being again happy in his company; but the next moment, ſays ſhe,

———Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.

On theſe occaſions, the poet will not deſcribe a dream

exactly like the real circumstances of the dreamer; he makes it only a sort of dark allegorical similitude: and this we approve of, because we know that it is according to nature. For a reason to be given in the sequel, it will appear to be mercifully ordered by Providence, that our dreams should thus *differ* from our waking thoughts: And, from what we know of the influence of our passions upon the general tenor of our thinking, we need not wonder that there should be, notwithstanding, some *analogy* between them. It is this mixture of resemblance and diversity, that makes some of our dreams *allegorical*. But, when that happens, an attentive observer, who is free from superstition, will find that they allude not to what is future, but to what is present or past, unless where we have been anticipating some future event; in which case our dreams may possibly resemble our conjectures. Now, if our conjectures be right, and if our dreams resemble them, it may happen that there shall be a likeness between a certain dream and a future occurrence: but in this there is nothing more supernatural, than that I should dream to night of what I have been employed in to-day; for this is nothing more than a particular train of thought impressed upon us in sleep, by a certain *previous* train of thought into which reason and experience had led us when awake. For example, When I see a man dissipating his fortune by debauchery, I may, with reason, apprehend that disease and poverty will soon overtake him. If this conjecture trouble me in the daytime, it may also recur in sleep, accompanied with some visionary circumstances; and I shall dream, perhaps, that I see him in rags and misery. Suppose this really to happen soon after, what opinion am I to entertain concerning my dream? Surely I have no more reason to consider it as prophetical, than I have to look upon the conjecture which gave rise to it as the effect of inspiration.

Some of our dreams bear little or no resemblance to any thing that ever before occurred to our senses, or fancy. But this is not common, except in bad health. It holds true in general, that dreams are an

imitation, though often a very extravagant one, of reality.

There are people who obſerve, that one particular dream frequently returns upon them. *Socrates*, in the *Phædo* of *Plato*, tells his friend, that he had all his life been haunted with a viſion of this kind, in which one ſeemed to ſay to him, that he ought to ſtudy muſic. If this repetition of dreams be the effect of habit, which is not unlikely, we may from it learn the expediency of concealing ſuch as are diſagreeable, and baniſhing them from our thoughts as ſoon as we can. Indeed, it is a vulgar obſervation, that they who never ſpeak of dreams are not often troubled with them.

Intemperance of ever kind, in eating or drinking, in ſleep or watching, in reſt or exerciſe, tends to make dreams diſagreeable; and therefore, one end of dreaming may be, to recommend ſobriety and moderation. For the time we may employ in ſleep bears a great proportion to the whole of human life; and, if there be any expedient for rendering that portion of our time agreeable, it is ſurely worth while to put it in practice. Habits of virtue and ſoberneſs, the repreſſion of turbulent deſires, and the indulgence of pious, ſocial and cheerful diſpoſitions, are, for the moſt part, effectual in giving that lightneſs to the animal ſpirits, and that calm temperature to the blood, which promote thoughts pleaſurable through the day, and ſweet ſlumber and eaſy dreams by night.

The ancients thought, that morning-dreams come neareſt the truth. In the morning, no doubt, the perſpiration and digeſtion continued through the night will make the ſtomach, and the whole frame of the body more compoſed and cool than when we go to ſleep: and hence, perhaps, it is not abſurd to ſay, that dreams may be more regular then, and more like real life. But if we have paſſed the earlier hours of the morning without ſleep, and fall a-dozing about the time we uſually riſe, our dreams are ſeldom agreeable, and our ſlumber is rather ſtupifying than ſalutary: whence we may perhaps infer, that it is the intention of Nature that we ſhould riſe early, and at a ſtated hour.

As agreeable thoughts accompany good health; a

violent paſſions, and even phrenſy, are the attendants of certain diſeaſes; as dullneſs and confuſion of thought may be occaſioned by a loaded ſtomach; and, as the ſwallowing of much ſtrong liquor produces a temporary madneſs;—as our thoughts, I ſay, when we are awake, are ſo much determined by our bodily habit, it is no wonder that they ſhould be ſtill more liable to ſuch influence when we are aſleep. Accordingly, certain dreams do, for the moſt part, accompany certain poſitions and ſtates of the body. When our breathing is in any degree interrupted, by our head falling awry, by the bed-clothes preſſing on our mouth and noſtrils, or by any internal diſorder, we are apt to dream of going, with great uneaſineſs, through narrow paſſages, where we are in danger of ſuffocation. When the ſtate of the ſtomach and bowels occaſions any convulſive motion in the jaws, a thing not uncommon in ſleep, and which frequently produces a ſtrong compreſſion and grinding of the teeth, we are apt to dream that the teeth are looſe, or falling out, or that our mouth is full of pins, or of ſomething very diſagreeable. In cold weather, too, when by any accident we throw aſide the bed-clothes, we ſometimes dream of going naked. Of all theſe facts I have often had experience; and, if the thing could be accurately attended to, I make no doubt but many of our dreams might be accounted for in the ſame manner: and therefore, when we have an uncommon dream, we ought not to look forward with apprehenſion, as if it were to be the forerunner of calamity; but rather backward to ſee whether we can diſcover its cauſe, and whether, from ſuch a diſcovery, we may not learn ſomething that may be profitable to our health.

In ſome conſtitutions, certain dreams do generally go before, or accompany the beginnings of certain diſeaſes. When, for example, there is any tendency to fever, we are apt to dream of performing, with great labour, ſome work, we know not preciſely what, in which we never make any progreſs. This imagination will occur in ſleep, even while one has no means of obſerving, when awake, any ſymptom that could lead one to ſuſpect one's health to be in danger; and, when it does occur, may it not give warning to make ſome

change in the ordinary regimen, to eat or drink less than usual, or have recourse to some of those other methods whereby acute distempers are prevented? In general, when one is haunted more than usual with disagreeable dreams, it may, I think, be taken as a sign that something is wrong in the constitution; and therefore that temperance, fasting, or exercise, may be requisite to avert the impending evil. And these are remedies which one may have recourse to; and in regard to which one may venture to make a few experiments in almost any circumstances. Agreeable dreams I would take for the signs of health, and accordingly consider them as good, and not evil.

If you approve of these remarks, you shall have more on the same subject, in a few days, from

Yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

No 74. SATURDAY, *January* 22, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN my last, I hinted that dreams may be useful, as physical admonitions. What if I should go a step further, and say, that they may be serviceable as means of our moral improvement? I will not affirm, however, as some have done, that by them we may make a more accurate discovery of our temper and ruling passions, than by observing what passes in our minds when awake: For, in sleep, we are very incompetent judges of ourselves, and of every thing else; and one will dream of committing crimes with little remorse, which, if awake, one could not think of without horror. But, as many of our passions are inflamed or allayed by the temperature of the body, this, I think, may be said with truth, that, by attending to what passes in sleep, we may sometimes discern what passions are predominant, and, consequently, receive some useful cautions for the regulation of them. A man dreams,

for example, that he is in a violent anger, and that he ſtrikes a blow which knocks a perſon down, and kills him. He awakes in horror at the thought of what he has done, and of the puniſhment he thinks he has reaſon to apprehend; and while, after a moment's recollection, he rejoices to find that it is but a dream, he will alſo be inclinable to form reſolutions againſt violent anger, leſt it ſhould, one time or other, hurry him on to a real perpetration of a like nature. If we ever derive this advantage from a dream, we cannot pronounce it uſeleſs. And this, or a ſimilar advantage, may ſometimes be derived from dreaming. For why may we not, in this way, reap improvement from a fiction of our own fancy, as well as from a novel, or a fable of Æſop?

One of the fineſt moral tales I ever read, is an account of a dream in the TATLER, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral ſo ſublime and ſo intereſting, that I queſtion whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and if he remembers, whether he can ever ceaſe to be the better for it. ADDISON is the author of the paper; and I ſhall give the ſtory in his own elegant words.

"I was once," ſays the TATLER, "in agonies of 'grief that are unutterable, and in ſo great a diſtrac-'tion of mind, that I thought myſelf even out of the 'poſſibility of receiving comfort. The occaſion was 'as follows: When I was a youth, in a part of the 'army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in 'love with an agreeable young woman of a good fa-'mily in thoſe parts, and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing 'my addreſſes kindly received, which occaſioned the 'perplexity I am going to relate. We were, in a 'calm evening, diverting ourſelves, on the top of a 'cliff, with the proſpect of the ſea; and trifling away 'the time in ſuch little fondneſſes as are moſt ridicu-'lous to people in buſineſs, and moſt agreeable to 'thoſe in love. In the midſt of theſe our innocent 'endearments, ſhe ſnatched a paper of verſes out of 'my hand, and ran away with them. I was follow-'ing her; when on a ſudden the ground, though at 'a conſiderable diſtance from the verge of the preci-

" pice, ſunk under her, and threw her down, from ſo " prodigious an height, upon ſuch a range of rocks, " as would have daſhed her into ten thouſand pieces, " had her body been made of adamant. It is much " eaſier for my reader to imagine my ſtate of mind " upon ſuch an occaſion, than for me to expreſs it. I " ſaid to myſelf, It is not in the power of Heaven to " relieve me—when I awaked, equally tranſported and " aſtoniſhed, to ſee myſelf drawn out of an affliction, " which, the very moment before, appeared to be al- " together inextricable."

What fable of Æſop, nay of Homer, or of Virgil, conveys ſo fine a moral! Yet moſt people have, if I miſtake not, met with ſuch deliverances by means of a dream. And ſuch a deliverance will every good man meet with at laſt, when he is taken away from the evils of life, and awakes in the regions of everlaſting light and peace; looking back upon the world, and all its troubles, with a ſurpriſe and a ſatisfaction, ſimilar in kind, though incomparably higher in degree, to that which we now feel, when we eſcape from a terrifying dream, and open our eyes upon the ſweet ſerenity of a ſummer morning. Let us not deſpiſe inſtruction, how mean ſoever the vehicle may be that brings it. Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For, whether aſleep or awake, we are equally the care of Providence; and neither a dream, nor a waking thought, can occur to us, without the permiſſion of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

Some men dream more, and others leſs; and ſome, perhaps, though theſe are few, none at all. This cannot be fully accounted for, from the different degrees of health which different men enjoy, nor from their different ways of life; though theſe, and the like peculiarities, may no doubt have ſome influence. Perſons who think much, and take little bodily exerciſe, will, perhaps, be found to be the greateſt dreamers; eſpecially if their imagination be active, and their nervous ſyſtem very ſenſible; which laſt is too common an infirmity among men of learning. The ſleep of the labouring man is ſweet and ſound; and his dreams he rarely remembers: for the faculties of his mind are not

much employed, his nerves are ſtrong, and the ſphere of his imagination is narrow. As Nature does nothing in vain, it is not probable that, to the conſtitutions of ſome people, dreaming may be more neceſſary, as a mental recreation, than to thoſe of others? To meditate continually on one ſet of objects, is detrimental to health, and even to reaſon; and, when one is oppreſſed with low ſpirits, which often proceed from this very cauſe, the phyſician never fails to recommend amuſements, company, travelling, ſea-voyages, and other expedients, for leading the mind out of its old gloomy track, refreſhing it with new ideas, and forceing it to exert itſelf with unuſual energy, and in a new direction.

Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt, quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's loanly moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go ſeek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling crowd.
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan, in queſt of ſcenes
New to the eye, and ſhifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.
Or, more adventurous, ruſh into the field
Where war grows hot, and raging through the ſky
The lofty trumpet ſwells the maddening ſoul;
And in the hardy camp, and toilſome march,
Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.

ARMSTRONG.

Men, therefore, who think more than others, may have more need than others have, of that amuſement and variety which is produced by dreaming. Certain it is, that dreams are often a relief to thoſe who are in perplexity, or who have long been ruminating upon diſagreeable objects, or upon any one ſet of ideas which they cannot eaſily get rid of. Nor is it neceſſary in order to effect this, that a dream ſhould in itſelf be pleaſing. Scenes of difficulty, and even of danger, are, as we have ſeen, recommended to the patient oppreſſed with melancholy; and, if a dream ſhall only

give a new impulse, even for a short time to the mind of those persons of whom I now speak, it may do them an important service, however disagreeable in itself. Seldom, indeed, are they happy in their dreams whose faculties are worn out with much thinking.

Dreams depend, in part, on the state of the air. That which has power over the passions, may reasonably be presumed to have power over the thoughts of men. For the thoughts that occur to a mind actuated by any passion, are always congenial to that passion, and tend to encourage it. Now, most people know by experience, how effectual, in producing joy and hope, are pure skies and sunshine, and that a long continuance of dark weather brings on solicitude and melancholy. This is particularly the case with those persons whose nervous system has been weakened by a sedentary life and much thinking; and they, as I hinted formerly, are most subject to troublesome dreams. If the external air can affect the motions of so heavy a substance as mercury, in the tube of the barometer, we need not wonder that it should affect those finer liquids that circulate through the human body. And if our passions and thoughts, when we are awake, may be variously modified by the consistency, defect, or redundance of these liquids, and by the state of the tubes through which they circulate, need we wonder that the same thing should happen in sleep, when our ideas, disengaged from the controul of reason, may be supposed to be more obsequious to material impulse? When the air is loaded with gross vapour, dreams are generally disagreeable to persons of a delicate constitution.

If, then, our thoughts in sleep may receive form and colour from so many circumstances; from the general state of our health, from the present state of the stomach and fluids, from the temperature of the air, from the position of external objects in contact with our body, and from the tenour of our thoughts through the day*; shall we be surprised at the variety of our dreams? and when any uncommon or disagreeable dream occurs, is it not more rational to refer it to one or other of these

* See Number 73.

cauſes, than to terrify ourſelves with a fooliſh conceit, that it is ſupernatural, and betokens calamity? How often, during the day, do thoughts ariſe which we cannot account for, as uncommon perhaps, and incongruous, as thoſe which compoſe our dreams? Once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, I remember to have paſſed a night of dreams that were, beyond deſcription, terrible; inſomuch, that I at laſt found it expedient to keep myſelf awake, that I might no more be tormented with them. Had I been ſuperſtitious, I ſhould have thought that ſome diſaſter was impending. But it occurred to me, that the tempeſtuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the occaſion of all thoſe horrors; and I have ſince, in ſome medical author, met with a remark to juſtify the conjecture. A very ſlight cauſe may check that inſenſible perſpiration which is ſo neceſſary to health; and when this happens, we cannot expect that our dreams ſhould be ſo eaſy as at other times. Let no one, then, be alarmed at an uncommon dream. It is probably nothing more than a ſymptom of a trifling bodily diſorder: and, if ſo, it has nothing more to do with futurity, nor is one whit more ſupernatural, than a cut-finger, or a pang of the tooth-ach.

Concerning the opinion, which ſome have entertained of our dreams being ſuggeſted by inviſible beings, I ſhall only ſay, that I think it very improbable. For irſt, I ſee no reaſon for believing that the Deity would mploy "millions of ſpiritual creatures" in ſuch an office s that of ſuggeſting our ordinary dreams. Secondly, cannot conceive how thoſe creatures ſhould be affected, in ſuch an operation, by the external air, or by ne ſtate of our health, which are known to have great ıfluence on our thoughts, both in ſleep and when we -e awake. And, thirdly, from what we know of the ıpidity of our fancy when awake, we need not ſuppoſe any foreign impulſe neceſſary to produce the vaous appearances of dreaming; as the ſoul ſeems to ɔffeſs in herſelf powers ſufficient for that purpoſe. ſadneſs, melancholy, and many other diſeaſes, give extravagance to the thoughts of waking men, equal, even ſuperior, to what happens in ſleep. If the

agency of unſeen beings is not ſuppoſed to produce the firſt, why ſhould we have recourſe to it in order to account for the laſt? But it is urged, that, in ſleep, the ſoul is paſſive, and is haunted by viſions, which ſhe would gladly get rid of if ſhe could. And it may be urged in anſwer, for it is no leſs true, that perſons afflicted with anxiety and melancholy, too often find, to their ſad experience, that their ſoul is almoſt equally paſſive when they are awake; for that they are, even then, haunted with the moſt tormenting thoughts, from which all their powers of reaſon, all the exertions of their will, and all the exhortations of their friends, cannot effectually relieve them.

To conclude: Providence certainly ſuperintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interpoſes for our preſervation. It would, therefore, be preſumptuous to affirm, that ſupernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The deſign of theſe remarks, is not to contradict any authentic experience, or hiſtorical fact, but only to ſhow that dreams may proceed from a variety of cauſes that have nothing ſupernatural in them; and that, though we are not much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to ſee that it is not uſeleſs or ſuperfluous, but may, on the contrary, anſwer ſome purpoſes of great importance to our welfare both in ſoul and body.

I am yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

No. 75. TUESDAY, *January* 25, 1780.

To the the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I REMARK, that you meddle not with the high matters of politics. For this, you muſt anſwer to yourſelf, being that you are able to write printed

papers. I am a member of eighty-five societies, all zealous for the liberty of the press, in consistency with, and in conformity to, our establishment; and so I think that you are at liberty to write of those things only whereof you have understanding; and if so be that, by reason of your silence, you abuse, or, as one may say, vilipend the liberty of the press, judge you yourself; as for me, I say nothing.

But, although you give us no news yourself, perhaps you have something to say with the gentlemen who make the news; and if so, I hope that you will recommend it to them so to write, as that they may be understood of men who are not book-learned.

They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor simple men are at a loss, and Europe may be overthrown by compacts and associations, or ever we can understand the danger.

Not many days ago, I read in the news, that some good men put up an advertisement on a statue, with this superscription, *pro patria mori*, and that the superscription rejoiced all honest hearts. I inquired of our *deacon*, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of *Lesmahagoe*, what was the meaning of the words? and he made answer, that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin Dictionary; the which having got, I, on searching, discovered that *pro* signified *for the sake of*, and that *patria* signified *a man's native country*, and that *mori* signified *foolish and silly persons*.

Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured, moreover, that the interpretation of *pro patria mori* was *foolish or silly persons for the sake of their native country*; or that *they who act for their native country are foolish and silly persons*.

Now, Sir, if so be that this is so, I moreover conjecture, that the honest men who put up the advertisement, and they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cause of rejoicing.

Of that tongue I think no good: it is reported amongst us, that the mass is written in it, the which

I renounce, and alſo abominate, &c. I am, Sir, your Honour's, to ſerve you at command,

TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH.

P. S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reaſonable rates; alſo, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleachfield.

My worthy correſpondent Mr. Shuttleworth, in the after-part of his letter, intruſts me with his ſentiments concerning ſome very momentous ſubjects; but I ſhould not deſerve the honour of his friendſhip, were I to impart to the Public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cypher from him, I can only ſay, that "*n. p.* had no more influence in the matter of the *c. p.* "and the *p. b.* than th— m—n of th— m—n; and "of this Mr. Shuttleworth may reſt aſſured."

With reſpect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cauſe of ſo much uneaſineſs to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman Catholic: in metre accommodated to the courſe of my friend's ſtudies, they ſignify,

That for our father's land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, *I meddle not with the high matters of politics*, I ſhall only add, that it is to be hoped there are very few who conſult *Shuttleworth's* dictionary.

Since I have been deſired to adviſe the *Authors* of newſpapers to write intelligibly, I muſt ſay ſomething on that ſubject, leſt my ſilence ſhould be conſtrued into an acknowledgment of my little credit with thoſe gentlemen.

Of their ſkill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to ſay without offence, that they are the hiſtorians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the per-

ſons who paſs under the name of the vulgar, are not unconcerned ſpectators of national events; and, "that "what relates to all, ought to be underſtood of all."

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example, when contrary propoſitions are poſitively aſſerted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs, and "joſtle in "the dark," what muſt be the ſtate of him who ſits down to ſpell the newſpapers with the determined reſolution of believing whatever he ſees in print?

There is a pleaſure in giving good advice, and therefore I muſt take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commiſſion.

A witty ſtateſman of the days of our fathers obſerved, "that *John Bull* was always in the garret, or in "the cellar." John's *own* ſiſter *Margaret*, although not quite ſo delicate in her ſenſations, has much of the family diſpoſition. If the wind ſets in to the eaſt, then we are betrayed and abandoned, and loſt people; but on the wind coming round to the weſt, what nation ſo glorious and well-governed as ours? Our perfidious enemies ſhall know what it is to rouſe the *Lion*, to annoy the *Thiſtle*, or to put the *Harp* out of tune.

Such being the diſpoſition of readers apt to be depreſſed or elevated on every occaſion, or on no occaſion, the writers of newſpapers ought to be cautious as well in ſlackening as in over-bracing the nerves of their cuſtomers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy *medium*, is, "that they report "nothing but what they believe to be true;" or, if *that* be to require too much of fleſh and blood, "that "they report nothing which they believe to be fictitious."

"The Britannia, captain George Manly commander, "is totally loſt on the coaſt of Barbary; every ſoul on "board periſhed."

On board the Britannia there was the only ſon of a widow, whoſe ſingle fund of ſubſiſtence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the ſame ſhip there was a ſober and induſtrious young man, who had quitted his wife a few

months after marriage, that he might provide for a young creature whom he hoped to see in its mother's arms at his return.

"It is confidently reported, that six or seven men "of the crew of the Britannia got safely to shore, and "that they were made slaves, unless, as is to be feared, "they were murdered by the natives." *Here* there is a gleam of miserable and dubious hope darting on the minds of those who had relations on board the Britannia.

"The Britannia is safely arrived at Port Mahon; "*so that* the report of her having been lost is without "foundation."—The inference is most logical!

In the very next paragraph it is said, "We have the "pleasure of informing the Public, that a capital "figure-dancer will soon make his appearance on the "stage."

Are not such things to be found in the newspapers of every week; and is it not a cruel sporting with the sensibilities of human nature, thus to wring the souls of parents and wives, of the aged and the helpless, and *that* merely to fill up the columns of a newspaper?

It is of high national importance that the very earliest notice should be given of the near appearance of a figure-dancer; but, surely, there was no necessity of saying any thing of the Britannia, in whose fate the fates of so many little families were involved, until it should have been certainly known whether she was wrecked, or had safely arrived in port.

Of late years there has a practice crept in, of making the newspapers not only the vehicle of *public* intelligence, but also of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example, "We hear that Mrs. Gad-"about was lately detected in an illicit commerce with "her husband's postillion, and that a process of divorce "will be brought, &c."

Invention immediately busies itself in accounting for this incident. After the first ceremonies of surprise and deep regret, the education of the lady is scrutinized; it was too strict, or it was too loose: the character of the husband is laid before the inquest of gossips: he was morose and sullen, or he set an example of ex-

travagance and libertiniſm, which *poor* Mrs. Gadabout inconſiderately followed. Then ſome one, more expert in tracing effects to their cauſe, recollects having heard, that ſomething of a like nature befel the family many years ago; and that the grand-aunt of Mrs. Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, ſtept aſide with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. into Scotland.

In this ſtate of uncertainty things remain for a week or two, when freſh intelligence is communicated to the Public. "The report of Mrs. Gadabout's affair is "premature.—The former article was copied from "another paper. We hope that all concerned will ac "cept of this apology." Doubtleſs a moſt ſatisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of newſpapers are the hiſtorians of the day, but I ſee no cauſe why they ſhould be the hiſtorians of the lie of the day.

No. 76. SATURDAY, *January* 29, 1780.

REFINEMENT and delicacy of mind are not more obſervable in our ſerious occupations, than in the ſtyle of our amuſements. Of thoſe who poſſeſs them, the moſt vacant hours will generally be informed by taſte, or enlivened by imagination; but with men deſtitute of that ſentiment which they inſpire, pleaſure will commonly degenerate into groſſneſs, ſociality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr. *Melfort* is one of my friend Mr. *Umphraville*'s early acquaintance, who continues to reſide in this city, and of whom he ſtill retains ſome reſemblance.

That gentleman, in his youth, had applied to the ſtudy of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but having ſoon after ſucceeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profeſſion than an apology for reſiding part of the year in town, and ſuch a general acquaintance there, as enables him to ſpend his time in that ſociety which is ſuited to his diſpoſition.

He is often, indeed, to be seen at court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-house, to inquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for some of those dinners which he usually gives.

In my friend's last visit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was asked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Besides Mrs. *Melfort* and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was still more numerous. It consisted, beside our landlord, Mr. *Umphraville*, and myself, of two lawyers, a physician, a jolly looking man in the uniform of a sea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had somewhat of the air and manner of a foreigner, and, I afterwards learned had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever since.

Mr. *Umphraville*, who was seated next Mrs. *Melfort*, seemed not less pleased with the conversation than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well-bred and accomplished; and the stranger, whose name was *Melville*, appeared equally to relish the spirit which distinguished the discourse of Mr. *Umphraville*. I had early observed him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the least worthy of his attention.

The dinner was succeeded by a round of toasts, during which the ladies received scarce any other mark of attention from the company, Mr. *Umphraville*, Mr. *Melville*, and myself, excepted, than that of Mr. *Melfort*'s calling for their toasts, which he always distinguished, by desiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumstance which seemed nowise disagreeable to the company they left, the greatest part of whom had hitherto sat mute, and plainly felt the presence of the ladies a restraint on the freedom and jollity of conversation.

They had no sooner retired, than Mr. *Melfort*, raising himself in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us; an order which was readily

complied with, and seemed to spread an air of satisfaction around the table. The sea-captain said, he was glad the frigates had sheered off; "and now," added he, "if you please, Mr. *Melfort*, as the signal is given, "we may clear the decks and form the line of battle."

The Captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh; during which honest *Umphraville*, whose face is no hypocrite, cast to my side of the table a look of displeasure and contempt, which I was at no loss to intepret. Meantime the servants removed one half of the table, that we might sit sociably, as Mr. *Milfort* termed it, round the other, which was immediately furnished with a set of fresh glasses, and cleared of every incumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends, who had been so silent during the presence of the ladies, now began to take their revenge, and enlarge their share of the conversation in proportion to the number of bumpers they swallowed: they vied with each other in the number of their stories and their jokes; all of which seemed to be equally relished; and not the less so, that they now became somewhat loose and licentious.

Mr. *Melville* had at first endeavoured, though in a very easy and polite manner, to give somewhat of a more refined turn to the conversation; but his endeavours, though supported by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withstand the general disposition of the company. He now found himself as little able to relish their merriment as Mr. *Umphraville*, next whom he was seated; and they had begun to enter into conversation of a very different kind, when *Umphraville* received a slap on the shoulder from one of the company, who at the same time reminded him that he was *hunted*.

My friend was at first startled with a familiarity to which he was little accustomed; having recovered his composure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal and reserved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it seems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glass, he was saluted with a call of "*No heeltops!*" from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice be-

ing explained to him, he complied with it alſo, ſaying, however, with his natural firmneſs of tone and manner, "That it was his rule to fill and drink his glaſs when "and how he pleaſed; and that, as he had already "gone greater lengths than uſual, Mr. *Melfort* muſt "excuſe him if he did not now depart from it."

I ſaw that Mr. *Umphraville* was now heartily tired of the company, and was not ſorry when, a little after this incident, both he and Mr. *Melville* withdrew. Having remained long enough to witneſs ſome jocular remarks to which this gave occaſion, I followed them to the drawing-room, where I found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs. *Melfort*, while one of her daughters obliged my old friend by playing ſome Scots' airs upon the harpſichord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally ſweet and expreſſive.

The converſation which ſucceeded was ſupported in an eaſy agreeable manner, by Mr. *Melville* and the ladies, with that mixture of ſerious remark which made it not unpleaſing to Mr. *Umphraville*; nor did he ſuffer in their opinion by the part he occaſionally took in it. The ſilent approbation of his countenance, during the performance of the young ladies, and the obſervations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native muſic, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the reſt of the company diſpleaſed with the turn of his ſentiments, when he complained, that the drawing-rooms, where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accuſtomed to the company of each other, were now almoſt totally deſerted; and that, as far as he could obſerve amidſt the boaſted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid leſs attention to the ladies, both in public places and in private ſociety, than they had done fifty years ago.

After ſome time paſſed in this manner, the noiſe of laughter and of vociferation on the ſtairs announced the approach of Mr. *Melfort* and his company. The phyſician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had choſen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom were prodigiouſly fluſ-

tered; and yet, to my aſtoniſhment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer improprities than could have been expected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element; and, after ſwallowing a little coffee, they withdrew, leaving honeſt *Melfort* faſt aſleep in a corner of the ſettee.

Mr. *Umphraville* and I took our leave. We were ſcarce out of the houſe when he exclaimed,

"*O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam?*"

And, after a little pauſe, "Good God!" ſaid he, "*Charles*, can ſuch ſcenes be common at poor *Mel*-"*fort*'s? To what a degree muſt he have loſt all re-"ſpect for himſelf, and all taſte for true happineſs, "who, for ſuch ſociety as we have this day witneſſed, "can forego the agreeable converſation of his own fa-"mily, or who can allow the elegance of their amuſe-"ments to be diſturbed by the intruſion of his looſe "and riotous companions?"

I repreſented to my friend that he ſaw the matter in too ſtrong a light. I obſerved that the exceſs on this occaſion had probably been greater than uſual; Mr. *Melfort* was nowiſe ſingular in the manner of entertaining his friends; that, in this country, the general opinion juſtified the obſervation of the poet, "*Fecundi* "*calices quem non fecere diſertum;*" that wine was ſuppoſed neceſſary to remove the natural reſerve of our manner, and give a proper degree of eaſe and ſpirit to our converſation. As to the appearance of *Melfort* and his friends in the drawing-room, I obſerved, that a little habit made the occaſional intruſion of a drunken company be conſidered as a ſort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneaſineſs; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future huſbands would give ſuch dinners, and receive ſuch gueſts, as their father did, it might not be improper to accuſtom them, in their earlier days, to a ſpecies of converſation and behaviour which they muſt afterwards be obliged to endure.

"Ay," ſays he, "*Charles*, this is your way; the "follies of mankind are familiar to you, and you are

" always ready to find an apology for them; but I, " who, for many years, have only heard of them, can- " not be ſuppoſed to bear their defects with as much " patience. I am ſick of this town of yours; and, " though I could have as much pleaſure as any man in " witneſſing ſuch elegant manners, and partaking in " ſuch agreeable converſation, as we ſaw and enjoyed " during a part of this evening; if I muſt purchaſe it " by ſharing in the intemperance, the noiſe, and the " folly which ſucceeded it, ſhould you wonder if I long " to return to my books and my ſolitude?"

No. 77. TUESDAY, *February* 1, 1780.

All impediments in fancy's courſe,
Are motives of more fancy.

SHAKESPEARE.

AMIDST the variety of objects around us, philoſophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and diſtinguiſhing thoſe which are the ſources of pleaſure, and thoſe which are productive of pain; they have endeavoured alſo to inveſtigate the cauſes and the qualities in the different objects by which their effects are produced. I ſuſpect that, in many caſes, we muſt be obliged to have recourſe to the original conſtitution of our frame, and that the moſt penetrating philoſophical inquiries can often go no farther than to ſay, *Thus Nature has made us.*

But whatever may be the original ſources of our pleaſure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumſtances which may be pointed out, as adding to, or diminiſhing, both the one and the other; circumſtances by which the warmth of expectation may be heightened or allayed, and the pangs of diſappointment increaſed or mitigated.

It is a common obſervation, the juſtice of which, I believe, will not be diſputed, that every paſſion increaſes according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a deſire for a certain object is raiſed,

every oppoſition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not ſuch as cuts off all hopes of ſucceeding, and every perplexity and embarraſſment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the purſuit, enflames the deſire; the object becomes heightened and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the poſſeſſion is increaſed.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be obſerved, that nothing is ſo apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earneſtly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in ſtronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of deſire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleaſure; if an object of averſion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it, there is an addition made to the impreſſion we have received. The ſenſations it has already given us ſtill continue, and the paſſion it has created receives additional force. If the object be pleaſant, the mind dwells upon its good, if diſagreeable, upon its bad qualities: it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumſtance is ſo much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object, as thoſe difficulties which ariſe in our purſuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of ſubmitting to a defeat, or of giving up thoſe expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every little oppoſition, therefore, that is met with, every obſtruction thrown in the way, calls forth a freſh conſideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of thoſe difficulties, and remove thoſe obſtructions. The object itſelf, meanwhile, gains complete poſſeſſion of the ſoul. It ſwells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer ſeen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the ſame perſon, were other objects allowed to have place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumſtance in our nature, that fixing our attention upon any one object, or ſet of objects, is apt to increaſe or heighten them in our imagination,

a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illustrate the history of the human heart. It is owing to this circumstance, that a general lover seldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the same cause, that the gentleman, who follows no particular profession, seldom exaggerates the advantages of any one. It is the merchant, who limits his views solely to commerce, that sees in too strong a light the advantages of trade; it is the man of learning, who is shut up within the walls of a college, that exaggerates the advantages of literature; it is the scholar, who confines himself to one branch of science, that is the complete pedant. The moral philosopher wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry, unpleasant study of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally surprised that any man should compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague inquiries of the moral philosopher. The geometrician, who, by the intreaty of his friends, was prevailed with to read the *Cid* of *Corneille*, wondered that any body should admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And the learned *Budæus*, when he was writing his treatise concerning the Roman *as*, being interrupted by his maid-servant, who told him the house was on fire, bade her go tell his wife, for that he did not mind family-matters. "What a pity is it," says a learned foreign Professor, in writing to his Correspondent in this country, "what a pity is it, that the illustrious "Dr. *Franklin*, the discoverer of electricity, and the "author of so many inventions in the sciences, should "descend from the sublime heights of philosophy, to "employ his time and study in directing the trifling "and unimportant contentions of nations!"

It would far exceed the bounds of this paper to exhaust this subject, or to take notice of the different remarks which may be drawn from it, either with regard to human sentiments and conduct, or in relation to the fine arts*. I shall therefore confine myself to one other observation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr. *Addison*, in the 40th Number of *The Spectator*,

* See *Elements of Criticism*.

where he juſtifies, againſt the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of thoſe writers of tragedy, who diſregard what are called the rules of *poetical juſtice*. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which ſeems to have eſcaped him, drawn from the effect of the oppoſition above mentioned, to heighten our paſſion for a particular object.

There is implanted in the mind of every man a deſire that virtue ſhould be followed by reward, and vice by puniſhment. But this deſire, like every other, gathers new ſtrength by oppoſition, and riſes upon reſiſtance. When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidſt all his virtue, is repreſented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his happineſs becomes ſo much the greater; the more undeſerved calamities he meets with, the higher is that principle raiſed, by which we deſire that he ſhould attain an adequate reward; the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earneſtly do we wiſh that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we may follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our reſpect and reverence for his conduct are increaſed ſo much the more, as all our prayers for his happineſs in this life are diſappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites ſo ſtrongly our indignation againſt vice, or our deſire that it ſhould be puniſhed, as our beholding the vicious ſucceſsful, and, in the midſt of his crimes, enjoying proſperity. Were we always to ſee the vicious man meeting with a proper puniſhment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerneſs for his puniſhment would ſubſide, and our hatred againſt him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgotten, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the Public is, that he ſhould be led out to puniſhment. Suppoſe him condemned, how altered is that voice! His fate is now univerſally pitied and deplored; and, did not the ſafety of thouſands depend on his ſuffering, hardly, in any caſe, ſhould we ſee the laws of juſtice finally put in execution.

There can be no good reaſon, therefore, for obſerv-

ing the rules of what is called *poetical juſtice*. The effect which a departure from theſe rules produces, affords the higheſt poſſible teſtimony in favour of virtue. It ſhows that, where virtue meets with calamities and diſappointments, this, inſtead of leſſening it in our eſtimation, only attaches us ſo much the more warmly to its intereſts; and that, where vice is ſucceſsful, inſtead of creating a feeling in its favour, this only increaſes our indignation againſt it. Were virtue always fortunate, were vice always unproſperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we deſire the reward of the one, and the puniſhment of the other.

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No. 78. SATURDAY, *February* 5, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praiſes of *friendſhip*, and deſcriptions of the happineſs ariſing from it, I remember to have met with in almoſt every book and poem ſince firſt I could read. I was never much addicted to reading: and, in this inſtance, I think, I have little reaſon to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but, in mine, this ſame virtue of *friendſhip* has tended very little to my happineſs; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell you my ſituation, you will find that I am almoſt ruined by my friends.

From my earlieſt days I was reckoned one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world; and, at ſchool, though I muſt confeſs I did not acquire ſo much learning as many of my companions; yet, even there, I was remarkable for the acquiſition of *friends*. Even there, too, I acquired them at ſome expence; I was flogged, I dare ſay, an hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to *peach*; my companions were generous fellows too; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generoſity was on the looſing ſide of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable eſtate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I ſoon took the opportunity, which this preſented me, of leaving the univerſity, and entering upon the world. I put myſelf under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally ſpent the *vacations*, and indeed ſome of the *terms* too, in *London;* and took up my reſidence in that city. There I needed not that propenſity which I have told you, I always poſſeſſed, to acquire a multitude of *friends;* I found myſelf ſurrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-houſe about town. But I ſoon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Beſides a conſiderable mortgage on my eſtate, of which one of my beſt friends contrived to poſſeſs himſelf, I was obliged to expoſe my life in a couple of duels, and had very near loſt it by diſeaſe, in that courſe of friendſhip which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a ſocial ſacrifice to others than a gratification to myſelf. Naturally rather of a ſober diſpoſition, I found more frequently diſguſt than pleaſure amidſt thoſe ſcenes of diſſipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a *catch* expreſſive of our happineſs, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almoſt have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-ſlave; and to bellow for a *bumper*, when I would as ſoon have ſwallowed the bittereſt drug in the ſhop of my apothecary.

From this ſort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myſelf by matrimony. I married the ſiſter of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtleſs like myſelf, with whom I ſoon after retired into the country, and ſet out upon what we thought a ſober, well-regulated plan. The ſituation was ſo diſtant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town-companions; proviſions were cheap, and ſervants faithful: in ſhort, every thing ſo circumſtanced, that we made no doubt of living conſiderably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my eſtate, I was to be equally muſed and enriched; my ſkill in ſportſmanſhip (for I

had acquired that ſcience to great perfection at the univerſity) was to procure vigour to my conſtitution, and dainties to my table; and, againſt the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent *neighbourhood*.

The laſt-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for *friend-making* has indeed extended the limits of *neighbourhood* a good deal farther than the word is commonly underſtood to reach. The pariſh, which is not a ſmall one,—the country, which is proportionally extenſive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour *Gooſtry*, who pays me an annual ſporting viſit of ſeveral weeks, lives at leaſt fifty miles off.

Some of thoſe *neighbours*, who always become *friends* at my houſe, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the cultivation of my farm, or the management of my eſtate; but I have generally found their counſel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, ſeldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was ſo much penetrated by my kindneſs and hoſpitality, that he generouſly communicated to me a project he had formed, which he ſhowed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very ſhort time, and offered me an equal ſhare in the profits, upon my advancing the ſum of five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more ſpeedily into execution. But, about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miſcarried, and that my five hundred pounds were loſt in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almoſt the only one of my *friends*, who, after having been once at my houſe, does not chuſe to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit leſs happy in acquiring *friends* than myſelf. Beſides all her relations, of whom (for I choſe a woman of family) ſhe has a very great number, every lady ſhe meets at viſits, at church, or at the yearly races in our country-town, is ſo inſtantaneouſly

charmed with her manners and conversation, that she finds it impossible to leave our part of the country without doing herself the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. *Hearty* at her own house. Mrs. *Hearty*'s friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After such visits, I generally find some improvement in the furniture of my house, the dress of my wife, or the livery of my servants.

The attentions of our friends are sometimes carried farther than mere words or visits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are just so many taxes upon us. When I receive a present of a delicate *salmon*, or a nice *haunch of venison*, it is but a signal for all my good neighbours to come and eat at my expence; and some time ago, when a nephew of my wife, settled abroad, sent me an hogshead of excellent claret, it cost me, in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchased a tun from the wine-merchant.

After so many instances in which my *friendships* were hurtful to my fortune, I wished to hit on the way of making some of them beneficial to it. For this purpose, my wife and I have, for a good while past, been employed in looking out for some snug office, or reversion, to which my interest with several powerful friends might recommend me. But, somehow or other, our expectations have been always disappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to serve us, as we have been repeatedly assured, but from various unforeseen accidents, to which expectations of that sort are particularly liable. In the course of these solicitations, I was led to engage in the political interests of a gentleman, on whose influence I built the strongest hopes of success in my own schemes; and I flattered myself, that, from the friendly footing on which I stood with my neighbours, I might be of considerable service to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the mean time, it kept my table open to all his *friends*, as well as my own, and cost me, besides, a head ache twice a week during the whole period of the canvas.

In short, Mr. Mirror, I find I can afford to keep myself in friends no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my resolution as speedily as possible. Be so good, therefore, as to inform such of them as read your paper, that I have shut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, disposed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am resolved henceforward, let people say of me what they will, to be *no one's friend but my own.*

I am, &c.

I JOHN HEARTY.

No. 79. Tuesday, *February* 8, 1780.

——*Tanto major famæ sitis est quam virtutis.*

Juvenal, Sat. 10.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

THERE is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who strictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in society, whose conduct is squared to the rules of honesty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this sort seem to consider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by savages, and overspread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wish is to steer the safest course, to escape any hidden snares or precipices, and to avoid exasperating the enemy; but to win them by offices of kindness, or to attach them by real services, they consider as a fruitless waste of time, a needless expence, and often a dangerous experiment.

It is not a little surprising, that these *good sort of men* should, by the decency of their exterior deportment, so far impose upon the world, as to glide on with ease and safety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the censure of every

ſpecies of open vice, to obtain, not unfrequently, the reſpect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr. Mirror, like ſome other rigid moraliſts, ſeem, from the general ſtrain of your writings, to require ſomething more towards the formation of a *good man* than the mere abſence of evil, or the mere *livery* of goodneſs. It muſt be allowed, however, that by a ſcrupulous obſervance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely uſe of the vocables of virtue, the exterior and viſible part of the character is to be attained, which, for moſt of the uſeful purpoſes of life, ſeems to be quite ſufficient. But as there are ſtill a few who go a little deeper, and are ſcrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity that thoſe ſincere good people ſhould loſe all recompence for the ſacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifications, while they ſee the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much ſmaller expence.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been conſidering, whether it were not poſſible to deviſe ſome means of unmaſking thoſe of the former character, ſome ſtandard by which the two claſſes might be compared, or ſtatical balance which ſhould ſhow the difference of weight and ſolidity of ſuch objects as have a ſimilar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been ſucceſsful, and ſhall now propoſe to you my plan.

Imprimis, I lay it down as a rule, that men ſhall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by ſuch as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as thoſe uſeful chronicles of facts, called *newſpapers*, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily doing, I propoſe to publiſh a newspaper of a different kind, which ſhall contain the daily intelligence of all ſuch things as are not done.

For the benefit of ſuch as chuſe to encourage my undertaking, I ſend you a ſpecimen of the work, which I can ſafely promiſe, and hereby engage, ſhall contain more in quantity than any other periodical regiſter whatever.

" Saturday laſt, being the feſtival of Chriſtmas, a day which the late worthy Sir Thomas W——— uſed to commemorate by giving a warm dinner to all

" the poor of the parish, the same was celebrated by " his son, the present Sir Thomas, with no solemnity " whatever."

" Yesterday George B———, Esq; who, by the " death of an uncle, succeeded lately to an estate of " £.4000 *per annum*, gave no answer to five charity- " letters from the natural children of his deceased re- " lation, and their mother, who works hard for their " maintenance."

" In the course of last week four poor people died " in the streets—owing to the great *inclemency* of the " season."

" On Friday the 24th ult. the Duke of——— visit- " ed the Royal Infirmary of this city, and, after pe- " rusing the list of contributions to that humane and " useful foundation, was pleased to give a——pinch " of snuff to the gentleman that stood next him."

" It was confidently reported some days ago, that " C—— W——, Esq; had paid his father's debts; " but this, we are assured, is without foundation."

" In the action lately brought by E. L. a *pauper*, " against her son-in-law Lord ——, for an alimony, " several eminent counsel being applied to in behalf of " the plaintiff, refused to take any concern in so shame- " ful a prosecution."

" W. P. Esq; who lately sustained a considerable " loss by play, has not, as was asserted, sold his hunt- " ers and pack of harriers. He has only dismissed " his chaplain, and cut off the allowance of some su- " perannuated domestics, on whom his father bestow- " ed annual pensions."

" Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. Esq; " who sometime ago made a composition with his cre- " ditors of five shillings in the pound, has of late " given several entertainments of three courses, we are " desired to inform the public, from the best authority " viz. his butler, that the said gentleman never gives " more than two courses and a dessert."

" Last night, between the hours of nine and ten, a " fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. Esq; which, " after burning with some violence, for two hours, was " happily extinguished. It did no farther damage

" than the consuming of about 20 lb. of coals. It is " surprising how very few *such accidents* have hap- " pened of late years."

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is the nature of the paper which I propose shall daily give intelligence of what- ever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Besides the recommendation of novelty, its general usefulness must be so apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extensive circulation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

INTEGER.

I have been favoured, by an ingenious Correspon- dent, with the following observations on Pastoral Poetry.

NO species of poetry has given occasion to more observation and criticism than what is called *pastoral*; though I am still inclined to suspect that the nature of this composition has not, after all, been properly ascertained. The critics have prescribed a great number of rules upon that subject, but without attempting to point out any principle in nature upon which they are founded; expecting, perhaps, that, these receipts, they should be implicitly followed upon the mere authority of the persons by whom they are delivered. Thus we are informed that an *eclogue*, or *pastoral*, is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character: and that those who have introduced *reapers*, or *fishermen*, into this sort of composition, have acted improperly. Although an eclogue, however, ought to represent the manners of a shepherd, we are told that those manners should be painted, not as they are found in nature, but accord- ing to an ideal standard of perfection in what is called the *golden age*, where mankind live a life of simplicity untainted by vice, and maintain a serenity and tran- quillity of mind undisturbed by avarice or ambition.

In short, the actions of a shepherd, exhibited in this sort of writing, ought to have little resemblance to such as exist at present among that class of people, or probably ever did exist in any period of the world.

Is there not something mighty whimsical and arbitrary in these critical tenets? May we not be permitted to ask why a species of poetry should be appropriated to one particular profession or occupation, in contradistinction to all others? What is there in the life of a shepherd to distinguish it from that of the other inhabitants of a country, and to mark the peculiar style and character of those verses which are employed in describing it?

A *pastoral* ought, in my opinion, to be distinguished from any other poem, not so much by the class of people whom it proposes to exhibit, as by the kind of sentiments which it is designed to express. Love and friendship give rise to sentiments which are apt to engross the whole imagination, and to have an extensive influence upon the disposition and temper. The sensibility and delicacy produced in a mind where these affections are prevalent, is liable to be disgusted with the ordinary commerce of society, to feel an aversion to the cares and bustle of an active life, and a high relish for the ease and indolent enjoyments connected with rural retirement.

And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks the sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in, the bustling hurry of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

As these dispositions and sentiments have a peculiar tone and character, that poetry in which they are expressed is, with propriety, considered as distinct from every other; being obviously different from that which is employed in describing great and heroic actions, or from that which is intended to call forth sympathy by scenes of distress, or from that which is calculated to excite laughter by exhibiting objects of folly and ridicule.

In a poem expreſſive of tender ſentiments, it ſeems neceſſary that the ſcene ſhould be laid at a diſtance from places of buſineſs and public reſort, and ſhould be filled with a deſcription of rural objects and amuſements. Shepherds, therefore, being the earlieſt inhabitants of of the country, enjoying eaſe and happineſs, were naturally pitched upon as the only perſons who could, with probability, be repreſented in compoſitions of this nature. Hence it ſeems to have ariſen, that the readers of ſuch poems, and even critics, attending more to the ſenſible objects that were exhibited, than to the end which the poet had in view, have conſidered that as primary which was merely an accidental circumſtance; and have regarded the employment of tending flocks as eſſential in the perſons repreſented. It is in conſequence of this that the name of *paſtoral* is now commonly appropriated to that ſort of compoſition, which has been ſubſtituted in place of *Eclogues*, *Idyllia*, *Sylvæ*, and ſeveral others uſed by ancient authors. No reaſon, however, occurs for adhering to thoſe early ideas in the preſent ſtate of the world, where the ſituation of things is totally changed. Many people at preſent may, with probability, be ſuppoſed to live in the country, whoſe ſituation in life has no connexion with that of ſhepherds, and yet whoſe character is equally ſuitable to the ſentiments which ought to prevail in that ſpecies of writing.

It may even be doubted, whether the repreſentation of ſentiments belonging to the *real* inhabitants of the country, who are ſtrangers to all refinement, or thoſe entertained by a perſon of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country, with a view of enjoying thoſe pleaſures which it affords, is calculated to produce a more intereſting picture. If the former is recommended by its *naïveté* and ſimplicity, it may be expected that the latter ſhould have the preference in point of beauty and variety.

Two of the greateſt poets of antiquity have deſcribed the pleaſures of a country life in theſe two different aſpects. The former view is exhibited, with great propriety and elegance, in one of the moſt beautiful poems of *Horace*,

Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos;
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri:
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet. Epod. 2.

But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender care,
Of sun-burnt charms, but honest fame,
(Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame);
Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flock confine;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage prest.

FRANCIS.

The more elevated *Virgil* has given a picture of the latter kind no less delightful, in that passage at the end of the second book of the *Georgics*, beginning,

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nórint
Agricolas.———

O happy if he knew his happy state
The swain.———

The enlargement of the field of pastoral poetry, which is here suggested, would surely be of advantage, considering how much the common topics of that species of writing are already exhausted. We are become weary of the ordinary sentiments of shepherds, which have been so often repeated, and which have usually nothing but the variety of expression to recommend them. The greater part of the productions which have appeared under the names of pastorals are, accordingly,

so insipid, as to have excited little attention; which is the more remarkable, because the subjects which they treat of naturally interest the affections, and are easily painted in such delusive colours as tend to sooth the imagination by romantic dreams of happiness.

M. *de Fontenelle* has attempted to write pastorals, upon the extensive plan above mentioned; but, though this author writes with great elegance in prose, his poetical talents seem rather below mediocrity; so that it is not likely he will be regarded, by succeeding poets, as a model for imitation.

No. 80. SATURDAY, *February* 12, 1780.

——— *Ex fumo dare lucem*
Cogitat, ut speciosa debinc miracula promat.

HOR.

AUTHORS have been divided into two classes, the instructive and the entertaining; to which has been added a third, who mix according to *Horace*, the "*utile dulci*," and are, in his opinion, intitled to the highest degree of applause.

Readers complain, that in none of these departments is there, in modern writing, much pretension to originality. In science, they say, so much has been already discovered, that all a modern writer has left, is, to explain and enforce the systems of our predecessors; and, in literature, our fathers have so exhausted the acuteness of reasoning, the flashes of wit, the luxuriance of description, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one class of writers to whom the charge of triteness does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the first species mentioned above, who publish useful information to mankind; yet, in the last

quarter of the 18th century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of science, when every field was open to the researches of industry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to, are the authors of those little essays which appear in the learned world under the title of ADVERTISEMENTS.

The necessary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the class of authors whom I describe. In both, I will venture to assert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their usefulness.

It was formerly imagined, that disease was an evil which mankind had inherited as a punishment for the lapse of their progenitor. *Milton* has given, in his Paradise Lost, a catalogue of some of those tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen *Adam*.— So has Dr. *Dominiceti* in an advertisement, which is now lying before me; but, with the most extraordinary force of original discovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of those disorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleasure, and even luxury. "*I engage*," says the Doctor, "*with* "pleasure *and even* luxury, *to the patient, to increase* "*or diminish the vital heat, and the circulatory, secretory,* "*and excretory functions; to soften and relax the too hard* "*and dry muscular and nervous fibres, and contracted li-* "*gaments; and to harden and make compact, and give* "*the proper tone and elasticity to the too moist and flabby* "*muscular and nervous fibres and relaxed sinews, and* "*provide and establish an equilibrium between the fluids* "*and vessels; to sweeten acrid, corrosive, and saline hu-* "*mours; and to cure the dropsy, asthma, consumptions,* "*colic, gravel, rheumatism, palsy, pleurisy, and fevers,* "*stone and gout, scurvy and leprosy; to mollify and des-* "*troy inveterate callosities, to deterge and cure obstinate* "*ulcers, &c.*

"*These are not the representations of a Quack's bill;* "*I detest the arts of quackery as much as any man liv-* "*ing. I deal not in nostrums or mysteries, or magic or* "*expedient to captivate:*

"Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo."

If he who invented one new pleasure was formerly thought entitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the Doctor deserve, who has added as many luxuries to the list, as there are diseases in the catalogues of nosology?

Scotland, though not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who in an advertisement published not long ago, has added to the stores of *natural history* the following very curious facts, with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr. *Fair*, mason, opposite to the White Hart Inn, Grass-market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himself on the subject of *pneumatics*: "*Air and smoke*," says he, "*are two elastic fluids, capable of being condensed and expanded. Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands the air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. And, as it is in nature for light matter to swim to the top of heavier, it rises up the vent, carrying the smoke along with it. This is the principle by which fire burns, and smoke ascends. Now, that the particles of air, may be brought above the fire, that they may be heated to expand and carry off the smoke, should be the chief care of a mason in finishing of the fire-places. On the contrary it is the cause of smoke.*

"*The other cause of smoke is the wind. Wind is a current of the air always rushing into voids. At the same time it goes forward, by the law of gravity, it has a tendency to press downwards. Now, when it blows over any one object higher than the chimney-top, gravity brings it downward, pressing the smoke before it.*"

It will be observed, that, like many other great theorists, Mr. *Fair* uses a language in some places a little obscure; and that in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to press downwards, his expression borders on the jocular; a liberty in which some of the greatest philosophers have frequently indulged.

These discoveries, however new and astonishing, are not supernatural. But I have just now read an advertisement which carries its information *beyond the bounds of space and time*; and, though the modesty of its au-

thor allows that she has borrowed something from the *Eastern Magi*, may fairly be deemed an original. "*Mrs. Corbyn, at* No. 41, *Stanhope-street, Clare-*"*market, London, by the genuine rules of the real astro-*"*nomical arcana, for which the wise men of the East* "*were so noted, undertakes to answer all legal astrolo-*"*gical questions, in a most surprising manner. Conti-*"*nues to give the most amazing accounts of persons by* "*sea and land. Gives attendance at the warehouse every* "*day from ten in the morning to eight at night.*" The wise men of the East, and some other astrologers, might perhaps *retail* some predictions; but the idea of a warehouse of prophecy was, I am persuaded, reserved for Mrs. *Corbyn*, of *Clare-market*.

In the *ornamental* department of science, has there been any thing, since the days of *Media*, that could so effectually give beauty to homeliness, or restore youth to age, as the *Circassian Wash*, or the *Venetian Flower-water?* or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more successfully than in the *Elastic Cushion* and *Spring Curls*, "*which*," says the advertisement, "*are as natural and becoming, nay, by* "*many thought more so, than the natural hair itself?*"

Nor is the merit of those gentlemen much inferior, where they apply arts already discovered, to purposes which their inventors never dreamed of. *Socrates* was said to have brought down philosophy from heaven to to dwell with men. I think the same eulogium may be fairly bestowed on the very ingenious artist, who has informed us in an advertisement, "*That he makes* leather-breeches *by the rules of* trigonometry."

Having thus done justice to the merit of those authors in point of substance, I proceed to show their excellence in the composition and style of their productions. Amidst a variety of instances, I shall make choice of one, merely because it strikes my view in last night's Public Advertiser. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, Mr. *Norton*, of *Golden Square*.

"*E. S. Gent. of Tenterden in Kent, was long afflict-*"*ed with an inveterate scorbutic disorder. It first broke* "*out in hot pimples and dry scales all over his face; then*

" *appeared in great blotches on various parts of his body,* " *and œdimatous ſwellings in his legs, which terminated* " *in dreadful excoriations and fœtid ulcers. All this* " *was attended with a total loſs of appetite, and, at* " *laſt, with ſuch extreme languor and debility, that the* " *poor gentleman was utterly deſpaired of by ſeveral of* " *the moſt eminent of the faculty who attended him; till,* " *at laſt, by the providential diſcovery in the newſpapers* " *of the efficacy of* Maredant's drops, *by taking a few* " *bottles of them, all the above terrible ſymptoms began* " *gradually to diſappear, his appetite returned, his com-* " *plexion regained its priſtine bloom, his ſkin became as* " *ſmooth as that of a new-born babe, and his fleſh reco-* " *vered the ſoundneſs and elaſticity of the moſt vigorous* " *habit. He has ever ſince been perfectly ſtout, hale, and* " *active, and has had three children born to him, all* " *thriving and healthy.*"

This may be conſidered as a ſort of tragi comic recital, and, if examined by the rules of Ariſtotle, will be found to contain all the requiſites of the beſt dramatic compoſition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the breaking out of Mr. S.'s diſorder; the middle, the progreſs of the diſeaſe; the end, its perfect cure. Here too, in ſome ſort, is the Αγνωσις, and here evidently the Περιπετεια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωσις, the providential diſcovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετεια, the change of ſituation from pimples and ſcales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers to ſmoothneſs of ſkin and ſoundneſs of fleſh, from extreme debility and languor, to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this claſs of writers leſs remarkable for adaptation of ſtyle than for correctneſs of compoſition. The advertiſement above recited of Dr. *Dominiceti*, and the daily performances of Meſſ. *Chriſtie* and *Anſell*, ſhow to what *elevation* they can raiſe it, when the ſubject requires elevation. On the other hand, where ſhall we find more truly characteriſtic ſimplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? " *Want-* " *ed by a ſingle gentleman-tailor, a ſervant-maid, to act* " *as houſekeeper and cook, where a girl is kept to attend*

" *upon the master. None need apply who will pretend to* " *manage the kitchen fire without his directions, as he* " *understands the management of coal-fires, which few* " *servants in this town do. As he commonly dines out of* " *a Sunday, he expects his servants to go to church, in-* " *stead of cooking dainties to themselves, such as shoulders* " *of veal stuff'd,* &c.; *as, though he is a single man,* " *he is very well instructed by a neighbour how to manage* " *his family.*——*Apply next door to the steps, Panton* " *Square.*"

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the class of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of science, or the desire of fame, but from motives merely interested and selfish. But a little acquaintance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr. *Speediman*, in spite of his natural modesty, to address the Public in an advertisement? " Mr. Speediman *would* " *be unjust to the Public if he any longer delayed acquaint-* " *ing them of the virtues of his* stomach pills." Are there not daily advertisements of sales " *far below prime cost*," which continue for several years, to the evident advantage of the Public, and loss of the advertiser? and does not Mr. *Molseworth* press adventurers in the lottery to purchase his tickets and shares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn *prizes?*

To such men, may not the above quoted motto of the illustrious Dr. *Dominiceti* be most deservedly applied?

" Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo;"

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance translate t'other day to a company of ladies, That the Doctor's fumigations " were to make himself live, and " to kill all the world beside."

No. 81. Tuesday, *February* 15, 1780.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

SOME time ago you inserted in your paper a letter from a lady who subscribed herself *S. M.* giving an account of the hardships she has suffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midst of affluence, and then left to the support of a very slender provision. I own the situation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her some consolation to be told, that there are others, seemingly enviable, which are yet as distressful, that derive their distresses from circumstances exactly the reverse of those in which Miss *S. M.* is placed.

I lost my father, a gentleman of considerable fortune, at an age so early, that his death has scarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect, that there was something of bustle, as well as of sorrow, all over the house; that my coloured sash was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being sick, and that there was a little brother born who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer playthings, and being oftener the subject of discourse among our visitors; and that sometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nursery, *Billy*'s maid would tell mine, that Miss must wait till her betters were served.

A superiority to which I was so early accustomed, it gave me little uneasiness to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was supported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leisure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was distinguished, he was seldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birthright entitled him, was often more a hardship than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma,

when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his lesson to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progress, while I was suffered to be playing blindman's-buff below stairs; he was set at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toast and water, and to behave himself like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumplin, gulp down small-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the side-table.

That care, however, which watched his health, was not repaid with success; he was always more delicate, and more subject to little disorders than I; and at last, after completing his seventh year, was seized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my ancestors.

After the first transports of my mother's grief were subsided, she began to apply herself to the care of her surviving child. I was now become inheritress of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amusements. Instead of going along with a set of other girls of my own age to a class for learning *French*, and a public *writing-school*, teachers were brought into the house to instruct me privately; and, though I still went to a *dancing-school*, three days in the week to practise the lessons which I received from an eminent master at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governess, or somebody, by whose side I was stuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myself, and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too considerable a person to associate with those in whose sports and amusements I had formerly been so happy to share; if at any time I ventured to mention a wish for their society, I was immediately checked by an observation of my mamma, that she believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the solitude in which my superiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the house, whose

office it was to attend me during all my hours of ſtudy or amuſement, to hold the pin-cuſhion while my maid was dreſſing me, to get leſſons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at *Draughts*, which ſhe never was to win, and to lift the *Shuttlecock*, which I commonly let fall; in ſhort, ſhe was to ſerve me for the practice of all that inſolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to aſſume. I feel, at this moment, Mr. MIRROR, the moſt ſincere compunction for the hardſhips which this poor girl ſuffered while ſhe was with me; hardſhips, from which, at laſt, ſhe freed herſelf, by running off with a recruiting ſerjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her ſubſiſtence a bounty, and to account myſelf generous when I beſtowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in preverſion, the culture of my body was little leſs prepoſterous. The freedom and exerciſe which formerly beſtowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the conſtraints of faſhion, and the lazineſs of pride. Every ſhackle of dreſs which the daughters of any great man were underſtood to wear, I was immediately provided with, becauſe I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the uſe of my limbs, becauſe I could *afford* a coach; and, when attacked by the ſlighteſt diſorder, immediate recourſe was had to the phyſician, becauſe I could *afford* a fee. The conſequence was natural; I loſt all my former ſpirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when I firſt put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale, and nerves as weak, as the fineſt.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almoſt ſolely to one object, the diſpoſal of my perſon in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the ſlave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dreſſed and re-dreſſed, ſqueezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried ſeveral miles in the dark to a ball at our country-town, to diſplay myſelf to a Lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country 'ſquire of a very large eſtate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a-hunting with a Duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect

durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-master, an old bachelor of threescore, was dismissed because he happened to put his hand on mine in showing me how to manage my *Crayons*. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to associate was the clergyman of our parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge more useful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He showed me the folly of pride, and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learned the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his instructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perversion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakness of my mind, than to recover its strength.

My mother did not long survive him. I had been forced to see the errors of her judgment, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to lose her assistance, when her assistance would have been more useful, and her indulgence less prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with business which I do not understand, and harassed by applications which I know not how to answer. I am sometimes puzzled with schemes for improving my estate, sometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to diminish it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiousness of rich ones. I ne-

er open a letter from my ſteward in the country with-ut uneaſineſs; and a viſit from my agent in town is to ne like that of a bailiff. Amidſt all theſe difficulties, have no relation whom I can truſt, and no friend to whom I can lean; the intereſt which people have in eceiving me, deprives me of confidence in advice, or leaſure in approbation. In ſhort, it is my ſingular nisfortune to poſſeſs wealth with all the embarraſſment f poverty, and power with all the dependance of neanneſs.

I am, &c.

V OLIVIA.

No. 82. SATURDAY, *February* 19, 1780.

THE paper of to-day was received from an unknown hand ſeveral weeks ago. The publication of it may, perhaps, appear rather unſeaſonable, after the laſt Gazette. There is ſtill, however, much truth in my Correſpondent's obſervations, who, I dare ay, will not regret that Sir *George Rodney*'s ſucceſs has omewhat leſſened their force.

For the MIRROR.

Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti.
HOR. EP.

MEN, who either poſſeſs a natural fourneſs of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world om accident or imprudence, or perhaps think they ave been ſo, from over-rating their own deſerts, are pt to aſcribe to human nature a variety of vices and nperfections. They conſider theſe as the chief ingreients of the compoſition of mankind, and that their irtues and good qualities are only exceptions from the eneral rule, like accidental ſtrokes of genius, or coouring in the works of a painter, whoſe performances, n the whole, are coarſe and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundleſs and unjuſt than this accuſation. I am convinced that, upon a thorough examination, though we might diſcover many vicious and profligate individuals, we ſhould find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well-diſpoſed, and little merits the abuſe that peeviſh or unfortunate men are inclined to beſtow upon it.

One charge, much inſiſted upon againſt mankind, is public ingratitude. With what juſtice or truth this is urged, we may judge, by examining the behaviour of men from the earlieſt period to the preſent times; and, in doing ſo, I flatter myſelf we ſhall be able to diſcover that the reverſe is true, and that a ſtrong ſpirit of gratitude has appeared on all occaſions where it was due, though in different ages and countries it has been expreſſed in a different manner.

In Egypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public voice to the benefactors of mankind, was to conſider them as objects of divine worſhip, and for that purpoſe to inroll them among the gods. Such was *Ceres*, for the invention of corn; *Bacchus*, for the diſcovery of wine; and a variety of others, with whom every ſchool-boy is acquainted. If a man of ſuperior ſtrength and valour happened to repel an invader, deſtroy a monſter, or perform any notable deed of public ſervice, he was revered while living, and, after his death, his memory was reſpected, and a ſpecies of inferior worſhip was paid to him, as a hero, or a demi-god.

In later times, in the Grecian ſtates, the general who fought a ſucceſsful battle, or deſtroyed an enemy's fleet, had ſtatues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expence of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with ſtatues; but they had their triumphs and ovations beſtowed by the public, and ſupported by the voluntary applauſe and attendance of a grateful populace.

I ſhould be extremely ſorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I ſhall not enter upon the practice or manners of other European nations; but I can venture to aſſert, with ſome degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain poſſeſs a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this assertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary pensions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a public, and seemingly of a general nature, may nevertheless proceed from a very limited cause. I allude to that universal effusion of honest gratitude which the good people of England frequently bestow on successful commanders, by putting up their pictures as *signs* for their taverns and alehouses, and frequenting these more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obscured by the rising glory of some new favourite.

I must, at the same time, observe, that great statesmen have seldom experienced this mark of public applause. The late Mr. *Pitt* was, indeed, an exception from the remark; but he was, in fact, a minister of war only, and never meddled with finance. A first Lord of the Treasury, let him be as wise as *Ximenes*, and as moderate as *Fleury*, cannot expect to be revered on the sign-post of an ale-house; every article of consumpt there has felt the weight of his hand; and whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, still the reckoning recalls ideas that lead to execrations on the whole system of finance and taxation, from the department of the first minister to the walk of the lowest exciseman; and, by an easy transition, the dislike of the system and the offices passes, in some degree, to the persons of those who fill them.

But as the same cause of unmerited obloquy does not exist with respect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this species of public gratitude. It is needless to go far back. In the year 1739, Admiral *Vernon* took *Porto-bello, with six ships only*. The public gratitude to him was boundless.—He was sung in ballads.—At the ensuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations; but, above all, his portrait filled every sign-post; and he may be figuratively said to have sold the ale, beer, porter, and purl of England for six years.

Towards the close of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours of his uniform; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached

England, a new object presented itself to the public favour; and the honest Admiral, in every sign-post, made way for the more portly figure of the *glorious Duke of Cumberland.*

The Duke kept possession of the sign-posts a long time. In the beginning of last war, our Admiral in the Mediterranean, and our generals in North America, did nothing that could tend, in the least degree, to move his Royal Highness from his place; but the doubtful battle of *Hamellan*, followed by the unfortunate convention of *Stade*, and the rising glories of the *King of Prussia*, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually as his Royal Highness and the battle of Culloden had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown of Admiral Vernon.

The Duke was so totally displaced by his Prussian Majesty, that I have some doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumstance, indeed, was much against him; his figure being marked by a hat with the *Kevenhuller* cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very slight touch of the painter converted him into the King of Prussia; but what crowned the success of his Prussian majesty, was the title bestowed upon him by the brothers of the brush, "*The glorious Protestant Hero;*" words which added splendour to every sign-post, and which no British subject could read, without peculiar sensations of veneration and of thirst.

For two years *the glorious Protestant Hero* was unrivalled; but the French being beat at Minden upon the 1st of August 1759, by the army under *Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick*, the King of Prussia began to give place a little to two popular favourites, who started at the same time, I mean *Prince Ferdinand*, and the *Marquis of Granby*. *Prince Ferdinand* was supported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his high reputation over Europe as a general;—the *Marquis of Granby* behaved with spirit and personal courage every where; but his success in the sign-posts of England was much owing to a comparison generally made between him and another British general of higher rank, but who was supposed not to have behaved so well. Perhaps too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumstance, to wit, the *baldness* of his head.

The next who figured in the ſign-poſt way was the celebrated *John Wilkes*, Eſq.—This public honour conferred on him was alſo an effuſion of gratitude; for he was ſuppoſed to have written the Earl of *Bute*, who was both a Scotſman and a favourite, out of power, and to have reſiſted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Beſides, he fought a bloodleſs duel with *E. Talbot*, and was ſhot in the cauſe of liberty by Mr. *Martin* of the treaſury. All theſe were great weights in the ſcale of popularity; and, though Mr. *Wilkes* never attained the glory either of *Admiral Vernon* or the *Duke of Cumberland*, yet his viſage has filled many a ſign-poſt, and much ale and gin has been ſold under his auſpices.

Theſe are the laſt whom the people of Great Britain have thought worthy of being ſo honoured; and though the thing itſelf may ſeem ludicrous, yet the tale as a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wiſhers of this country. We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have been raiſed, many millions have been expended; expeditions without number have been planned and ſupported, and the moſt powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coaſts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period with ſo many opportunities and ſo much force, we have not an admiral whoſe head would fell a ſingle can of ſlip, nor a general whoſe full length would procure cuſtom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expreſſion of public gratitude may be ſometimes miſplaced, I will by no means deny; but ſtill this tribute paid by the people is more likely, than any other circumſtance, to be a ſure proof of real merit. The Sovereign may be miſinformed as to the deſervings of thoſe whom he is pleaſed to honour; and though, in the preſent reign, no ſubſtantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late *General Blakeny*, who gave up Minorca, made a lord for defending it, merely to ſupport a ſinking adminiſtration. What reliance can be had on the thanks of parliament as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the anſwer of a gallant ſea-officer

(not an admiral), who, upon being told that the Hous of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid and successful conduct on the coast of France, swore if they did, he would instantly resign his commission.

Perhaps at that time, some recent instance of party injustice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into disrepute; but, be that as it may, I shall never think our affairs, either by sea or land, in a prosperous condition, till I see the sign-posts of England filled with fresh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens, it will be a sure proof that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that some of our commanders have, at last, acted in a manner suitable to the troops and treasure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been so liberally supplied.

No. 83. TUESDAY, *February* 22, 1780.

IN a paper published at *Edinburgh*, it would be improper to enter into any comparison of the writers of this country with those on the other side of the *Tweed:* but, whatever be the comparative rank of *Scottish* and *English* authors, it must surely be allowed that, of late, there have been writers in this country upon different subjects who are possessed of very considerable merit. In one species of writing, however, in works and compositions of *humour*, there can be no sort of doubt that the *English* stand perfectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The *English* excel in comedy; several of their romances are replete with the most humourous representations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in *Scotland*, we have hardly any book which aims at humour, and, of the very few which do, still fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by *Scots* authors, we have no comedy, excepting *Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd;* and though we have tender novels, we have none of humour, excepting those of *Smollet*, who, from his long residence in *England*, can hardly be said to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can

we, for the same reason, lay a perfect claim to *Arbuthnot*, who is still a more illustrious exception to my general remark. There must be something in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to discover from what cause it arises.

I am inclined to suspect, that there is something in the situation and present government of *Scotland*, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. *Scotland*, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a separate state, with a parliament and constitution of its own. Now the seat of government is removed, and its constitution is involved in that of *England*. At the time the two nations came to be so intimately connected, its great men were less affluent than those of *England*, its agriculture was little advanced, and its manufactures were in their infancy. A *Scotsman* was, therefore, in this situation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city, which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him a sort of foreign capital. If wealth was the object of his pursuit, he could only acquire it at home by great industry and perseverance; and if he found he could not easily succeed in his own country, he repaired to other countries, where he expected to be able to amass a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of *Scotland* to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this situation are not apt to indulge themselves in humour; and few humorous characters will appear. It is only in countries where men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth, that some are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and express it in writing. Besides, where men are in a situation which makes it necessary for them to push their way in the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do so among strangers, though this may give them a firmness and a resoluteness in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modest caution and reserve in their deportment, which

must chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the *Scots* are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous situations; yet bashfulness, reserve, and even timidity of manner, unless when they are called forth to action, are justly considered as making part of their character. Men of this disposition are not apt to have humour; it is the open, the careless, the indifferent and the forward, who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of interest, and who sets himself above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of interest in view, who attends with circumspection to his conduct, and finds it necessary to do so, is generally grave and silent, and seldom makes any attempt at humour.

These circumstances may have had a considerable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in *Scotland*; and if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a similar effect upon its authors: the genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To these causes, arising from the present situation and government of our country, may be added another circumstance, that of there being no court or seat of the Monarch in *Scotland*. It is only where the court is that the standard of manners can be fixed; and, of consequence, it is only in the neighbourhood of the court that a deviation from that standard can be exactly ascertained, or a departure from it be easily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at a distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great subject for wit and ludicrous representation arises from men's having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon and hold out a departure from it, in an humorous point of view. In *Scotland*, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has be-

come, in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed ſtandard of manners within the country itſelf, one great ſource of ridicule is cut off, and an author is not led to attempt humorous compoſition; or, if he does, has little chance of ſucceeding.

There is another particular which may have had a very conſiderable effect upon the genius of the *Scots* writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old *Scottiſh* dialect is now baniſhed from our books, and the *Engliſh* is ſubſtituted in in its place. But though our books be written in *Engliſh*, our converſation is in *Scotch*. Of our language it may be ſaid, as we are told of the wit of *Sir Hudibras*, that we have a ſuit for holidays and another for working days. The *Scottiſh* dialect is our ordinary ſuit; the *Engliſh* is uſed only on ſolemn occaſions. When a *Scotſman* therefore writes, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears ſpoken around him, he does not make uſe of; but he expreſſes himſelf in a language in ſome reſpects foreign to him, and which he has acquired by ſtudy and obſervation. When a celebrated *Scottiſh* writer, after the publication of his *Hiſtory of Scotland*, was firſt introduced to *Lord Cheſterfield*, his Lordſhip, with that happy talent of compliment for which he was ſo remarkable, addreſſed him, at parting, in theſe words: "I am happy, Sir to have "met with you,—happy to have paſſed a day with "you,—and extremely happy to find that you ſpeak "*Scotch*.—It would be too much, were you to *ſpeak*, "as well as *write* our language, better than we do "ourſelves."

This circumſtance of a *Scottiſh* author not writing his own natural dialect, muſt have a conſiderable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified compoſition, when he writes hiſtory, politics, or poetry, the pains he muſt take to write, in a manner different from that in which he ſpeaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of ſuch compoſitions is, in every caſe, raiſed above that of common life; and, therefore, the deviation which a *Scottiſh* author is obliged to make from the common languague of the country, can be of little prejudice to him. But if a writer is to deſcend

to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in short, he is to deal in humorous compoſition, his language muſt be, as nearly as poſſible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people: but a *Scotſman* who wiſhes to write *Engliſh* cannot eaſily do this. He neither ſpeaks the *Engliſh* dialect, nor is it ſpoken by thoſe around him: any knowledge he has acquired of the language is got from books, not from converſation. Hence *Scottiſh* authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in ſome meaſure to account for their failure.

In confirmation of theſe remarks, it may be obſerved, that almoſt the only works of humour which we have in this country, are in the *Scottiſh* dialect, and moſt of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the *Scotch* was the written, as well as the ſpoken language of the country. The *Gentle Shepherd*, which is full of natural and ludicrous repreſentations of low life, is written in broad *Scotch*. Many of our ancient *Scottiſh* ballads are full of humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good *Engliſh*, they have been moſtly of the graver ſort, called *irony*. In this ſpecies of writing, where the author himſelf never appears to laugh, a more dignified compoſition is admiſſible; and, in that caſe, the diſadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author ſpeaks, or thoſe around him converſe, is not ſo ſenſibly felt.

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No. 84. SATURDAY, *February* 26, 1780.

Clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres. HOR.

TO diſpute the right of *Faſhion* to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which

the author of a periodical paper, who throws himself, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be supposed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the observations of some antiquated Correspondents, who pretend to set up what they call the invariable notions of things, against the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the same time, I must observe, that, as there is a *College* in *Physic*, and a *Faculty* (as it is called in *Scotland)* in *Law;* so, in *Fashion*, there is a select body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeness, and wit in the folly of a person of fashion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretension.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a sort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the same licence of making a fool of itself, as *London* or *Paris*. The circle, therefore, taking them in the *gros*, of our fashionable people here, have seldom ventured on the same beautiful irregularity in dress, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practised by the leaders of the *ton* in the capitals of *France* or *England*.

With individuals, the same rule of subordination is to be observed, which, however, persons of extraordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are sometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the play-house, some young men, who have got fuddled in *punch*, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking *Burgundy;* and others who have come sober from the counter, or the writing-desk, give almost as little attention to the play as the men of £. 3000 a-year.———My old school acquaintance, *Jack Wou'dbe*, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a Lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner, for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little *mirror* in the lid of his *tooth-pick case*. I take the first opportunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of *Europe*.

Nature and *Fashion* are two opposite powers, that

have long been at variance with one another. The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the *vulgar;* the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state, and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished. Attention to interesting scenes, civility to those we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to Nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of *Fashion*, if the inferior members of the community shall laugh where they should cry, be noisy where they should be silent, rude where they should be civil, or dirty where they should be cleanly. These are the badges of greatness, and, like certain *coats armorial*, are only to be borne by illustrious personages.

These are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpose my advice or animadversion. But, as to some more delicate subjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my jurisdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exercise it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inserting a variety of letters from unknown Correspondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the fashionable world, which they desire may be taken immediate notice of in the MIRROR. One who writes under the signature of *Rusticus*, tells me, that *painting* is now become so common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftener than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himself of her name, he was surprised to receive a curtsey at the play or the concert. Another, who subscribes himself *Modestus*, desires me to imitate the example of the *Tatler*, by animadverting, not on the large, but the small size of the *petticoat*, which, he says, has so shrunk up this winter, that there is more of the—*ankle* seen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the first of these Correspondents I must answer, that I think the ladies (whose number I am inclined to believe is small) who choose to dress their faces in *rouge* or *carmine*, are exempted from all censure; they certainly do it to please themselves, as they know how

much it is deteſted by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varniſh over their beauty, as *virtuoſi* do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of *Modeſtus*, I can only account for the preſent ſhortneſs of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being ſo much engroſſed about their *heads*, as to leave them no leiſure to take care of the other extremity; as generals, who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an oppoſite quarter defenceleſs.

But the moſt ſerious complaint I have received, is a letter ſubſcribed *Cenſor*, arraigning, with true *Juvenalian* ſeverity, the conduct of a certain *Club*, which, in the words of my Correſpondent, "continues, in defiance of decency and good manners, to inſult the public in *Large Characters*, in the front of every news-paper in town. This (he adds) moves my indignation the more, when I conſider that ſeveral of its principal members are arrived at a period of life which ſhould teach decorum, at leaſt, if it does not extinguiſh vice."

In anſwer to this angry Correſpondent, I will tell him the following ſtory: Some years ago, I happened to be in *York* at the time of the *aſſizes*. Dining one day in a tavern with ſome gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently diſturbed by the noiſe of ſomebody below, who hooted and halloo'd, ſmacked his whip, and made his ſervants ſound their *French* horns; in ſhort, rehearſed, during the whole time of our dinner, all "the glorious tumult of the chace." Some of the company, after ſeveral ineffectual meſſages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very ſerious remonſtrance with the ſportſman below. But an elderly perſon, who ſat oppoſite to me, pacified their reſentment: "I know the gentleman who diſturbs you," ſaid he; "his head-piece was never one of the beſt; but now, poor man! I believe we muſt let him alone—Since he is paſt run-

" ning down the fox in the field, he must e'en be al-
" lowed to hunt him in the parlour."

I

No. 85. TUESDAY, *February* 29, 1780.

Possum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim? Quo caream honore? Quâ glorià? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis? CIC. ad ATT.

A PERIODICAL publication, such as the MIRROR, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to prose compositions. My illustrious predecessor, the SPECTATOR, has, however, sometimes inserted a little poem among his other essays; and his example has been imitated by most of his successors. Perhaps it may be from this cause, that, among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them consist of poetical compositions. I must observe in general to these Correspondents, that, though the insertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical composition that is fit for it. A poem may be possessed of very considerable merit, and may be entitled to applause, when published in a poetical collection, though, from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the MIRROR. I hope my poetical Correspondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inserted, and will by no means consider their exclusion as proceeding from their being thought destitute of merit.

Among the poetical presents I have received, there is, however, one, which seems very well suited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it says, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inscription (probably written from real feeling) on the window of an inn, situated in the *Highlands* of *Scotland*.

" Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
" A life of wandering is the greateſt woe;
" On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
" And Pine and Penury, a meagre train,
" A wretched *Exile* to his country ſend,
" Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend."

This poem contains a deſcription of the ſituation of a *Scotch* gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion againſt our preſent happy government. It points out the fatal conſequence of ſuch treaſonable attempts, and repreſents the diſtreſs of the perſon deſcribed, in a very intereſting and pathetic manner.

THE EXILE. AN ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midſt the ruins of a fallen ſtate,
The once fam'd *Tiber* rolls his ſcanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a ſtatue yet records the brave:

With trembling ſteps an *Exile* wander'd near,
In *Scottiſh* weeds his ſhrivell'd limbs array'd;
His furrow'd cheek was croſs'd with many a tear,
And frequent ſighs his wounded ſoul betray'd.

Oh! wretch! he cry'd, that like ſome troubled ghoſt
Art doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory ſpeaks of joy for ever loſt,
Of peace! of comfort, thou haſt ceas'd to know!

Theſe are the ſcenes, with fancy'd charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, caſting pearls away,
The fools of ſound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliſs and freedom ſtray.

Wou'd that, for yonder dome, theſe eyes could ſee
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!
Theſe urns let ruin waſte; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

Oh! ſacred haunts! and is the hillock green
That ſaw our infant-ſports beguile the day?

Still are our seats of fairy fashion seen?
Or is my little throne of moss away?

Had but Ambition, in this tortur'd breast,
Ne'er sought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependance holds the vassal blest,
Where faith and friendship fix the chieftain's reign;

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family had not ceas'd to be;
And thou *Monimia!* on thy earthly bed!—
My name, my family, what were these to thee!—

Three little moons had seen our growing love,
Since first *Monimia* join'd her hand to mine;
Three little moons had seen us blest above
All that enthusiast hope could e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treason honest, if 'twas treason here;
For rights suppos'd, my native band I arm'd,
And join'd the standard *Charles* had dar'd to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vassals fell,
But sav'd their master in the bloody strife;
Their coward master, who could live to tell
He saw them fall, yet tamely suffer'd life.

Let me not think;—but, ah! the thought will rise,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
Monimia faintly breath'd—a last farewel!

"They come," she said; "fly, fly these ruthless foes,
"And save a life in which *Monimia* lives;
"Believe me, *Henry*, light are all her woes,
"Except what *Henry*'s dreadful purpose gives!

"And would'st thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
"And blast a life the most inhuman spare?
"Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
"That stirs within me to assist my prayer!"

What could I do? Contending passions strove,
And press'd my bosom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, soft persuasive love——
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Fast came the ruffian band ; no melting charm,
That e'er to suffering beauty Nature gave,
The ruthless rage of party can disarm ;
Thy tears, *Monimia*, wanted power to save !

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whose faithful love still link'd them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trode the desert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkness wrapp'd the heath they past,
Save one sad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my father's cast.

Calmly she saw the smouldering ruins glare ;
" 'Tis past, all-righteous God ! 'tis past," she cry'd !
" But for my *Henry* hear my latest pray'r !"—
Big was her bursting heart ;—she groan'd, and died !——

Still, in my dreams, I see her form confess'd,
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled sky !—
And soon, she whispers, shall my *Henry* rest—
And, dimly smiling, points my place to die !

I hear that voice, I see that pale hand wave !
I come once more to view my native shore ;
Stretch'd on *Monimia*'s long-neglected grave
To clasp the sod, and feel my woes no more !

Z

No. 86. SATURDAY, *March* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MANY inestimable medicines, as well for preserving health as for curing diseases, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive some of those obsolete remedies, though it may appear better suited to a *medical* performance, yet does

not seem altogether foreign to the MIRROR; since a *sound mind*, according to the well known apophthegm, is in natural alliance with a *sound body*, the same publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may not improperly be made subservient to the health of the other.

I. The first that I shall mention is of sovereign efficacy in restoring debilitated stomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it *Tulpius*, an eminent physician of *Amsterdam*, treats in his *Observations Medicinales*.

In some languages it is called *Cha*, in others, *Tzai*; but with us it has received the appellation of *Tea*.

II. There is another simple of a singular kind: according to the great traveller *Pietro della Valle*, it is cooling in summer, and warms in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

It expelled a gout, of thirty years standing, from the toes of the Reverend *Alexander d' Albertus*, a barefooted friar of *Marseilles* aged seventy.

For a long time *Madame de Lausun* could not walk without the aid of a crutch; and no wonder; for the good lady "had numbered the frosts of fourscore and "two winters." She was seized with what my author calls a *tertian quartan* ague, which undoubtedly is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary: but she tried father *Alexander*'s remedy; her youth was renewed, as one might say [*comme rajeunie*], and she threw away her crutch.

The wife of M. *Morin*, physician at *Grenoble*, was reduced to the last extremity by a confirmed *Pthysic*, of no less than sixteen years endurance: at length the Doctor found out a method of laying the disease that had so obstinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he administered the remedy to his *chere moitie* (dear half), which is *French* for a wife. She recovered of her Pthysic, and afterwards, by using the same remedy, of another disease with a horrible *Greek* name, a *Peripneumony*.

I might add many and various effects of this medicine still more wonderful. *That* of the public speaker,

who was seized with a fit of modesty, is most remarkable. By taking a single dose, he felt himself restored to his wonted composure of mind; and he declared that he could, with ease, have spoken out another hour.

For this and other authenticated cures, the inquisitive reader is referred to the treatise of *Philip Sylvester du Tour*, concerning the virtues of *Coffee*.

III. There is a certain weed, "which, taken a while "after meat, helps digestion; it voids rheum, &c. A "little of it being steeped over night in a little white "wine, is a vomit that never fails in its operation. It "cannot endure a spider, or a flea, or such like vermin: it is good to fortify and preserve the sight, being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a-"week, and frees them from all rheums, driving them "back by way of repercussion: taken into the stomach it will heal and cleanse it; for my Lord Sunderland, president of York, taking it downwards "into his stomach, it cured him of an imposthume, "which had been of a long time egendering out of a "bruise he had received at foot-ball, and so preserved "his life for many years."

These are the words of *Howel*, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praise of *Tobacco*.

IV. But there is still another medicine of astonishing virtues, which have been circumstantially related by *Matthiolus*, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: it is "a liquid which, when skilfully prepared, "proves a powerful antiseptic [an opposer of corruption] to every thing steeped in it; and so, by removing all tendency to corruption, it is a comforter "and a restorative, and preserves and prolongs the "lives of those who use it. It not only cherishes the "natural heat, and preserves it in its full vigour, but "it likewise renovates as it were, and vivifies the animal spirits, gives an agreeable warmth to the stomach, sharpens the apprehension and understanding, "clears the eye-sight, and repairs the memory: it is "more peculiarly beneficial to those who are of too "cold a temperament, and who are subject to crudities "of the stomach, and other disorders proceeding from "cold affections. It therefore affords a sovereign re-

" lief to all who are tormented with pains in the ſto-
" mach or bowels, proceeding from wind or indigeſti-
" on; as alſo to thoſe who are ſubject to giddineſs,
" the falling ſickneſs, a relaxation of the nervous ſyſt-
" em, inveterate melancholy, hypochondriacal diſor-
" ders, palpitations of the heart, tremors, and fainting
" fits."

Matthiolus ſubjoins the method of uſing this medi-cine:

℞. *Once a day a table-ſpoonful of* Aquavitæ *diſtilled from the beſt wine.* But, with all deference to his au-thority, *Aquavitæ*, diſtilled even from the beſt wine, is not ſuperior in any of its virtues to our great ſtaple, *Whiſky:* for, from the reſearches of our own patriotic philoſophers, theſe two concluſions may be deduced; *1ſt*, That *Whiſky* is a liquor pleaſant to the taſte; and, *2dly*, that it is a *wholeſome ſpirit.*

V. I ſhall conclude with a receipt which might have been conſidered as of general importance in the ſeven-teenth century, and may prove of no leſs importance in the nineteenth.

Bartholomeus Carrichters, in his *Secret*, b. 2. c. 12. publiſhed a *recipe* which is mightily commended by *Hec-tor Schlands*, in an epiſtle to his learned friend *Grego-rius Horſtius*; ſee *Horſtii* Epiſt. Medic. i. § 7. 1612.

" ℞. Dogs greaſe, well diſſolved and cleanſed, 4 oun-
" ces. Bears greaſe, 8 ounces. Capons greaſe, 24
" ounces. Three trunks of the miſſetoe of hazle,
" while green; cut it in pieces, and pound it ſmall,
" till it becomes moiſt: bruiſe it together, and mix all
" in a phial. After you have expoſed it to the ſun for
" *nine* weeks, you ſhall extract a green ointment, where-
" with if you anoint the bodies of the *bewitched*, eſpe-
" cially *the parts moſt affected*, and the joints, they will
" certainly be cured."

This *recipe* was tried with amazing ſucceſs in the caſe of a young girl, whoſe condition was truly deplora-ble; for " ſhe vomited feathers, bundles of ſtraw, and " a *row of pins ſtuck in blue paper, as freſh and as new* " *as any in the pedlar's ſtall*, pieces of glaſs windows, " and nails of a cart-wheel; as may be ſeen in *The*

" *Wonderful and true Relation of the bewitching a young* " *Girl in Ireland*, 1669," by Daniel Higgs.

It is with the utmoſt diffidence that I give my own ſentiments in the *Materia Medica*, eſpecially on a ſubject which has been expreſsly treated by ſuch men as Dr. Bartholomeus Carrichters, and Dr. Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly to propoſe this *quere*, Is there not ſome reaſon to conjecture, that the *recipe*, ſo effectual in the caſe of *bewitching*, would anſwer equally well in the caſe of *childblains*?

I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

No. 87. TUESDAY, *March* 7, 1780.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increaſed with tales, ſo is the other. BACON.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of ſuperſtition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this reſpect no one people ſeem entitled to boaſt of any ſuperiority over the reſt of mankind. All ſeem, at one time or other, to have been alike the ſlaves of a weak, a childiſh, or a gloomy ſuperſtition. When we behold the Romans, wiſe and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their moſt important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds; or, when threatened by ſome national calamity, creating a dictator for the ſole purpoſe of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgment of Heaven, we are apt, according to the humour we are in, to ſmile at the folly, or to lament the weakneſs of human nature.

A little reflexion, however is ſufficient to ſhow, that, with all our advantages, we ourſelves are, in this particular, equally weak and abſurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appeaſe an offended Deity,

by creeping on his knees up the steps of St. *Peter's* so many times a day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relics of St. *Januarius*, is sufficient to stop an eruption of mount Vesuvius; are equal objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly assisted at driving the nail into the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

It is amusing to observe the conduct of our first reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to discover the gross errors and manifold superstitions of the church of Rome; and their spirit and strength of mind, aided by fortunate circumstances, enabled them to set themselves free from those shackles in which Europe had been held for so many ages. But no sooner had they done so, than they and their followers adopted another mode of superstition, in the place of that which it had cost them so much pains to pull down. To *masses* and *crucifixes*, and *images*, were substituted a *precise severity of manner*, and *long sermons*, and a certain mode of *sanctifying the Sabbath*, which were inculcated as constituting the *sum* of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Christian. So ingenious are men in finding out something to put in the place of true piety and virtue!—Neither is this confined to one religion or to one sect. To the same cause must be attributed, the broad brim and plain coat of the *Quaker*, the ablutions of the *Gentoo*, the pilgrimages of the *Mahometan*, the severe fasts observed in the *Greek church*, with numberless other instances that might be mentioned.

There is a species of superstition, which, perhaps, might be traced back to a similar origin, that often lays strong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehensions, which reason and philosophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this sort is the dread of apparitions, of spirits, and of witches. Mr. Addison, in an excellent paper in the *Spectator*, has shown the folly of those apprehensions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preserve their children from those little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to

ſhake off when they grow up. He juſtly obſerves, that, next to a clear judgment and a good conſcience, a ſound imagination is the greateſt bleſſing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this eſſay of Mr. Addiſon the reformation ſo ſtrongly recommended by him. It is, however, certain, that all theſe apprehenſions, formerly productive of ſo much real uneaſineſs, are now, in a great meaſure, unknown. We have ſo far ſucceeded in *plucking the old woman out of our hearts;* and we no longer ſee a brave ſoldier afraid to walk through a dark paſſage, or an intrepid ſailor ſhrink with horror at the thought of paſſing the night in a ſolitary apartment.

There is, however, another weakneſs ſomewhat a-kin to this, that, I am afraid, ſtill prevails among us, which my fondneſs for children, and the pleaſure I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of obſerving. I mean, a cuſtom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehenſions of death. This is one of the moſt common methods employed by ignorant nurſery-maids, and fooliſh parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more abſurd, or attended with more pernicious conſequences. Were a perſon of a timid frame of mind under a neceſſity of croſſing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuſe him, all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of ſtorms and tempeſts, and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he muſt be expoſed on the voyage?

A wiſe parent, attentive to the future happineſs of his children, ought to follow a very different rule of conduct. From their earlieſt infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familiar to them; he ought to accuſtom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the ſame indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily expoſed. By this means they will, as they advance in life, be led to conſider it as a friend rather than an enemy; they will perceive that, but for death, this world would be a priſon more dreadful than any the moſt cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only

period to the cares of this life,—as a happy paſſage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful diſcharge of their duty in this.

However abſurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the conſequences attending it are not ſo bad as thoſe that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many diſagreeable apprehenſions, and cauſes many uneaſy moments; but the other unfits a man for diſcharging his duty in ſociety, and too often expoſes him to infamy and diſgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in ſome meaſure, on the conſtitution of the body; and it has been obſerved, that the ſame individual is not, at all times, and upon all occaſions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however, that if a boy, from his earlieſt infancy, were taught to view death in a juſt light, he would imperceptibly acquire a ſtrength of mind, that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty, on all occaſions, without being obliged to ſummon up his reſolution, and, to call reaſon to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it ſaid, that, if men were accuſtomed to deſpiſe death, they would be apt, through a ſort of fool-hardineſs, to throw away their lives on every ſlight occaſion or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion; that fool-hardineſs is ſeldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined mind, who knows how to eſtimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a ſecret conſciouſneſs, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a diſplay of it; as we often ſee men moſt deſirous to be thought to poſſeſs thoſe virtues and thoſe talents, to which, in reality, they have the leaſt pretenſions.

I was much pleaſed with a converſation I had on this ſubject, on a viſit I lately paid to Lady ———, the wife of my much valued friend General ———, who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dreſſing-room, ſurrounded by a group of the moſt lovely children. After they retired, ſhe began to complain, that, with all the attention a pa-

rent could beſtow, it was often impoſſible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impreſſions from ſervants and attendants. "It was but juſt now," ſaid ſhe, "your favourite, little Charles, told his bro-"ther, that, if he was a bad boy, he would be put "into a black box, carried to the church-yard, thrown "into a hole, and covered over with earth." After ſome obſervations on the bad tendency of repreſenting death in frightful colours, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had often been diſpoſed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumſtances attending our diſſolution, and preſenting them to the imaginati-on in ſtrong and lively colours, often leave an impreſſi-on which reaſon is not able entirely to wear off. She inſtanced the well-known lines of Shakeſpeare:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
"To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
"This ſenſible warm motion to become
"A kneaded clod; and the dilated ſpirit
"To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
"In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
"To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
"And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
"The pendent world; or to be worſe than worſt
"Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain thought
"Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
"The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
"That age, ache, penury, impriſonment
"Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
"To what we fear of death."—

"It is impoſſible," ſaid ſhe, "to read thoſe lines "without being affected by them. Yet, were I to "judge from my own feelings, I ſhould think the ſen-"timent unjuſt. If to me," continued ſhe, ſtealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an involun-ary tear half ſtarted in her eye, "if to me there be "any thing terrible in death, it proceeds from the "thoughts of what I ſhould leave, not from the dread "of what I ſhould meet with."

No. 88. SATURDAY, *March* 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable situation. I was his eldeſt ſon; and, at the age of ſix years, I was ſent to the pariſh-ſchool, to be taught reading and writing. My father naturally made inquiries concerning my progreſs, and the ſchool-maſter gave him the moſt flattering accounts. After I had ſpent the uſual time in learning to read and write, my maſter ſaid, it would be a pity to cut ſhort a boy of my genius, and adviſed my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his ſchool, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his ſon in a ſituation to appear ſomewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to ſit at the ſame bench at ſchool with our landlord's ſon, and I had ſometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In ſtudying *Latin* I ſpent three years. The account which my father received of my progreſs in that language, led him to follow my teacher's ſuggeſtion, to give me a little *Greek*. Having gone thus far, the tranſition was eaſy; it would be a pity, ſaid our ſanguine adviſers, to loſe all the knowledge I had got; with my application and my genius, if I proſecuted my ſtudies, I might become a very learned, and a very great man. If I ſtudied divinity (which was propoſed), I might, in time, preach in the pulpit of the very pariſh in which my father lived; nay, I might riſe to be a Profeſſor in the Univerſity, or become *Moderator* of the *General Aſſembly* of the church of Scotland.

I was accordingly entered as a ſtudent in the univerſity. My father conſidered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I ſoon found my ſituation at the univerſity a very hard and uneaſy one. My father had been able to ſupply me tolerably with neceſſaries at the pariſh ſchool; but to

do this at the university, situated in a great and expensive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a shabby coat, and with an empty purse. I could not attend all the lectures I wished, for want of money to purchase admission, or to procure the necessary books. I now likewise found, that, far from being more knowing than my college companions, as my country schoolmaster flattered me would be the case, most of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniences of life, were not circumstances very well suited for the study of the beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, nor for making a progress in the abstract sciences; but, with all these difficulties, I gave such close and intense application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of some of the professors. By their interest I was recommended to Mr. *M*———, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who resided in the town where the university is situated, to be tutor to his children; and accordingly he was pleased to engage me at the salary of £20 a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his house. I now thought the world was all before me; and every thing seemed to flatter me with present happiness and future exaltation. Out of my salary I hoped to afford to be better dressed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which resorted to Mr. M.'s. I doubted not that they would single me out as a prod gyof learning and genius; that, by their favour, I might be recommended to some lucrative or honourable place; or, at least, that I should, by Mr. M.'s interest, be settled as a minister in some church, after having pleasantly spent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whose progress and improvement I expected equal pleasure and reputation. How these hopes have been answered, I proceed to inform you.

When I entered into Mr. M.'s family, I found it was expected that I should not only attend to the stu-

dies of the eldeſt ſon, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewiſe to take care of all the younger children, conſiſting of no fewer than ſix. Some of theſe were to be taught to read; others, who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with them when they went abroad, to keep them out of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I ſaw muſt occupy my whole time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aſide. But though, in this manner, a temporary ſtop was to be put to my learning, I ſtill flattered myſelf I ſhould make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I ſhould acquire from the ſociety and converſation at Mr. M.'s. But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were ſtrangers of diſtinction at the houſe, I was not allowed to ſit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they eat, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the gueſts were ſuch as Mr. M. did not think neceſſary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to ſit at table; but I ſoon found, even when this was the caſe, that I was not to be permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any converſation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I ſaid was received in ſuch a manner, that I was obliged to reſolve to be ſilent. If I threw in an obſervation which ſtarted a doubt of the juſtice of any thing that was ſaid, I was conſidered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who had no right to expreſs his doubts; if I endeavoured to ſupport any opinion, I ſaw I was deemed officious and troubleſome. Mr. M. who, to the credit the world juſtly gave him for a great fortune, wiſhed alſo to add the reputation, though without any pretenſions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, leſt people ſhould think that his ſon's tutor was more knowing than he; and, therefore, took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of ſuperiority; and, ſometimes, even made a joke of that awkwardneſs of manner, which it was impoſſible one in my ſituation could have

scaped. You may judge what effect this treatment must have upon one who can relish the beauties of the classics, and has read many of the most eminent *French* and *English* authors. Poor, helpless, and dependant as I am, something within tells me that I am superior—but have no title to be proud.

For some time, the only pleasant moments which I had in Mr. M.'s family, were those employed in reading with my eldest pupil. But this continued a very short time. The young gentleman soon began to despise one, whom he saw his father, and his father's friends treat with so much disrespect; and, instead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverse of whatever I desired him. I perceived also he made me the subject of jest with his companions. In vain did I endeavour to represent this in the gentlest manner to Mr. M. I was the worse used for my complaints; he ascribed his son's little progress to my remissness; not to any fault in the boy, who, I soon found, had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

Such Mr. MIRROR, is my situation with the upper members of the family. With those of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable. John, the footman, receives a salary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He, therefore, looks upon himself as a finer gentleman than me; and as I am little respected by those whom he considers as his betters, he does not think himself bound to respect me at all. At dinner, he seldom hears when I call; and, when he does, I often get fish-sauce to my pudding, and pepper instead of sugar to my pancakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this; for he sees his master give me port or punch, while he and his guests drink claret. For some time, indeed, after I came to reside in the family, I received much complaisance from Mrs. *Deborah Hitchcock*, the housekeeper. Mrs. Deborah is now considerably past her fortieth year; in her person thick and squabby, with a mouth a little awry, and eyes a little asquint. Mrs. Deborah frequently sends her compliments, and asks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her gossiping

companions. She is sometimes also so kind as to visit me in my own apartment,—says, she wonders I do not tire when alone; that she and I, from our situation in the family, should be companions to each other; and she has several times hinted, that, by her long residence in Mr. M.'s, she has acquired a sum which might be of use to a young man like me.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a view of my situation in Mr. M.'s family for more than two years past that I have resided in it. My pupil is doing no good under my care. I am not respected in the family; the servants insult me; and my farther progress in learning is stopped. I have often resolved to give up my place; but what will become of me if I do? Others will not enter into my motives; they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I shall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to struggle with poverty and misfortunes. It has occurred to me, that, if you print this letter, and Mr. M. chance to see it, it may produce some change in my situation; or, if it has no other effect, it may at least serve as a justification of my conduct in leaving his family.

I am, &c.

K. B.

The case of Mr. K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated; but I suspect his situation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed, I have been often surprised to see men of excellent sense in every other particular, and fond of their children, so inattentive to those who have the care of them. It should not, methinks, require much reflexion to convince them, that there is a good deal of respect due to those on whom so important a trust as the education of their children is devolved; it should require but little observation to satisfy them, that, unless the parents regard the tutor, it is impossible the children can; that, unless the instructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even, independent of these considerations, something is due to a young man

of education and of learning, who, though his situation may make it necessary for him to receive a salary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taste which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthiest, and as delicate as the highest born.

But, while I venture to suggest those hints to such gentlemen as may be in a situation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the perusal of Mr. B.'s letter to persons in that condition from which he has sprung. I have of late remarked with regret, in this country, a disposition in many, who, from their station and circumstances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers, to become scholars, and men of learned professions. Let such persons and their parents be assured, that, though there may be a few singular instances to the contrary, there is no pursuit which requires a competency, in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who has not enough to make him easy, and to bear the expence requisite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to rise to any eminence. The meanness of his situation will humble and depress him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or, if his should not be the case, there is much danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and perhaps passing a neglected and a miserable life. K. B. seems to have suffered much; he may still have much to suffer; had he followed his father's profession, he might have been both happy and useful.

A

No. 89. TUESDAY, *March* 14, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS lately one of a pretty numerous company of both sexes, when a lady then going to be married

was the subject of conversation, and was mentioned, by a gentleman present, as a very *accomplished woman*, to which the company in general assented. One lady remarked, she had often heard that phrase made use of, without being able precisely to understand what was meant by it; that she doubted not it was bestowed with propriety on Miss ———; but, as she was not of her acquaintance, she wished to know, whether, when one was said to be an accomplished woman, we were to understand such accomplishments as music, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding-school affords; or those higher attainments which the mind is supposed to acquire by reading and reflexion? "Reading and reflexi-" on!" repeated, with an ironical sneer, a very fine gentleman, who sat opposite to her; "I wonder how "any one can fill girls heads with such ridiculous non-"sense. I am sure I never saw a woman's learning "have any other effect than to make her conceited of "herself, and a plague to her neighbours. Were I to "enter the *shackles*, I have too much regard to my "own ease to chuse a lady of *reflexion;* and, had I "any daughters, I should probably have plague enough "with them, without their being *readers.*" Another lady, without taking the smallest notice of what the gentleman had said, observed, that she did not wonder young ladies were discouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as, whatever a girl's understanding or mental accomplishments might be, they were universally neglected, at least by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided she was handsome, preferred to theirs.—But, as this lady was rather homely, I durst not rely on her opinion.—An elderly gentleman then said, he did not see that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themselves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with subjects they could not understand—such as religion and politics. As to the first, he said, that if a woman went regularly to church, said her prayers, read her bible, and did as she was bid, he thought it all that was necessary; and as for politics, it was a subject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had a little before given a very circumstantia

(and I am sure I thought a very tiresome) account of the method of making votes for the next general election, to which the company seemed to pay very little attention; and if that was what he meant by *politics*, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not understand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies present, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myself.

A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of speaking, I suppose practised the law, and who had hitherto listened with great attention, then took upon him to be our sex's advocate, and was proceeding to show (in a very sensible manner, as I thought) the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantage that might be reaped, from a young lady's appropriating a considerable part of her time to reading, provided her studies were properly directed; when the arrival of some ceremonious visitors put an end to the conversation; and the company sat down to cards.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting, with a good deal of uneasiness, on what I had heard. For if there is really no such thing as mental accomplishments rendering a young lady more amiable, or if reading is to be of no real service to us, I have certainly employed a great part of my past life to very little purpose. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greatest amusement, but I was always told, that by that, and making proper reflexions on what I read, I should become contented with myself, and be beloved and respected by all who knew me; and by these improvements alone could hope to equal my sister, who is a great deal handsomer than I, but who could seldom be persuaded to open a book.

But the conversation above mentioned, which happened very soon after I came to town, has raised many doubts in my mind as to the real importance of my former studies. I have mentioned my uneasiness to several of my female companions, who are all (especially such as are not handsome) very much interested in it, and would be very happy to see a MIRROR on this subject, though they were much surprised at my cou-

rage in propoſing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done, had I been able to find any other way to communicate my diſtreſs.

If you think this letter worthy your attention, I intreat you to give us, as ſoon as poſſible, your opinion as to what ſort of accompliſhments a young lady ought to be moſt anxious to acquire, and whether there is not ſome real advantage to be derived from reading; for I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right; though I am ſorry I have never ſeen him ſince, to hear what he had further to ſay on the ſubject.

But if, on the contrary, you convince me, that I either cannot, or need not, aim at any mental accompliſhments, I ſhall lay by my book, and proceed to finiſh ſome ornamental pieces of work, which have hitherto advanced very ſlowly, as I was always more ſolicitous to improve my mind, than to adorn my perſon.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader and admirer,

EMILIA.

It were hard, indeed, if the word *accompliſhment*, when applied to a woman, excluded the idea of ſuch mental embelliſhments as *Emilia* ſeems particularly to have ſtudied. In the Author of the MIRROR, ſhe has choſen a partial umpire; for he will fairly own, that he addreſſes many of his papers chiefly to the ladies, and feels a high degree of pleaſure when he is told that any one of them has been lucky enough to intereſt or to pleaſe the fair part of his Readers. Such a paper he ſets down as one *à bonnes fortunes*, and grows vain upon it accordingly.

It muſt, however, be confeſſed, on the other hand, that the leſſer order of *accompliſhments*, mentioned by *Emilia*, are very neceſſary attendants on that higher ſort, which *reading* and *reflexion* confer. They are neceſſary even to the men; for without them learning grows pedantry, and wit becomes rudeneſs. But, in *women*, a certain ſoftneſs of addreſs and grace of man-

ner are so indispensable, that no talents or acquirements can possiby please without them. To give that softness, to confer that grace, reading and reflexion will not suffice alone; to impart them in the highest degree, no other accomplishments will suffice, without reading and reflexion. Emilia's harpsichord will settle the matter. Let us take *treble* for the first sort of accomplishments, and *bass* for the latter; strike with the right hand—'tis music, but without strength; with the left —'tis harsh, and wants softness; touch it with both hands and the instrument is quite as it should be.

It is not from the possession of knowledge, but from the display of it, that a woman ceases to be feminine. To lecture with authority, to argue with violence, to dispute with obstinacy, are qualifications purely masculine. It were too much to say that to be in the right, is a male quality; but to feel one's self in the right, or rather to show that feeling, is not delicately female. The musical department will furnish us with another illustration. *Emilia* has heard of that sort of singing below the full powers of the performer's voice, which the Italians call singing *sotto-voce;* now, let a woman's understanding be ever so strong, let her mind be ever so accomplished, it should always be delivered *sotto-voce.*

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

I AM just going to commence business as a *Milliner*, and am resolved to bestow more than common pains in furnishing out as elegant a shop-list as possible; being of opinion, that much of the employment a shopkeeper gets, is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancied sign, advertisement, or shop-bill. In executing this intention, I have met with several difficulties; and therefore am induced to trouble you for a solution of them. A friend of mine, whom I consulted (because, as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wise and learned man), advised me to look into a book called

Johnſon's Dictionary, which he ſaid would ſpell, explain, and deſcribe to me, any thing I was at a loſs about. Accordingly, after ſome difficulty, I procured a ſight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookſeller. But as this ſame Johnſon explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loſs as ever; becauſe I am totally ignorant what language it is, and, therefore, cannot judge, whether what he ſays be ſuch a deſcription of my commodities as will bring me cuſtomers. Upon my looking, for inſtance, at his explanation of *net-work*, I find it to be, "any thing reticulated or decuſſated with interſtices "betwixt the interſections." Now, Mr. MIRROR, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can eaſily do it, when you have obtained ſuch a character in town for wiſdom and learning. If it ſhould be French, be ſo good as tranſlate it to me; and, if it proves to be ſuch a deſcription as I think ſuits the net-work I have on hand, I ſhall moſt gladly inſert it in my bill. But if it ſhould turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch, or any other Heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no perſon then would come near my ſhop. I am adviſed by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertiſements as poſſible; and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation, a *Perruquier*, as he calls himſelf, who has told me that he believed he owed almoſt all his buſineſs (and a great deal he had) to an advertiſement in the newſpapers interlarded with French words. It began thus for I copied it letter for letter: "*Perruques au dernier* "*gout*, made to fit the head, *avec une air bien degagé* "to be had," &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there was ſcarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig that could reſiſt his advertiſement.

I ſhould beg pardon for the freedom I am uſing, in thus taking up your time about a matter which muſt appear ſo trifling to you; but if you are a benevolent man (and ſuch I have heard you are), it will readily occur to you, that, though my requeſt appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great conſequence to me. This conſideration has emboldened

ed me to apply to you; and, if you take the trouble to give me your assistance on this occasion, I promise you to take in your MIRROR to my shop for the amusement of my customers; though, upon second thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my business. A mirror is as necessary to a milliner's shop, as the goods that are in it; but then it must be a mirror for the body. Now yours is one for the mind; and my best customers, in all probability, will consist of a set of ladies who seldom or never look into their minds at all: for those ladies, Mr. MIRROR, who decorate their persons in the highest extravagance of the fashion, and who, of consequence, are the best customers to the milliners, are generally such, I am told, as have their minds worst dressed and least ornamented. Besides, the ladies generally find something in the bodily mirror which pleases them; but your mental looking-glass is one of such just reflexion, that, if my ladies should view themselves in it, I am afraid they would be so dissatisfied and displeased with seeing their minds so unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a sixpence in ornaments for their persons.

I must, therefore, before I venture upon this step, consider further of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have a good mind, Sir, to consult yourself upon it. I think so highly of you, that I scruple not to abide by your determination. Be so good, therefore, as to tell me in your answer, whether you think I ought to venture to take in your MIRROR to lie on my counter. I am,

SIR,

Your very humble servant,

LETITIA LAPPET.

No. 90. SATURDAY, *March* 18, 1780.

Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui. Quocirca et absentes absunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, quod difficilius dictu est, mortui vivunt; tantus eos honos, memoria, desiderium prosequitur amicorum. Ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, horum vita laudabilis. CICERO.

"LIFE," says Sir *William Temple*, "is like wine; who would drink it pure, must not "draw it to the dregs." Such, I confess, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly estimated as one of its chief blessings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well spent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be ashamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his existence, is one of the most venerable and respectable of all objects. The idea that he is soon to quit the busy scenes of life, throws a tenderness around him, similar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, something wonderfully unpleasant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the necessary consequence of extreme old age. To those around them, particularly to those with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility which almost always attends persons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the most affecting spectacles that can well be conceived. It is a situation truly interesting; and while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakness of age, it disposes us, by every attention, by every mark of observance, to smooth the steps of the aged, and to remove, as much as possible, those clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It must, at the same time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age, in the full possession of their faculties, and, what is still more, with

all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the case, I cannot, for my part, consider long life as an object much to be desired.

There is one circumstance, which with me is alone sufficient to decide the question. If there be any thing that can compensate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberless calamities to which mankind are subject, it is the pleasure arising from the society of those we love and esteem. Friendship is the cordial of life. Without it, who would wish to exist an hour? But every one who arrives at extreme old age, must make his account with surviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He must see them fall from him by degrees, while he is left alone, single and unsupported, like a leafless trunk, exposed to every storm, and shrinking from every blast.

I have been led to these reflexions by a loss I lately sustained in the sudden and unlooked for death of a friend, to whom, from my earliest youth, I had been attached by every tie of the most tender affection. Such was the confidence that subsisted between us, that, in his bosom, I was wont to repose every thought of my mind, and every weakness of my heart. In framing him, nature seemed to have thrown together a variety of opposite qualities, which, happily tempering each other, formed one of the most engaging characters I have ever known. An elevation of mind, a manly firmness, a *Castilian* sense of honour, accompanied with a bewitching sweetness, proceeding from the most delicate attention to the situation and the feelings of others. In his manners simple and unassuming; in the company of strangers modest to a degree of bashfulness; yet possessing a fund of knowledge, and an extent of ability, which might have adorned the most exalted station. But it was in the social circle of his friends that he appeared to the highest advantage; there the native benignity of his soul diffused, as it were, a kindly influence on all around him, while his conversation never failed at once to amuse and to instruct.

Not many months ago I paid him a visit at his seat

in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embellishing a place, of which I have often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He showed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out those he meant to make. He told me all his schemes and all his projects. And, while I live, I must ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleasure I then enjoyed in his society.

The day I meant to set out on my return, he was seized with a slight indisposition, which he seemed to think somewhat serious; and, indeed, if he had a weakness, it consisted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health. I remained with him till he thought himself almost perfectly recovered; and, in order to avoid the unpleasant ceremony of taking leave, I resolved to steal away early in the morning, before any of the family should be astir. About daybreak I got up, and let myself out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friend's, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he stopped, and looked up wishfully in my face; and, though I do not well know how to account for it, I felt, at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderness, joined with a melancholy so pleasing, that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on (for I had ordered my horses to wait me at the first stage) till I reached the summit of a hill, which I knew commanded the last view I should have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delightful scene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and, while I contemplated his many virtues and numberless amiable qualities, a suggestion arose, if he should be cut off, what an irreparable loss it would be to his family, to his friends, and to society. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy foreboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his constitution, and the fair prospect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impression still recurred, and it was some considerable time before I had strength of mind sufficient to conquer it.

I had not been long at home, when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent distemper; and in a few days after, I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow, for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief consolation I find, is in the society of a few chosen friends. Should they also be torn from me, the world would be to me as a desert; and, though I should still endeavour to discharge my duty in that station which providence has assigned me in life, I should never cease to look forward, not without impatience, to those peaceful mansions where the weary are at rest, and where only we can hope to meet again with those from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of death.

R

No. 91. TUESDAY, *March* 21, 1780.

Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârint,
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos. HOR.

IN estimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account, not only the merit or blame of their actions, abstractedly considered, but also that portion of either which those actions derive from the situation of the persons performing them. Besides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumstances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, increases not only the pleasure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moralists have always complained, is apt to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure: but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one as well as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppression of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness of their demeanour, and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved, to spread around them the chillness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the case; there is scarce any one who cannot recollect instances of persons who seem to have exchanged all the pleasures of society, all intercourse of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of state and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform such persons, they are frequently mistaken. It must be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere greatness can have the effects they are apt to ascribe to it. They cannot blast with a frown, or elevate with a smile, from rank or station alone, without some other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and station, as an acquaintance of mine, somewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, observed to me of dress: "Every man," said he, looking at himself in a mirror, "every man can put on a fine coat; but it is "not every man who can wear one."

It is by no means so easy to do the honours of a high station, as many who attain high stations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himself is a feeling common to all; to settle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourselves, requires no inconsidera-

ble degree of diſcernment; and the jealouſy of inferior ſtations in this matter, will criticiſe with the utmoſt nicety the determinations of their ſuperiors. In proportion as the great claim reſpect or adulation, the ſpirit of thoſe beneath them will commonly refuſe it. We ſee daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with ſlights where they demand reſpect, and are refuſed even the attention to which they are intitled, becauſe they would impoſe attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtineſs of demeanour that people ſhow themſelves moſt haughty. There is a claim of ſuperiority, amidſt the condeſcenſion of ſome men, infinitely more diſguſting than the diſtant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of ſuch people play, "holding the lower "end of familiarity." *Orgilius* keeps a *pack* of theſe end-holders conſtantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jeſts, follow the ſcent of every obſervation he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the maſter of many a pack, he is deſpiſed by all his neighbours who have underſtanding, and hated by all thoſe who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a *patron*; the power of patroniſing is but one ingredient in its compoſition. A patron muſt be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he muſt be ſo deſerving of praiſe as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is juſt, by reſiſting adulation. He muſt have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleneſs which may not overpower the moſt timid, or overawe the meaneſt. If he patroniſes the arts, he muſt know and feel them; yet he muſt ſpeak to the learned as a learner, and often ſubmit the correctneſs of his taſte to the errors of genius. With ſo many qualifications requiſite for a patron, it is not wonderful that ſo few ſhould ariſe; or that the bunglers whom we ſee attempt the part, ſhould ſo frequently

make enemies by offices of friendſhip, and purchaſe a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a ſort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be ſomewhat out of place here. It is conſidered as of little importance, though, I am apt to believe, its conſequences are ſometimes of a very ſerious nature. In ſome great houſes, *My Lady*, as well as my Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate thoſe manners which her rank and faſhion are ſuppoſed to ſanctify. Let the humanity of ſuch a patroneſs lead her to beware, leſt her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the reliſh of ſober enjoyments; if the eaſe of faſhionable behaviour ſeduce them from the ſimplicity of purer manners; they will have dearly purchaſed the friendſhip which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let ſuch noble perſons conſider, that, to the young ladies they are pleaſed to call their friends, thoſe ſober pleaſures, thoſe untainted manners, are to be the ſupport of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happineſs of a future life. It were cruel, indeed, if by any infringment of thoſe manners, any contempt for thoſe pleaſures (too eaſily copied by their inferiors), they ſhould render the little tranſient diſtinctions which beſtow in kindneſs, a ſource of laſting miſery to thoſe who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above obſervations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country like ours, conferring, in a great meaſure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, ſome particular errors, into which the poſſeſſors of ſuddenly acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat the ends at which they aim, that diſguſt where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wiſh to excite admiration. When *Lucullus*, at a dinner to which he has invited half a dozen of his old acquaintance, ſhows his ſideboard loaded with plate, and brings in ſeven or eight laced ſervants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given, but ſold. I am expected to pay my reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration,

" ſent, which it is difficult to claſs, either among the " witty or the fooliſh, the clever or the dull, the wiſe " or the mad, who, of all others, have the greateſt " propenſity to *Figure-making*. Nature ſeems to have " made them up in haſte, and to have put the different " ingredients, above referred to, into their compoſiti- " on at random. They are more common in ſuch a " place as this, than in a more extenſive ſphere; like " ſome vermin, that breed in ponds and rivulets, which " a larger ſtream or lake would deſtroy. Our circle is " juſt large enough to give their talents room, and " ſmall enough to be affected by their exertion. Here, " therefore, there is never wanting a junto of them of " both ſexes, who are liked or hated, admired or deſ- " piſed, who make people laugh, or ſet them aſleep, " according to the faſhion of the time, or the humour " of their audience, but who have always the ſatisfac- " tion of talking themſelves, and of being talked of " by others. With us, indeed, a very moderate degree " of genius is ſufficient for this purpoſe; in ſmall ſo- " cieties, folks are ſet agape by ſmall circumſtances. " I have known a lady here contrive to make a figure " for half the winter, on the ſtrength of a plume of " feathers, or the trimming of a petticoat; and a gen- " tleman make ſhift to be thought a fine fellow, only " by outdoing every body elſe in the thickneſs of his " *queue*, or the height of his foretop.

" But people will not only make themſelves fools; " I have known inſtances of their becoming knaves, " or, at leaſt, boaſting of their being ſo, from this " deſire of *Figure-making*. You ſhall hear a fellow, " who has once got the character of being a ſharp " man, tell things of himſelf, for which, if they had " been true, he deſerved to be hanged, merely becauſe " his line of *Figure-making* lies in trick and chicane; " hence too, proceed all thoſe hiſtories of their own " profligacy and vice, which ſome young men of ſpi- " rit are perpetually relating, who are willing to '*re-* " *cord themſelves villains*,' rather than not be recorded " at all.

" In the arts, as well as in the characters of men, " this ſame propenſity is productive of ſtrange diſor-

" ders. Hence proceed the bombaſt of poetry, the " tumour of proſe, the gariſh light of ſome paintings, " the unnatural *chiaro ſcuro* of others; hence, in mu- " ſic, the abſurd mixture of diſcordant movements and " the ſqueak of high-ſtrained cadences; in ſhort, all " thoſe ſins againſt nature and ſimplicity, which art- " iſts of inferior merit are glad to practiſe, in order " to extort the notice of the Public, and to make a " figure by ſurpriſe and ſingularity."

The accidental interruption of a new viſitor now ſtopped the current of my friend's diſcourſe; he had, indeed, begun to tire moſt of the company, who were not all diſpoſed to liſten quite ſo long as he ſeemed inclined to ſpeak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty ſtrongly to himſelf, and that, though he might ſuppoſe he was lecturing from the deſire of reformation, he was, in reality, harranguing in the ſpirit of *Figure-making*.

I

No. 93. TUESDAY, *March* 28, 1780.

Parva leves capiunt animos. OVID.

THAT life conſiſts, in a great meaſure, of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon ſagacity or attention to diſcover. Notwithſtanding the importance we are apt to aſcribe to the employments and the time, even of the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious, were we to trace ſuch perſons to the end of their labours and the cloſe of their purſuits, we ſhould frequently diſcover, that trifles were the ſolace of the one, and the purpoſe of the other. Public buſineſs and political arrangement are often only the conſtrained employments to which accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are deſtined, perhaps, to light amuſements and to careleſs mirth.

It is not, then, ſurpriſing, that trifles ſhould form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the

Public has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of thoſe trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumſtances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate ſentiment, will ſtoop with a certain conſciouſneſs of its deſcent, that will not allow it to wanton into abſurdity, or ſink into groſſneſs. There is, in ſhort, a difference, which ſenſe and feeling will not eaſily forget, between the little and the mean, the ſimple and the rude, the playful and the fooliſh.

But the ſureſt mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidſt the enjoyment of trifles, a buſtle of ſerious buſineſs amidſt the moſt inſignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true burleſque in character as well as in ſtyle; yet ſuch characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired ſome eſtimation in the world. In this particular, the world is eaſily deceived; dulneſs may often ape ſolemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by miſts, and made awful by darkneſs.

Of a character of this ſort I received, ſome time ago, the following ſketch from a young lady, who ſometimes honours me with her Correſpondence, whoſe vivacity can give intereſt to trifles, and entertainment to abſurdity.

Dear SIR,

YOU made me promiſe, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at preſent, merely as country, preſents no landſcape, but one undiſtinguiſhed tract of ſnow; vegetation is locked up in froſt, and we are locked up within doors, but ſomething might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpoſe.—Mine hoſt, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad ſubject: ſuppoſe I make him ſit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the ſenſible intelligent man we were told he was.—So much the better, I like oddities—even now and then in town; ſtill better in

the country; but in froſt and ſnow, and all the dreary confinement of winter,—Oh! your *battledore* and *ſhuttlecock* are a joke to them.

You remember a long while ago (ſo long, that I have forgot every part of the book but the name) we read *Nature Diſplayed* together. You then told me of a certain Mr. *Leeuwenhoek*, I think you called him, whoſe microſcope ſhowed the circulation of frog's blood, the ſcales of the ſcales of fiſhes, the briſtles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr. G. R. has always ſuch a glaſs as *Leeuwenhoek*'s in his noddle; every little thing is ſo great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of ſuch importance!—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few ſketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whoſe government I live.

I diſcovered, on my firſt entry into his houſe, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its reſpective uſe. The gentlemen were to put their hats and ſticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family-apothecary get a ſevere rebuke for violating the chaſtity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto eſcaped much cenſure on this ſcore: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R.'s youngeſt ſiſter, a grave, conſiderate, orderly young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got in favour with thoſe grave ladies—God knows, I little deſerve it.—Miſs Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with ſome apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh as is my way; Mr. R. calls me rattleſkull; ſays, he ſhall bring me into order by and bye, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earlieſt days, he was remarkable, Mr. R. made himſelf commodious to ſome perſons of conſiderable influence, and procured many advantages, to which neither from birth nor fortune he was any wiſe entitled. He traveled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and diſtinguiſhed abilities, by whoſe means he procur-

ed an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and when he returned from abroad, was often in the society of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze searce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: amidst great men and great things, it took in only the dust that fell from them.

He was reading in the news-papers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honourable Miss W—— to Sir H. S.——. "Ah!" said he, "to think how "time passes! I remember her grandfather Lord "W—— well! a great man, a very great man. We "met at *Naples*, and afterwards went to *Parma* toge- "ther. I gave him the genuine receipt for the *Par- "mesan cheese*, which I went purposely to procure, "while he was examining some statues and ancient "manuscripts. We were ever afterwards on the most "friendly footing imaginable. I was with him a few "mornings before the marriage of Lord C. W——, "this very miss W——'s father. I remember it well; "—it was at breakfast;—I often breakfasted with "him before he went to the house;—he always eat "*butter'd muffins*; but when I was there, he used to "order *dry toast*; I always eat *dry toast*.—The bride "was with us; I was intimately acquainted with her "too; she let me into the whole secret of the court- "ship. Her father's principal inducement to the "match,—it was a long affair,—the B—— estate "was to be settled on the young folks at the marriage; "no, not all—part of the B—— estate, with the "manor in Lincolnshire.—But, as I was saying, we "were at breakfast at Lord W——'s. His son and the "bride were by; Lord C. had velvet breeches, and "gold clocks to his stockings; the question was, whe- "ther this was proper? I put it to the bride; I made "her blush I warrant you;—she was a fine woman, a "prodigious fine woman; she always used my wash- "ball: I wrote out the receipt for her; it was given "me at *Vienna* by Count O——; a very great man "Count O——, and knew more of the affairs of the "empire than any man in Germany.—From him I "first learned with certainty, that the Duchess of *Lor-*

" *raine*'s two fore-teeth were falſe ones. I remember " he had an old grey monkey.—Siſter Mary, you have " heard me tell the ſtory of Count O——'s monkey." —But here it pleaſed Heaven that *William* called his maſter out of the room, and ſaved us from the Count and his old grey monkey.

This ſuperficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with ſome of the vocables of ſtate-buſineſs, has given him a conſequential ſort of phraſeology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the moſt trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaiſe for his eldeſt ſiſter, himſelf, and me, the white pad for *Sophy*, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it, " *regulating the order of the proceſſion.*" When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the ſtore-room (for he does both in perſon), he tells us, he has been " *granting the ſupplies ;*" the acceptance, or offer of a viſit, he lays before " *a committee of the whole houſe ;*" and for the killing of the fat ox this Chriſtmas, he called the gentlemen three ſucceſſive mornings to " *a grand council of war.*"

It were well if all this were only matter of amuſement ; but ſome of us find it a ſource of very ſerious diſtreſs. Your managing men are commonly plagues ; but Mr. R. manages ſo much to a hair's-breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yeſterday we had the honour of a ceremonious viſit from ſome great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their *mince-pies* in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of ſervants, and trampling upon the ſtairs all morning, Mr. R. came down to the drawing room at a quarter before three, with all his uſual *fiddle-faddlation*, but, as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round ſet ſhoe-buckles. The ſervants had their liveries new white-ball'd, and the beſt china was ſet out, with the large ſilver ſalvers, and the emboſſed porter-cups on the ſide-board. The covers were ſtripped from the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid, like a patch, on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which

was all shining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roasted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and stupidity; supper was equally regular and sleepy; in short, every thing seemed quite as it should be: yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R. and his sister scarce spoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfast, of female carelessness and inattention. *Miss Sophia* explained it to me when we were left alone. "Oh! do you know," said she, "a sad affair happened last night: my bro-"ther and sister had such a *tiff!* You must under-"stand, before the company arrived yesterday, he had, "as usual, adjusted the ceremonial of their different "apartments; but he discovered, on attending them "to their rooms at night, that my sister had put the "gilt china bottle and bason into the *callico* bed-cham-"ber, and the ordinary blue and white into the *pink* "*damask*."—It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his sisters, and see all the odds and ends about me—But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for something, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a *pin-shop*, in sticking the rows in a *pin-paper*.

I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You used to say I was the best of your philosophers, your *Democritus* in petticoats. If I have an inch of philosophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I assure you; you are welcome to it, however, such as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the *great views* of Nature and Life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of *insects*.

V Yours most truly, C. F.

No. 94. SATURDAY *April* 1, 1780.

AMONG the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author, is that of writing letters in praise of himself, which he is, now and then, obliged

to insert on account of their merit, however offensive they may be to his modesty. This sort of correspondence, which I suppose is a very pleasant one, I have not ventured to indulge in. The correspondents whom I have personated, always talk of themselves instead of the MIRROR; and, on the other hand, several of the papers I have received, are written in the person of the author, a character in which it were improper to praise him, and which, when *assumed*, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this last sort is the first of two communications to which I devote the paper of to-day; the second, containing one of the very few compliments which the MIRROR has exhibited of itself, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very situation, the feelings of which he so naturally describes.

IN my first paper I took occasion to mention a few particulars of my situation and character, and my object in this publication. My design has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amusement; and by laying before my readers those characters I was acquainted with, and which presented themselves before me, I had some hopes, though I should not reclaim the completely vicious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconsiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, some of those errors and imperfections from which, perhaps, the finest minds are in the greatest danger of suffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amusement I will not take upon me to say; but I am sorry to find that many of the characters which I have presented to the public, with a view to point out men's errors and defects, have been considered as proper objects of imitation, and that some of my readers have so far mistaken the purpose I had in presenting such characters, as to be flattered by thinking that themselves bear some resemblance to them.

When I made my readers acquainted with my friend

Mr. *Fleetwood*, I never meant to recommend that exceſſive delicacy and falſe refinement which often prevents him from being happy; on the contrary, my intention was to point out the danger of that exceſſive refinement, and to guard ſuch of my readers as ſhould be diſpoſed to indulge in it, againſt its fatal conſequences; and yet I know a gentleman who is ſo deſirous of being thought poſſeſſed of delicacy and refinement, that, the other day, I ſaw him very much pleaſed when one of his friends told him he was a very *Fleetwood*. Luckily for him, I know him to be poſſeſſed of Fleetwood's good qualities, without his imperfections. I cannot ſay ſo much for his acquaintance C. D. he is a peeviſh diſcontented creature, quick in his temper, jealous of his friends, and diſſatisfied with every thing about him. He has of late taken it into his head to be *a man of taſte*, though he has not the leaſt pretenſions to the character; and while he indulges his own peeviſhneſs and chagrin, he flatters himſelf with the thought that he is a Fleetwood, and apologiſes for his bad temper, by calling it the effect of his delicacy and refinement of mind. Though I confeſs my partiality for Fleetwood's good qualities, yet, had I not known C. D. I could hardly have thought that any one would have been vain of his imperfections, who was not poſſeſſed of any of his merits.

When I introduced Mr. *Umphraville* to my readers, I never meant to recommend that ſeclusion from the world, and that abſtraction from the duties of life, which, with all the dignity of mind he is poſſeſſed of, have given occaſion to his little oddities, and diſqualified him for every active purpoſe; and yet *Tom Meadows*, who gave up the profeſſion of the law, becauſe he was too idle to attend to it, and who has lately ſold his commiſſion in the army, becauſe he would not undergo the fatigues of a foreign campaign, has thought proper to juſtify his conduct by appealing to Mr. Umphraville's example; and pretends to ſay, that he, forſooth, has too much pride of mind, to occupy himſelf in applying the rules of law to the unintereſting diſputes of individuals, or to be engaged in aſſiſting at a review, or lining the ſtreets at a proceſſion.

H. B.'s letter, in my 51st Number, describes the dangerous effects of giving too much culture, and too many accomplishments, and of softening too much the mind of a young girl, who has to struggle with the difficulties of life, and is not placed in such a situation as makes her independent of the world. It represents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate distress which these circumstances had occasioned. I have lately, however, received a letter from a Correspondent, who, from her language and expressions, seems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She says, she has lately spent much of her time in studying the *Belles Lettres*; that, of all things, she would wish to be learned and accomplished;—that she regrets that her father did not educate her better;—that of all the persons she ever read of, she would wish to be like my Correspondent H. B.;—that she envies her affliction, for that "*affliction makes part of her dream of happiness.*"

The letter published in my 78th Number, gives an excellent description of the bad effects of that too great easiness of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour *Will. Littlebit*, whose heart is so contracted as not to be susceptible of the sentiment of friendship, and who, far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a guest within his house, says, that the 78th is the only good paper he has seen in the MIRROR, and that the last paragraph in particular should be printed in letters of gold, to serve as a lesson of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to instruct or reform.—There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with some vice; there is no imperfection which does not bear a near resemblance to some excellency.—And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite passions and inclinations, instead of distinguishing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues; instead of separating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together and hug themselves in the belief of holding only what is valuable.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *London, March* 13, 1780.

I AM, though at this distance, one of your constant readers, and mark with pleasure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive also, that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature herself.

You must know I am a native of *Edinburgh*, where I passed my youth, and received my education; but have been long settled in this place. Some years ago I was impelled by a very natural desire to revisit my native country, and I now sit down to communicate to you the sensations I felt upon that occasion.

On my arrival in *Edinburgh*, I will own that what first struck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and those so altered in their appearance, so much the shadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many serious reflexions. Hardly a single house did I find inhabited by the same persons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In short, I found myself, in almost every sense of the word, an utter stranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long absence displeased me. The corn-fields on the south side of the town were quite covered with substantial houses; *Barefoot's Parks*, where I have had many a retired and pleasant walk, converted into a splendid city; and, in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the scenes of some of my youthful amusements, now rebuilt with equal solidity and elegance.

Nor were these my only grievances. The removal of the *Cross*, of the *Netherbow-port*, and of many other incumbrances; in short, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place since my departure, more or less displeased me. You will more easily account than I can, how it comes to pass that the human mind should be so much set against all innovations of what nature soever. This may, perhaps, insensibly arise from the picture they exhibit of the mu-

tability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourselves are composed of the same changeable materials, and must soon quit the scene.

I will acknowledge, however, that I had the satisfaction to find many places that did not hurt me by any alteration or improvement. Your *wynds* and *closes* were nearly in the state I had left them; and where, in some parts of the streets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the sides of them take care that there shall be no innovation in point of cleanliness. Your *Theatre* and *Concert-Hall* are new buildings; but your *Assembly-Room*, where people of the highest fashion resort, is just as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the *poor*, I shall forbear any further remarks on it—"*charity covereth a multitude of* "*sins.*"

The *High School* *, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be much diminished in their extent. The *College*, too, remained the same plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and seemed to me, after having seen the splendid palaces of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as in religion, *Sister Peg* confines herself to substance, without much regard to ornament; yet, methinks, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country that, amidst all its improvements, this university, so much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its Professors, and the success with which every branch of science is there cultivated, should present to the eye of a stranger a set of buildings so inconvenient as well as mean. The present period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expensive public designs; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taste in the kingdom, think of the *College*, as soon as the pressure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguished, I shall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this necessary work is determined upon.

* This school, I understand, has been since rebuilt.

I will not tire you with my various obſervations during ſeveral excurſions I made into different parts of the country; becauſe ſome of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the ſpirit of induſtry, ſo conſpicuous in the various manufactures ſet on foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to many pleaſing ſenſations which are not eaſily deſcribed. Yet I was not much better pleaſed with ſome of the fine buildings of the country than with thoſe of the town. In many places I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient caſtles, diſplaced by modern ſhowy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my mind; for I was informed that their fathers uſed to reſide at the manſions in their former ſtate nine months in the year; but that the preſent poſſeſſors of thoſe elegant houſes are ſcarcely ſeen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I paſſed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houſes; which, however they might have been perverted from the original purpoſes of their erection, I could not help conſidering as ſplendid monuments of the piety of our anceſtors. Some of them I ſaw that had ſtill more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played when a boy, under arches, which time had ſince mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whoſe voices was ſtill freſh in my memory, though they, alas! as well as thoſe arches, were now crumbled into duſt!

Were I to go on, I find I ſhould be in danger of growing too ſerious. Recalling to remembrance days long paſt, and the juvenile ſociety of thoſe who are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and, while it ſpeaks loudly the truth of St. *Paul*'s obſervation, that "*the faſhion of this world paſſeth away*," imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might here be out of place, though it is neither unpleaſing nor unſuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accuſtomed to conſider himſelf as an immortal part of the creation.

I am, &c.

No. 95. Tuesday, *April* 4, 1780.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

AS you have, by several of your publications, given proof that you do not think the occurrences of domestic life unworthy your attention, I shall without further preface, address you on a subject full as deserving of it as any yet offered to your consideration. It is now above four years since I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and what was more material, of a disposition and turn of mind every way suitable to mine. His estate lies at a considerable distance from the capital; but as it is situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taste for reading, and Mr. B. is not averse to rural employments, we spent our time as happily as possible, till about half a year ago, that my ill stars directed me to renew my acquaintance with a young lady, who had been my companion at school, and who now came on a visit to a relation who lived at no great distance from our house.

Before I proceed in my story, I must beg a candid consideration of it. From the introduction to the disagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of those self-tormentors justly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the *Jealous Wife*. No such thing, Mr. Mirror; my husband's attention to other women never gave me the slightest uneasiness. Convinced of his attachment, satisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected him to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or insensible of the merit of an agreeable one; nor had I the mistaken policy of many wives of never suffering a tolerable female to enter my doors or of courting the intimacy of some tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the comparison. No, Sir, I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to please Mr. B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the least reproach myself with giving cause for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it.

But to return to my ſtory. I was much pleaſed at ſeeing my old ſchool-fellow: we had been parted many years, and I found the wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She ſtill, however, retained a good deal of the heedleſs manner that marked her childiſh days; and, though ſhe has an excellent underſtanding, ſhe never ſeemed to make uſe of it in the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expreſſed herſelf much pleaſed at finding me ſo happily ſettled: Mr. B. appeared to her a moſt amiable man, and my children (particularly my little *Beſs*) ſhe ſaid were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared me to her very much; though, indeed, Mr. MIRROR, no one can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured playful ways made the little creatures doat on her. At my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houſes for their entertainment. Mr. B. has obſerved to me, on thoſe occaſions, how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who ſpent her life in the uſual round of folly and diſſipation, to preſerve ſuch natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his obſervations with ſaying, that he believed ſhe would make a moſt excellent wife. I, for a long time, agreed with him in opinion, and uſed to tell her before his face, the fine things Mr. B. ſaid of her. She received them in a rattling good humoured way, inſiſting that her conduct in the married ſtate would depend on her huſband's: for ſhe declared that ſhe did not find in herſelf that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own ſake, and ſhe believed ſhe would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such converſation generally produced an argument between her and Mr. B. which, as it was carried on with ſpirit and temper, had no other effect than making them ſtill more pleaſed with one another. If ſhe found the argument growing ſerious, ſhe would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, deſire them to kiſs him into good humour, which never failed having the effect; or, if ſhe ſaid a flippant thing to him, with which he ſeemed half offended, ſhe uſed to take his hand, and ſmile ſo ſweetly in his face, it was im-

poſſible for him to continue diſpleaſed with her; and generally a kiſs, and a game at billiards, ſealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to reliſh her behaviour; yet it ſeemed ſo unpremeditated, and ſo perfectly correſponding with her general character, that I did not know how to make her ſenſible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgment of the matter. I had, for ſome time, lived ſo much out of the gay world, that I did not know but *Maria*'s very great freedom of manner might be the faſhionable behaviour of the people ſhe had been accuſtomed to ſee: if ſo, how was ſhe to blame? or why ſhould I be uneaſy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, ſurely incapable of ſo baſe an action as endeavouring to alienate my huſband's affections from me? By ſuch reaſonings I ſtrove to quell the firſt emotions (jealous, if you will have them ſo) that roſe in my breaſt. But, alas, Mr. MIRROR, to what purpoſe! I have every hour freſh cauſe of uneaſineſs. About a week ago I went ſuddenly into the parlour, and found *Maria* ſitting on Mr. B.'s knee, her head leaning on his ſhoulder: he looked a little out of countenance; but ſhe was not in the leaſt diſtreſſed at my appearance, but aſked me, with her uſual good-humour, what made me look ſo grave? then, ſlapping Mr. B. gently on the cheek, ſaid, "It is your fault, "you harſh thing you! when I knew her formerly, "ſhe uſed to be all life and ſpirits." He anſwered (coldly I thought), that it was his wiſh ever to ſee me in ſpirits, and that he was ſorry he was not ſo happy as to hit on a method to make me ſo. I turned my head aſide, to hide the ſtarting tear. *Maria*, as if gueſſing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, ſaid, in a loud whiſper, "My dear Mrs. B. how can you indulge ſuch "weakneſs?" Mr. B. ſnatched up his hat, and left the room; I heard the word "childiſh," as he ſhut the door. I remember the time when he could not bear the leaſt cloud on my looks, without tenderly inquiring the cauſe; but now he ſeems often to forget that I am preſent, while *Maria* engroſſes his whole attention. I have been for ſome days deprived of his company, and have ſpent the time in reflecting ſeriouſly on my ſituation. The more I conſider it, the more it appears

to me of a particular and distressing nature. I have at last determined to request your opinion of it, and through the channel of your paper, to give *Maria* a hint, that to keep clear of the grossness of vice, is not sufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts, and interests the feelings of a married man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a less criminal companion, than the avowed wanton, who excites a short-lived passion, soon extinguished by remorse, and if I may be allowed the expression, fully compensated for by the returning tenderness of the repenting husband. I am, &c.

E. B.

To the Author of the Mirror.

Mr. Mirror,

I Married, for love, a most charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thousand a-year estate, and enjoy a most perfect state of health; yet a very slight and contemptible cause was near destroying all those fair prospects of happiness, by interrupting the harmony of a union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual esteem. In your observations on the female world, you have suffered to escape your notice a dangerous and most destructive race, whose hearts, hardened by vanity, are equally impenetrable to the shafts of love, and insensible of the charms of friendship; yet the business of their lives is to excite passions they never mean to gratify, and sentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs. B. unfortunately for us both, some months ago renewed an intimacy, formed in her childish days, with one of those females. To *Maria*, I was introduced as the husband of her friend; as such I was received by her, without reserve, and soon treated with the most flattering distinction. *Maria* possesses all those powers of allurement which men for ever condemn, and can never withstand: she can assume every shape that is fitted to captivate the

ſenſes, or delight the imagination, and can vary her appearance at pleaſure. So conſummate is her art, that one could not, for an inſtant, ſuſpect her of any deſign in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I ſhould not anſwer for my reſolution were ſhe to enter the room, and ſmilingly take my hand, as was her frequent cuſtom, with ſuch a mixture of ſweetneſs and tenderneſs in her looks!—I almoſt fear I ſhould be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the cleareſt proofs of her diſſembling arts, and ſtand before her ſelf-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undeſigning ſimplicity.

Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own houſe immediately upon the diſcovery I made of the fair hypocrite's real diſpoſition. I mean to ſend for my dear Mrs. B. and with her pay a viſit to the capital, and there uſe all my efforts to make her amends for any uneaſineſs my fooliſh infatuation may have given her; but firſt I wiſhed to make this public acknowledgment of it; and, as *Maria* deſerves no mercy, I ſhall ſhow her none, except concealing her family-name.

For five months, Mr. MIRROR, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thouſand different ways to charm me. Was I in ſpirits, ſhe was all life and good humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all ſenſe and ſerioufneſs. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleaſing melancholy, the ſympathetic tear ſtood ready in her eye. A few days ſince, upon my reading to her the ſtory of *La Roche*, ſo beautifully told in your papers, ſhe wept leaning upon my ſhoulder; and I own to you, Mr. MIRROR, as her tears fell upon the fineſt boſom Nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly preſſed my arm, I thought I had never beheld ſo intereſting an object. Mrs. B. came ſuddenly into the room; her grave cold manner was at the moment diſagreeably contraſted to *Maria*'s animated feelings. For the firſt time ſince our marriage, I thought I ſaw a change in Mrs. B.'s temper, and that ſhe was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiſs ſomething I ſaid, and I left the room

in diſguſt. I ſtrolled down a ſhady walk that goes round part of my improvements: at the end of it I found *Maria* ſeated on the graſs, with one of my little girls on her lap. She roſe at my approach, and, deſiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentleſt terms, expoſtulated with me on the abruptneſs of my manner. She had, ſhe ſaid, after a vain attempt to ſoothe her, left Mrs. B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given her very ſerious cauſe of uneaſineſs, but that a man of my ſenſe ſhould make allowance for the trifling blemiſhes of a very good woman; adding, with a ſmile, "My dear "Mr. B. we are none of us angels."—I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim, "Upon my ſoul, you "are one."—I contented myſelf with ſaying, "Who-"ever you marry, *Maria*, will have no reaſon to com-"plain of your temper." She bluſhed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me ſuch a look from below it!—A ſervant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the houſe together.

In the afternoon one of my little girls came into the the parlour, where I was ſitting alone: "See what I found in the walk, Papa!" ſaid ſhe, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and, ſeeing it was *Maria*'s hand, was about to go up ſtairs to reſtore it to its owner, when my own name, written in large characters, ſtruck my eye. My good manners were overpowered by the immediate impulſe of my curioſity; I opened the paper, and read what follows; it was part of an unfiniſhed letter to a friend in town.

"You aſk what havoc I have made among the beaux "at———? Alas! my dear Bell, you know but lit-"tle of my ſituation when you talk of beaux; not a "creature one would allow to pick up one's fan with-"in ten miles of us. Having nothing upon my hands, "I have ſtruck up a ſort of ſentimental Platonic flir-"tation with a Mr. B. who lives within a ſmall diſ-"tance of our houſe. I knew his wife at ſchool, and "ſhe was one of the firſt who viſited me upon my arrival "here. Her violent praiſes of her beloved, gave me "a ſort of deſire to ſee him; and, I own, I found him

" tolerable enough in his appearance, and by no means " deficient in underſtanding, but vain of his ſlight pre- " tenſions to talents, and very fond of being thought " profound. At the firſt glance I ſaw into him, and " could now twiſt him round my finger. It is very di- " verting to obſerve by what fooliſh principles your men, " who think themſelves very wiſe, are governed. Flat- " ter this man's vanity, and you might lead him round " the world. Now I know you will treat me, in re- " turn for my frankneſs, with a lecture upon coquetry, " married men, impropriety, and ſo forth. Take my " advice, my dear Bell, and ſave yourſelf the trouble; " it would be all to no purpoſe. A coquette I am, " and a coquette I will remain, to the laſt day of the " exiſtence of my powers of pleaſing."

The paper was there at an end. It raiſed in me the ſtrongeſt indignation and contempt for the writer. And I felt ſo aſhamed of my folly, that I determined not to ſee my dear Mrs. B. until I had made ſome atonement by ſending you an account of my errors and repentance.

I am, &c.

J. B.

No. 96. SATURDAY, *April* 8, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conſcience: nor have I ſuffered any calamity by the inconſtancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I ſhould ſay I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my caſe: I confide in your feelings; for you ſeem to underſtand, what few people underſtand, that a perſon may be in eaſy circumſtances, have a clear conſcience, and enjoy ſufficient reputation, and yet be—no, I will not ſay miſerable,—but not happy.

I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before his situation was so comfortable as it is at present. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal to live, not only with ease, but with some degree of splendour, they choose, as they say, to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant house, have a handsome carriage, keep a good number of servants, and see a great deal of company. You will easily conceive, however, that the show attending my father's present system of living, and the manners suited to his present condition, do not just agree with his former habits. But this does not signify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they must be very captious indeed, who will not suffer his merits to conceal his defects.

With regard to myself, my parents, having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I should have a good education. "For," said my father, "a young woman of fortune, "and of an agreeable appearance, must go into com- "pany. You and I, Bridget," addressing himself to my mother, "set out in life in a different manner. "But Mary must have education."

So they sent me to a famous boarding-school; and, in so far as my improvement was concerned, they spared no expence.—Sir, I speak to you without reserve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I understand music, and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed the worthy person who had the charge of my education, was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquisite taste, great goodness of heart, and had shown spirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependant on her relations, to procure an independant, and now she has rendered it a respectable, livelihood for herself. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accomplished; and you will think it strange, and I think

it ſtrange myſelf, that this ſhould be the ſource of my uneaſineſs.

It is now ſome time ſince I returned to my father's houſe. When I came home, I was received with rapture. My father and mother adored me. They would refuſe me nothing. They ſtrove to prevent my wiſhes.—Good people! may heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they ſo juſtly deſerve!—But why, Sir, did they make me, as they term it, ſo very accompliſhed? They have made me a different creature from themſelves. I am apt to fancy myſelf of a higher order.—Forgive my preſumption; and I am ſure you will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wiſh myſelf lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the ſoul, I am ſometimes impatient of my parents; but I will not dwell upon this.

I told you, we ſee a great deal of company; and all the people we ſee are diſpoſed to admire me. "Mighty "well," you will ſay: "Give a young woman admi-"ration, and what more can ſhe wiſh for?"—Sir, I wiſh they loved me more, and admired me leſs. I am made to ſing, and to play on the harpſichord; and, to oblige my father, am ſometimes conſtrained to repeat verſes: and all this to people who underſtand no muſic, and know no other poetry than the Pſalms of David in metre. Indeed, till I became better acquainted with them, I found that, even in our converſation, there was a mutual miſapprehenſion; and that they were ſometimes as unintelligible to me as I was to them. I was not at all ſurpriſed to hear them call ſome of our acquaintance *good* men; but, when I heard them call our neighbour *John Staytape*, a *great* man, I could not help aſking what diſcovery he had made in arts or ſcience, or what eminent ſervice he had rendered his country? I was told in return, that within theſe few years he had *realiſed* a *plum*.* This phraſe was alſo new to me; and I wiſhed to have known ſomething about the nature of ſuch *realization*. Chooſing, however, to aſk but one queſtion at a time, I ſaid nothing; and ſoon learned, that, whatever ſervices Mr. *Staytape* might

* One hundred pounds ſterling.

do his country, he had hitherto made no great discovery in arts or sciences.

I confess, indeed, that at one time I fancied they might have some little notion of books; and when I heard them speak about *underwriters*, I thought it might perhaps be some ludicrous term for the *minor-poets*.

So when they spoke about *policies*, I fancied they were using the Scotch word for improvements in gardening; and ventured to say something in favour of *clumps*; "Clumps," said a gentleman, who is a frequent visitor at our house, "she is to be laden with Norway fir." I found they were speaking about the good ship Rebecca.

A grave-looking man who sat near me one day at dinner, said a good deal about the *fall*, and of events that should have happened before and after the *fall*. As he also spoke about *Providence*, and *Salem*, and *Ebenezer*; and as great deference was shown to every thing that he said, and being, as I told you, a grave-looking man in a black coat, I was not sure but he might be some learned theologian; and imagined he was speaking about Oriental antiquities, and the *fall of Adam*. But I was soon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for some time in *Virginia*; by *Providence* he meant the town of that name in *Rhode Island*; and by the *fall* he meant not, the *fall* of our first parents, for concerning them he had not the least idea, but, as I suppose, the fall of the leaf; for the word is used, it seems, in the American dialect, for autumn.

In this situation, Sir, what shall I do? By my boasted education, I have only unlearned the language, and lost the manners, of that society in which I am to live. —If you can put me on any method of bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myself down to them, you will much oblige

Yours, &c.

MARY MUSLIN.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you are very ſucceſsful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you ſometimes gave a view of former manners. The contraſt would be agreeable; and, if I may uſe the expreſſion, would give a certain *relief* to your other delineations. I offer you a ſmall ſketch of an incident, ſuppoſed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myſelf you have no objection to it on account of its being in verſe. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is ſo marked, as that concomitant circumſtances, though not expreſſed, may readily be conceived.

MONTANUS.

The MARRIAGE of EVAL.

I.

Loud from JURA's rocky ſhore,
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?—
Sudden from the bridal feaſt,
By impetuous ire poſſeſs'd,
Fury flaſhing in their eyes,
Kinſmen againſt kinſmen riſe:
And iſſuing to the fatal field,
Bend the bow, the falchion wield.——
From her eyry, with diſmay,
The tow'ring eagle ſoars away.
The wild-deer from their cloſe retreat,
Start with terror and amaze,
Down on the furious conflict gaze,
Then to deep foreſts bend their nimble feet.

II.

Ah! that wreckleſs ſpeech ſhould fire
Kinſmen with inhuman ire!——

Goaded by vindictive rage,
Lo! the martial clans engage.
Now the feather'd arrows sing;
Now the bossy targets ring.
With rav'ning swords the sudden foes
Now in fierce encounter close.
Lo! the blade horrific gleams;
And now the purple torrent streams:
The torrent streams from Eval's side,
Tinging with his flowing gore
The white foam on the sea-beat shore.—
Ah! who will succour his afflicted bride?

III.

Lo! she flies with headlong speed;
"Bloody, bloody was the deed!"
Wild with piteous wail, she cries,
Tresses torn and streaming eyes;
"Lift, O! gently lift his head;
"Lay him on the bridal bed;
"My kinsmen! cruel kinsmen ye!
"These your kindliest deeds to me!—
"Yes the clay-cold bed prepare,
"The willing bride and bridegroom there
"Will tarry; will for ever dwell.———
"Now, inhuman men, depart:
"Go triumph in my broken heart!"—
She said, she sigh'd, a breathless corse she fell.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleased, though we could wish it were not quite so *grave*, and had a little more *love* in it. But we have found out, of late, that it is none of your own, but mostly borrowed from other people. A cousin of ours, who is himself a fine scholar, and has a great acquaint-

ance among the critics, ſhowed us many differnt inſtances of this. Your firſt paper, he told us, was copied from the firſt part of the *Spectator*; and upon looking into both, we found them exactly the ſame, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your *Umphraville*, he ſaid, was juſt Sir *Roger de Coverley*; which we have perfectly agreed in, except that my ſiſter *Betſy* obſerved, *Umphraville* wanted the *Widow*, which all of us think the very beſt part of Sir *Roger*. Your *Bobby Button*, he aſſured us, was borrowed from No 13. of *the True Patriot*, publiſhed by Mr. *Fielding*, who wrote *Tom Jones*; and there, indeed, we found there was a ſtory of a young gentleman who liked French wine better than his country, juſt like Sir *Bobby*. No 72. which we thought a very *ſweet* paper, he informed us was taken from the *Night Thoughts*; and, indeed, though we don't underſtand *Latin*, we ſaw plainly that the *mottos* were the ſame to a *T*. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who uſed formerly to be a great advocate for the MIRROR, confeſſed to us, that our couſin's intelligence was literally true; and, more than all that, he told us, that your very laſt Number was to be found, every *word* of it, in *Johnſon's Dictionary*.

We ſend you therefore notice, Sir, that unleſs you can contrive to give us ſomething new for the future, we ſhall be obliged to countermand our ſubſcription for the MIRROR. We can have a reading of a freſh *Novel* every morning for the money, with a *ſpick and ſpan* new ſtory in it, ſuch as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Yours, &c.

EVELINA.

No. 97. TUESDAY, *April* 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent K. B. has well described the calamitous condition of *a private tutor*, without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him some consolation, to hear of one who needlessly entangled himself in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the study of letters, and, at his death, left me in possession of a fortune, not sufficient to check my industry in the pursuit of knowledge, but more than sufficient to secure me from servile dependence.

Through the interest of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admission to it for a twelvemonth. While I was considering in what way I might best fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requested, as a particular favour, that I would bestow the year which I could call *mine* in *reading* with the only son of the rich Mr. *Flint*. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and such as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For understanding my story, it is fit that you should be informed of the characters of that family, into which I was received with so many marks of favour and distinction.

Rowland Flint, Esq; was born of poor but honest parents; they made a hard shift to have him instructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic, and then they left him to find his way through the world as he best could. The young man, like a philosopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himself to one of the subordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits scanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy vocation, he was suddenly raised to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed reſolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But *that competency*, which filled up the meaſure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far ſhort of the deſires of an eminent foreign merchant. He impereeptibly became, "in eaſy circumſtances, well in the world, of great "credit, a man to be relied on, and to be adviſed with, "and even one ſuperior to all ſhocks, calls, and runs."

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needleſs to inquire after his poor relations, whom he could not aſſiſt; and, after he made his fortune, he thought it equally needleſs, as he was to ſee them ſo ſoon in Scotland. Yet a multitude of unforeſeen obſtacles retarded his return: ſome new mortgage was to be ſettled, ſome company concerns to be wound up, or ſome bottomry-accompt to be adjuſted; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death ſurpriſed him at the age of three-ſcore and ten.

Buſied in making money, he had never beſtowed a thought on providing an heir to it: *that* he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying inteſtate, he was ſucceeded by his nephew *Rowland Flint*.

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, diſcovered himſelf to be eminently ſkilled in the ſcience of law, the ſtudy, as he boaſted, of his earlier years; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four law-ſuits, which the court uniformly determined againſt him, with coſts.

But of every other ſcience he honeſtly avowed his want of knowledge; and he did not even pretend to underſtand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature, and its profeſſors, and he was reſolved to make his ſon a great ſcholar, *although it ſhould ſtand him in ten thouſand pounds ſterling*.

My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from ſchool before it was diſcovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my taſk to *bring him forward*, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth is of a docile diſpoſition, and of moder-

ate talents; his memory good, and his application such as is generally to be found among those who, having no particular incentives to study, perform their tasks merely as tasks.

I have little to say concerning his mother: her mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's health and her own. Baron *Bielfield*, an eminent German author, observes, that, in our island, there is a disease called *le-catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehensive. Mrs. *Flint* lived under the perpetual terror of that disease.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of house-keeping, she committed them to her brother, Captain *Winterbottom*, who, as he was wont to say, "could bear a hand at any thing." But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the stew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a vessel in the Baltic trade; and it having been once employed as a transport in the service of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wished to have it understood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occasionally in borough-politics, belonged to several respectable clubs in London, and was one of the original members of the Robin Hood Society.

The last of the family that I shall mention, is Miss *Juliana Winterbottom*, a maiden sister of Mrs. *Flint*. Her original name was *Judith*; but, when she arrived at the years of discretion, she changed it to *Juliana*, as being more genteel.

Many years ago, Lady ——— was advised to pass a winter at *Nice*, for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and dissipation of a London winter; and she easily prevailed on Miss *Juliana* to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blasts from the Alps, soon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames, had begun, and Lady ——— lived not to *re-see* her British physicians.

Miss *Juliana*, on her return home, passed by the castle of *Fernay*, and got a peep of *M. de Voltaire*, in his furred cap and night-gown. At Paris, she chanced

to be in company with Count *Buffon*, for half an hour; and she actually purchased a volume of music *written* by the great *Rousseau* himself. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign *literati*, she commenced a sort of *literati* in her own person. She frequently advances those opinions in history, morals, and physics, which, as she imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French philosophers. But, whether through the habits of education, or through conscious ignorance, it must be confessed that she dogmatises with diffidence, and is a very stammerer in infidelity.

Having seen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the course of her travels, she thinks that she is authorised, and, in some sort, obliged to speak French. Nothing can be more grotesque than her travelled language. When she left Scotland, "her "speech," to use a phrase of Lord *Bacon*, "was in "the full dialect of her nation." At *Nice* she conversed with English and Irish; and, by imitating the language of each, she has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But still her own country-language predominates; for, during her residence abroad, she had an opportunity of preserving, and even of improving it, by daily conferences with the house-maid, who was born and educated in the county of *Banff*.

In pronouncing French, she blends the tone of all those dialects: and her phraseology is as singular as her pronunciation; for she faithfully translates every word from her own mother tongue. An example of this presents itself, which I shall never forget. One day, addressing her discourse to me, she said, "*Je doute pas* "*que vous avez* perusé *les ouvraiges di Mongseer le Counte* "*de Bouffon; que un charmang creature! il met philo-* "*sophes et* divins *par les oreilles.*" That is, "I doubt "not that you have read the works of Count *Bouffon*; "what a charming creature! he sets philosophers and "divines by the ears." I answered her, that I had never read the works of that renowned author, but that I had read the *Principia* of Sir *Isaac Newton*. "Why, indeed," replied she, "Sir *Isaac* may have

" been a man of better *principles*, but *aſſheurement*, " the *theories* of the *Count* are wittier."

It is a happy circumſtance that Miſs *Winterbottom* did not make the grand tour. Had ſhe viſited Italy, ſhe would have proved as great an adept in ſtatuary and in painting, as ſhe is at preſent in philoſophy. But Miſs *Winterbottom* cannot, in conſcience, talk of her having viſited Italy, while her travels were limited to the borders of Piedmont.

I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then ſhe got no great encouragement to proceed in her remarks. At dinner ſhe ſaid, " I remember, that, in Ita- " ly, they have ſomething very like our veal, which " they call *vitello*." " Well, Siſter *Juddy*," cried Captain *Winterbottom*, " and why ſhould they not? " for if *vitello* means *veal* in their *lingo*, what elſe would " you have the poor devils call it?"

It was reſolved to poſtpone my leſſons for a while, " that," as Mr. Flint expreſſed it, " I might come to " know the ways of the houſe firſt."

Miſs *Juliana* conſtantly teaſed me with queſtions about my plan for her nephew's education. To puzzle her a little I ſaid, that, ſome weeks hence, I propoſed to teach him to make nonſenſe verſes. " *Miſericorde*," cried ſhe, " *nonſenſe verſes!* Is that part of the *eti-* " *quaitte?*"

" Let the boy alone," added Captain *Winterbottom*, " when he is old enough to be in love, he will make " *nonſenſe verſes*, I war'nt you, without any help of " yours; ay, although it ſhould be on Mamma's dai- " ry-maid." Mr. Flint laughed loud, and Mrs. Flint ſaid gently, " Oh fy, brother!"

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the Captain was about to be more witty, I recalled the converſation to nonſenſe verſes, endeavoured to explain their nature, and obſerved, that their main uſe was to inſtruct one in the quantity of ſyllables.

" Quantitity of ſyllables," exclaimed the Captain, " There is modern education for you! Boys have their " heads lumbered with great quantities of Latin ſylla- " bles and words, when they ſhould be taught to un- " derſtand *things*, to ſpeak their own language rough

" and round, and so *cut* a figure in parliament. I re-
" member *Will. Fitzdriver*; but he is gone! Honest
" *Will.* knew no tongue except a little of his own, and
" yet he would talk to you for an hour, and you would
" have thought that he had scarcely entered on the
" subject at all. He never valued any of your out-
" landish *lingos*, not he!"

I said, that, if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I should be apt to advise him to follow the precepts of *Pythagoras*, and be silent for seven years. " He must have been a sure card, that Mr. *Pythagoras*," observed the Captain, " and I do suppose that he lived " up to his own precepts; for I never heard of any " speaker of that name; no, not even in committees. " People, to be sure, may hold their tongues, and " have a slice of the great pudding; but *this* is not a " time for your dumb senators. No, we must have " bold well-spoken men, to tell poor Britannia that she " is beggared, and bleeding, and expiring, ay, and " dead too, for ought that some folks care." He rounded this pathetic period with one of his best oaths.

" Were all men to make speeches," said I, " What " time would there be left for doing business?" " Bu-
" siness," cried the Captain, " is not oratory business?
" and why cannot they set to it *watch and watch*, as
" we do at sea?"

Mrs. *Flint* expressed her hope, that I would not load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

" When I first got the multiplication-table by heart," said Mr. Flint, who generally falls in the rear of conversation, " it was a plaguy troublesome job; but now " that I am master of it, I don't perceive that it loads " my memory at all."

" Learned men have remarked," said Miss *Juliana*, " that it is not the getting by heart that is censurable, " but the getting by rote, as one does one's cate-
" chism."

" *There* she goes, the travelled lady," cried the Captain; " she must always have a fling at her catechism."

" Mr. *Winterbottom*," replied Miss *Juliana* with exceeding dignity, " you wrong me much; I am sure,

" that I ſhould be the laſt woman alive to ſay any thing, " eſpecially in mixed companies, to the diſparagement " of the religion of the ſtate, which I have always con- " ſidered as the great *lyeng* [*lien*] of ſociety."

" You have always conſidered religion as *great lying!* " and who taught you that, ſiſter *Juddy*? your god- " fathers and your godmothers! No, ſure."

Here I was laid under the neceſſity of interpoſing, and of aſſuring Captain *Winterbottom*, that he miſtook his ſiſter, and that ſhe had inadverdently uſed a French word to expreſs her own *idea*, " that religion was the " great tie of ſociety." Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

" Well, well," ſaid the Captain, " if *her* tongue " was *tied*, ſociety would be no loſer."

To divert the ſtorm which ſeemed gathering, I ſpoke of my purpoſe to explain the tenth ſatire of *Juvenal*, a poem, for method, compoſition, and animated language, univerſally admired.

" What does that *Juvenal* write about?" ſaid Miſs *Juliana*; " I am not acquainted with his works: was " he a member of the *French academy?*"—" Per- " haps," replied I, ſmiling, " he would be no favour- " ite with you, Miſs *Juliana*; he has been very ſe- " vere upon the Roman ladies."

" Ay, they were Papiſts," ſaid Captain *Winterbot- tom*, " and they are all wh——." " Give me leave to ' tell you," cried Miſs *Juliana*, in a higher key, ' when I was abroad, I had the honour of being ' known to ſeveral ladies of the Roman perſuaſion, and ' they were perſons of the ſtricteſt virtue."

" I ſuppoſe you aſked them whether they were ' wh——, and they ſaid they were not. Poor ſiſter *Jud- ' dy!* It is true, I never was in the gallies at *Nice*, ' as you have been; but I have touched at *Marſeilles*, ' and have laid cloſe off the mole of *Genoa*, and that ' is farther than ever you travelled; and I ſay they ' are all wh——."

How this wonderful controverſy would have ended, know not; but happily we were called to coffee, which ſeparated the combatants.

I was now pretty well acquainted with the *ways of a*

houſe, in which ignorance, ſelf-conceit, and illiberality of ſentiment and manners, had fixed their reſidence. It was agreed, that on the Monday following I ſhould begin my leſſons. Appearances, I muſt acknowledge were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally preſent at the converſations of which I have given you a ſpecimen, and, indeed, they were not ſuch as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his underſtanding. I flattered myſelf, however, that he would be left to proſecute his ſtudies under my direction, and that every new acquiſition in knowledge would increaſe his love for letters.

In what way our ſtudies were conducted, will beſt appear from a faithful journal of the progreſs which we made during the firſt week. But of this hereafter. Meanwhile I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. 98. SATURDAY, *April* 15, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I NOW ſend you a faithful narrative of the progreſs of our ſtudies in Mr. Flint's family, from Monday morning to Saturday at bed time, carefully diſtinguiſhing the proficiency made in each day.

MONDAY.

Mrs. *Flint* had previouſly informed me, that her ſon's conſtitution did not agree with much ſtudy before breakfaſt, and that, whenever he read on an empty ſtomach, he was apt to be diſturbed with uneaſy *yawnings*; we therefore reſolved that he ſhould have a ſhort leſſon only at eight in the morning.

After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs. Flint, that her ſon had been obſerved to turn himſelf twice or thrice during the

night, and that he seemed to be threatened with a sort of *stuffing* and *wheesing*: and that, by way of prevention, she judged it best to give him a little *senna*, and confine him to his chamber for a few hours; but that in the evening, we might prosecute our studies without farther interruption.

Accordingly, at six, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth satire of *Juvenal*. After having explained to him the general scope and method of the satirists, I began,

Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque,
Auroram et Gangem.

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miss *Juliana* and her sister, with Mr. *Flint* and the Captain, a little behind, and walking on tiptoe. "You must pardon our *femelle curiosité*," said Miss *Juliana*, "we come to see *Jemmy* take his first lesson "from you. What have you got here? I fancy from "my knowledge of French, that I could pick out the "meaning of some part of it. Oh! I understand; "*there* is *auroram*, does not *that* mean, *break of day?*

"*Que l'aurore*
"*Nous trouve encore.*

"I learned it in a French *Chanson a boar.*" "What "is that *boar song?*" demanded Captain *Winterbottom*, "is it a hunting one?" "Oh fy, no," said Miss *Juliana*, "it is a drinking song." "And *who* taught you "drinking songs, sister *Juddy;* did you learn them "from your outlandish ladies of honour?" A tremendous assault on the knocker announced the approach of a person of quality.——"The Countess of ———." On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

Mrs. *Flint* presently returned, "I must must make "an apology," said she, "for thus interrupting the "course of my son's studies; but the Countess has made "a flying visit to tell me, that there is a meeting of young "people at her house this evening, and that there will

" be a dance and a little supper, and she insists to have " *Jemmy* of the party; but I would not engage for " any thing, without asking your leave, as you have " the whole charge of his education. There will be " many rich folks, and many fine folks: and there will " be Miss *Punaise*, the great heiress; she has a vast " improveable estate, hard by the borough of *Ayno*, " and who can tell"—The good woman was busy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her son had taken medicine that morning, and that, possibly, he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of *catch cold* would have awakened all her feelings; but, at present, Mrs. *Flint* was elevated above the region of alarms. "Never fear," said she, "we " are going to a close warm house, without a breath " of air in it. Come away, *Jemmy*, and put on a " pair of white silk stockings as fast as you can; the " Countess waits us."

TUESDAY.

My pupil had been kept out of bed so much beyond his usual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfast. "Cheer up, my boy," cried Mrs. *Flint*, "you look as if you had been dreaming all " night of your partner, Miss *Punaise*: come, let us " take an airing, and refresh ourselves after the fatigues " of the ball. These late fittings don't answer with " my old bones. You see, Mr. ———, that I have " been as good as my word, and that *Jemmy*, poor " man, has caught no cold. You shall go along with us " on our airing; there is room for you in Mr. *Flint*'s " carriage and six, and you may talk over your lessons " by the way; for you will find the carriage quite ea- " sy." Nothing indeed could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt; and there wanted only solitude and independence to make it resemble a down bed. " We must, first of all, shut out the common enemy, " the east wind," said Mrs. *Flint*, pulling up the glasses. The weather was warm, and Mrs. *Flint* grew eloquent on the fund of knowledge she had acquired the night before. She gave me *the catalogue and cha-*

racter of the company: she dwelt most on her son's looks and dancing. "A gentleman at the Countess's, "who said he was lately come from Paris, told me, "*Jemmy* was vastly like the *Count de Provence*, the "King of France's brother, particularly in the *minuet*: "but, remember, *Jemmy*, that to be a great scholar "is a much finer thing than to be a great dancer. I "am sure, Mr. ———, that my boy will profit by your "instructions: he has a charming memory, and he "will take in his learning as fast as you can give it "him; and I am sure *that* is saying a great deal; for, "from all that I can discover, Mr. *Flint* could not "have bestowed his money better."—She was going on; but, alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear: we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became sick and oppressed. I asked leave to get out, and walk home, as I felt myself not well. "Oh, to be sure," said she: "I have known people sick in carriages for want of "practice; don't be alarmed, Mr. ———: but here, "*Jemmy*, do you wrap this handkerchief about your "neck, before the coach door is opened."

I walked home in great spirits, animated by every gale around me; and I forgot for a while that I was not my own master.

In the evening, my pupil came to me dressed out and powdered: "Mamma," said he sheepishly, "has made "me engage to drink tea with Miss *Punaise*, my last "night's partner. I don't much like her neither; for "she is pitted with the small-pox, has a yellow skin, "and a bleared eye; and, besides, she dances out of time.—There was a Miss with black hair"—Not inclining to become his confident, I said, "Master *Flint*, all engagements that *can* be kept with honour *must* be kept; and, therefore, you *must* go." "Nay," said he, "there is not any *must* in the matter; for, I believe, the Miss with the black hair lives with *their* Miss *Punaise*. However, I can do a double task to-morrow; and my aunt is wont to say, that a young man ought not to be always at his books." He seemed to have treasured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

WEDNESDAY.

My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly seated ourselves, when Captain *Winterbottom* arrrived. "No lessons to-day," roared he; "*This is my lady's* "*wedding-day, and therefore we keep holiday, and come* "*for to be merry.* Why you young dog, if it had "not been for this day, you would either have not "been at all, or have been a bastard." It was, indeed a day of festivity and riot.

THURSDAY.

All the servants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and so he overslept himself. He came down to the parlour about eleven, and we resumed the fatal first line of the tenth satire of Juvenal. "The French master is here," said a servant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I soon learned that *that* was impossible without deranging the system of education in all parts of the city. "It is no great matter for an hour," said Miss *Juliana*, "you have *always* my nephew at your command; "but poor *Signor Bergamesco* is much hurried, and "his time is not his own." "*Signor Bergamesco*," cried I; "is your French master an Italian?" "Yes," said she, "of a noble family in the domini- "ons of the *Dog* of Venice, but a younger brother, "with a small patrimony, which he unfortunately con- "sumed *en travaillant par l'Europe.* It was a fancy "of my own; I thought that, after the *Signor* had "taught my nephew French, he might teach him Ita- "lian also; for you know that it is a great loss to "change preceptors, and that young men who have "not seen much of the world are shy with strangers."

The task imposed on my pupil by *S. Bergamesco* occupied all his leisure till dinner-time; but I thought that I should have the absolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read, *Omnibus in terris*, when a servant said, "Here is the French master." "What" cried I, can *S. Bergamesco*, who is so much

" hurried, afford to give two leſſons in one day to the " ſame ſcholar?" " It is another French maſter whom " they had got for me," ſaid my pupil. I applied to Miſs *Juliana* for the explanation of this *phænomenon*. " It was none of my adviſing," ſaid ſhe, " but my " brother knew Mr. *O'Callachan*, when linguiſt to " commodore *Firebrace, and he wiſhed to throw a good job* " *in the poor fellow's way*; theſe were his very words; " and ſo Mr. O'Callachan came to be employed; but, " indeed, after recollection, I thought it would an- " ſwer well enough, as both maſters taught by the " ſame grammar, and both of them read *Telemac*."

The linguiſt of commodore *Firebrace* had juſt taken his leave, when a ſmart young fellow burſt into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. " What," cried I, " *more* French maſters?" "Don't " be alarmed," ſaid Mrs. *Flint*, who accompanied him; " it is only the *Friſeur*, who comes to put up " my boy's hair in papers. Pray don't aſk me *why*, " for it is a great ſecret; but you ſhall know it all to- " morrow."

FRIDAY.

" You muſt know," ſaid Mrs. *Flint* at breakfaſt, " that I am aſſured that *Jemmy* is very like the Count " *de Provence*, the King of France's own brother. " Now *Jemmy* is ſitting for his picture to *Martin*; " and I thought it would be right to get the *friſeur*, " whom you ſaw laſt night [he is juſt arrived from Pa- " ris], to dreſs his hair like the Count *de Provence*, " that Mr. *Martin* might make the reſemblance more " complete. *Jemmy* has been under his hands ſince " ſeven o'clock.——Oh, here he comes!" " Is it not " *charming?*" exclaimed Miſs *Juliana*. " I wiſh " Miſs *Punaiſe* ſaw you," added the happy mother. My pupil loſt in the labyrinth of croſs curls, ſeemed to look about for himſelf. " What a powdered " ſheep's head have we got here?" cried Captain *Winterbottom*.——We all went to Mr. *Martin*'s to aſſiſt him in drawing *Jemmy*'s picture. On our return, Mrs. *Flint* diſcovered that her ſon had got an inflamma-

tion in his right eye by looking ſtedfaſtly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed; ſo there was no more talk of "*Omnibus in terris*" for that evening.

SATURDAY.

My pupil came down to breakfaſt in a complete ſuit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning-cravat. The Count *de Provence*'s curls were all demoliſhed, and there remained not a veſtige of powder on his hair. "Bleſs me," cried I, "what is the matter?"—"Oh, "nothing," ſaid Mrs. *Flint*; "a relation of mine is "to be interred at twelve, and *Jemmy* has got a burial "letter. We ought to acknowledge our friends on "ſuch melancholy occaſions. I mean to ſend *Jemmy* "with the coach and ſix. It will teach him how to "behave himſelf in public places."

At dinner, my pupil expreſſed a vehement deſire to go to the play. "There is to be *Harlequin Highlander*, "and the blowing up of the *St. Domingo* man of war," ſaid he,; "it will be vaſtly comical and curious." "Why, *Jemmy*," ſaid Mrs. *Flint*, "ſince this is Saturday, I ſuppoſe your tutor will have no objection; "but be ſure to put on your great coat, and to take "a chair in coming home." "I thought," ſaid I, "that we might have made ſome progreſs at our books "this evening."——"Books on Saturday afternoon," cried the whole company; "it was never heard of."—I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreaſonable to expect that he, who had ſpent the whole week in idleneſs, ſhould begin to apply himſelf to his ſtudies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. 99. TUESDAY, *April* 18, 1780.

Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum, mœrore gravi, deducit et angit.
HOR.

CRITICISM, like every thing elſe, is ſubject to the prejudices of our education, or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from juſtice, the moſt common and the moſt allowable; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate relation of that patriotiſm, which has been ranked among the firſt virtues of characters the moſt eminent and illuſtrious. To authors, however, of a rank ſo elevated as to aſpire to univerſal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been ſometimes prejudicial; in proportion as they have unreaſonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common ſort of feeling, have unreaſonably cenſured; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either ſide may not, from a partial view of their works, find ſome ground for eſtimating at a rate much above or much below the ſtandard of juſtice.

No author, perhaps, ever exiſted, of whom opinion has been ſo various as *Shakeſpeare*. Endowed with all the ſublimity, and ſubject to all the irregularities, of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praiſe, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticiſm, ſomewhat arbitrarily perhaps, has impoſed, leaves no legal code by which the deciſion can be regulated; and, in the feelings of different readers, the ſame paſſage may appear ſimple or mean, natural or prepoſterous, may excite admiration, or create diſguſt.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular paſſages or incidents that *Shakeſpeare* is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the moſt diſtorted of the former, and probability in the moſt unaccountable of the latter; yet it muſt be owned, that, in both, there are often groſs defects which criticiſm cannot juſtify, though the ſituation of the poet,

and the time in which he wrote, may eaſily excuſe. But we are to look for the ſuperiority of *Shakeſpeare* in the aſtoniſhing and almoſt ſupernatural powers of his invention, his abſolute command over the paſſions, and his wonderful knowledge of Nature. Of the ſtructure of his ſtories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careleſs; theſe he took at random from the legendary tale or the extravagant romance; but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind ſeldom or never forſakes him: and, amidſt the moſt fantaſtic and improbable ſituations, the perſons of his drama ſpeak in the language of the heart, and in the ſtyle of their characters.

Of all the characters of *Shakeſpeare*, that of *Hamlet* has been generally thought the moſt difficult to be reduced to any fixed or ſettled principle. With the ſtrongeſt purpoſes of revenge, he is irreſolute and inactive; amidſt the gloom of the deepeſt melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and, while he is deſcribed as a paſſionate lover, he ſeems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to inquire, whether any leading idea can be found, upon which theſe apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character ſo pleaſing in the cloſet, and ſo much applauded on the ſtage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is ſtriking in detail? I will venture to lay before my readers ſome obſervations on this ſubject, though with the diffidence due to a queſtion of which the Public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The baſis of *Hamlet*'s character ſeems to be an extreme ſenſibility of mind, apt to be ſtrongly impreſſed by its ſituation, and overpowered by the feelings which that ſituation excites. Naturally of the moſt virtuous and moſt amiable diſpoſitions, the circumſtances in which he was placed unhinged thoſe principles of action, which, in another ſituation, would have delighted mankind, and made himſelf happy. That kind of diſtreſs which he ſuffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm at firſt, the mind will ſoon call up reflexions to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were

such as reflexion only serves to irritate, such as rankle, in the soul's tenderest part, her sense of virtue and feelings of natural affection; they arose from an uncle's villany, a mother's guilt, a father's murder!—Yet, amidst the gloom of melancholy and the agitation of passion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional breakings-out of a mind, richly endowed by nature and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleness in his demeanour, wit in his conversation, taste in his amusements, and wisdom in his reflexions.

That *Hamlet*'s character, thus formed by Nature, and thus modelled by situation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not disposed to deny. I will content myself with the supposition, that this is the very character which *Shakespeare* meant to allot him. Finding such a character in real life, of a person endowed with feelings so delicate as to border on weakness, with sensibility too exquisite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be best exhibited in scenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be most strongly marked amidst the workings of imagination and the war of the passions.

This is the very management of the character by which, above all others, we could be interested in its behalf. Had *Shakespeare* made *Hamlet* pursue his vengeance with a steady determined purpose, had he led him through difficulties arising from accidental causes, and not from the doubts and hesitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the spectator might have been highly raised; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the person. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weaknesses of *Hamlet*, as our own; we see a man who, in other circumstances, would have exercised all the moral and social virtues, one whom Nature had formed to be

" Th' Expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
" The Glass of Fashion, and the Mold of Form,
" Th' observ'd of all Observers,"

placed in a situation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind serve but to aggravate his distress, and to perplex his conduct. Our compassion for the first, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the strongest manner; and hence arises that indescribable charm in *Hamlet*, which attracts every reader and every spectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never dispose us to feel.

The *Orestes* of the Greek poet, who, at his first appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he resolutely pursues, interests us for the accomplishment of his purpose; but of him, we think only as the instrument of that justice which we wish to overtake the murderers of *Agamemnon*. We feel with *Orestes* (or rather with *Sophocles*, for in such passages we always hear the poet in his hero), that "it is fit that such "gross infringements of the moral law should be pu-"nished with death, in order to render wickedness less "frequent:" but when *Horatio* exclaims on the death of his friend,

"Now crack'd a noble heart!"

we forget the murder of the King, the villany of *Claudius*, the guilt of *Gertrude;* our recollection dwells only on the memory of that "*sweet prince*," the delicacy of whose feelings a milder planet should have ruled, whose gentle virtues should have bloomed through a life of felicity and usefulness.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whose spirits were overborne by his feelings. Grief for his father's death, and displeasure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind; and he seems, with the weakness natural to such a disposition, to yield to their controul. He does not attempt to resist or combat these impressions, but is willing to fly from the contest, though it were into the grave:

"Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt," &c.

Even after his father's ghoſt has informed him of his murder, and commiſſioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that ſituation in which his fate had placed him:

" The time is out of joint; oh! curſed ſpight,
" That ever I was born to ſet it right!"

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of ſuicide:

" To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion."

The account he gives of his own feelings to *Roſincratz* and *Guildenſtern*, which is evidently ſpoken in earneſt, though ſomewhat covered with the miſt of his affected diſtraction, is exactly deſcriptive of a mind full of that wearineſs of life which is characteriſtic of low ſpirits:

" This goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſterile
" promontory," &c.

And, indeed, he expreſsly delineates his own character as of the kind above mentioned, when, heſitating on the evidence of his uncle's villany, he ſays,

" The ſpirit that I have ſeen
" May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
" T' aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps,
" *Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy*,
" Abuſes me to damn me."

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpoſe is founded, is as often the effect, as the cauſe, of irreſolution, which firſt heſitates, and then ſeeks out an excuſe for its heſitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing *Shakeſpeare* no injuſtice to ſuppoſe, that he ſometimes began a play, without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of ſome principal perſon of the drama might ſtrike his imagina-

tion ſtrongly in the opening ſcenes; as he went on, this character would continue to impreſs itſelf on the conduct as well as the diſcourſe of that perſon, and, it is poſſible, might affect the ſituations and incidents, eſpecially in thoſe romantic or legendary ſubjects, where hiſtory did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the ſtory of *Amleth*, the ſon of *Horwondil*, told by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, from which the tragedy of *Hamlet* is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle *Fengo*, counterfeits madneſs, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in ſafety and without ſuſpicion. He never forgets his purpoſed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accompliſhment than the *Hamlet* of *Shakeſpeare*. But *Shakeſpeare* wiſhing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the ſame time to intereſt the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majeſty of melancholy, along with that ſort of weakneſs and irreſolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the *Ghoſt*, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Daniſh legend, not only produces the happieſt ſtage effect, but is alſo of the greateſt advantage in unfolding that character which is ſtamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of ſuch a viſionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly ſuited to diſplay the wavering purpoſe and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling, that often ſhakes its fortitude, with ſenſibility that overpowers its ſtrength.

Z

No. 100. SATURDAY, *April* 22, 1780.

THE view of *Hamlet*'s character, exhibited in my laſt Number, may, perhaps, ſerve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred both to the reader and the ſpectator, on perceiving his madneſs, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of re-

ality; a difficulty by which some have been induced to suppose the distraction of the prince a strange unaccountable mixture throughout, of real insanity and counterfeit disorder.

The distraction of *Hamlet*, however, is clearly affected through the whole play, always subject to the controul of his reason, and subservient to the accomplishment of his designs. At the grave of *Ophelia*, indeed, it exhibits some temporary marks of a real disorder. His mind, subject from Nature to all the weakness of sensibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of *Ophelia*'s death, amidst the dark and permanent impression of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poise, and, in the paroxysm of the moment, breaks forth into that extravagant rhapsody which he utters to *Laerter*.

Counterfeited madness, in a person of the character I have ascribed to *Hamlet*, could not be so uniformly kept up, as not to allow the reigning impressions of his mind to show themselves in the midst of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to *Ophelia*, which he meant to hold forth as its great subject; but it frequently glanced on the wickedness of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his business to conceal.

In two of *Shakespeare*'s tragedies are introduced, at the same time, instances of counterfeit madness, and of real distraction. In both plays the same distinction is observed, and the false discriminated from the true by similar appearances. *Lear*'s imagination constantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the resignation of his crown; and *Ophelia*, after she has wasted the first ebullience of her distraction in some wild and incoherent sentences, fixes on the death of her father for the subject of her song:

"They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier——
"And will he not come again?
"And will he not come again?" &c.

But *Edgar* puts on a semblance as opposite as may be to his real situation and his ruling thoughts. He ne-

ver ventures on any expreſſion, bordering on the ſubjects of a father's cruelty, or a ſon's misfortune. *Hamlet*, in the ſame manner, were he as firm in mind as *Edgar*, would never hint any thing in his affected diſorder, that might lead to a ſuſpicion of his having diſcovered the villany of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence, often breaks through that diſguiſe which it ſeems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable purpoſe to maintain, till an opportunity ſhould preſent itſelf, of accompliſhing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of *Hamlet*'s love, doubts alſo have been ſuggeſted. But if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakneſs, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuſe, which he ſuffers at laſt to grow into ſcurrility, of his miſtreſs, will, I think, be found not inconſiſtent with the truth of his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and deſigning to play the madman on that ground, he would naturally go as far from the reality as poſſible. Had he not loved her at all, or ſlightly loved her, he might have kept up ſome appearance of paſſion amidſt his feigned inſanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by ſuch a reſemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much eaſier than an unfavourable likeneſs.

It muſt be allowed, however, that the momentous ſcenes in which he is afterwards engaged, ſeem to have ſmothered, if not extinguiſhed, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulneſs of *Ophelia* ſo ſoon after her death, cannot eaſily be juſtified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt juſtifying *Shakeſpeare* in ſuch particulars. "*Time*," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "*toil'd after him* "*in vain.*" He ſeems often to forget its rights, as well in the progreſs of the paſſions, as in the buſineſs of the ſtage. That change of feeling and of reſolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a ſingle ſcene. Whether love is to be excited, or reſentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent, or ſorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a ſpace hardly ſufficient for words to expreſs it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not happy in the delineation of *love* as of the other passi-ns. Were it not treason against the majesty of *Shake-eare*, one might observe, that, though he looked ith a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of ature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a know-dge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his ctures the nicer shades of polished manners; and, ithout this knowledge, love can seldom be introduc-l on the stage, but with a degree of coarseness which ill offend an audience of good taste. This observati-n is not meant to extend to *Shakespeare*'s tragic scenes: situations of deep distress, or violent emotion, the *anners* are lost in the *passions*; but if we examine his *vers*, in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall nerally find them trespassing against the rules of deco-m, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulness of deportment and of nversation, which *Hamlet* sometimes not only assumes, it seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no con-adiction to the general tone of melancholy in his cha-cter. That sort of melancholy which is the most ge-uine, as well as the most amiable of any, neither ari-ng from natural sourness of temper, nor prompted by cidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility, pressed with a sense of sorrow, or a feeling of its own eakness, will, I believe, often be found indulging it-lf in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the ssure of a sad, or even the anguish of a broken heart. ighter emotions affect our ordinary discourse; but ep distress, sitting in the secret gloom of the soul, sts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, t suffers them to trick themselves out in the usual garb indifference, or of gaiety, according to the fashion the society around it, or the situation in which they nance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself f I may be allowed the expression) a sort of double rson; one which, covered with the darkness of its agination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes y concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; ano-er, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, hich can accomodate itself to their tempers and man-

ners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a ſmile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The converſation of *Hamlet* with the *Grave-digger* ſeems to me to be perfectly accounted for under this ſuppoſition; and, inſtead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the ſtory, I never ſee him in that ſcene, without receiving, from his tranſient jeſts with the clown before him, an idea of the deepeſt melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places ſerious and important things, marks the power of that great impreſſion, which ſwallows up every thing elſe in his mind, which makes *Cæſar* and *Alexander* ſo indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaſter of a cottage, or the ſtopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the ſame turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its ſorrow, looks down on the buſtle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflexion in the fourth act, on the expedition of *Fortinbras*.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuſe the judgment of Mr. *Garrick*, or the taſte of his audience; but I cannot help thinking, that the excluſion of the ſcene of the *Grave-digger*, in his alteration of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, was not only a needleſs, but an unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakeſpeare's genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of thoſe critical rules which might have reſtrained him within it, there is this advantage, that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the paſſions and affections of the human mind, as they exiſt in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed ſcenes of life, not as they are accommodated by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impreſſion, or a uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It ſeems therefore prepoſterous, to endeavour to *regularize* his plays, at the expence of depriving them of this peculiar excellence, eſpecially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and ca

never bring his pieces to the ſtandard of criticiſm, or the form of the *Ariſtotelian* drama. Within the bounds of a pleaſure-garden, we may be allowed to ſmooth our terraces and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally abſurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the *roller* and the *pruning knife*, to the nobler irregularity of trackleſs mountains and impenetrable foreſts.

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No. 101. TUESDAY, *April* 25, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN books, whether moral or amuſing, there are no paſſages more captivating both to the writer and the reader, than thoſe delicate ſtrokes of ſentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In theſe the poet, the novel writer, and the eſſayiſt, have always delighted; you are not, therefore, ſingular, for having dedicated ſo much of the MIRROR to ſentiment and ſenſibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in puſhing theſe qualities too far: the rules of our conduct ſhould be founded on a baſis more ſolid, if they are to guide us through the various ſituations of life: but the young enthuſiaſt of ſentiment and feeling is apt to deſpiſe thoſe leſſons of vulgar virtue and prudence, which would confine the movements of a ſoul formed to regulate itſelf by finer impulſes. I ſpeak from experience, Mr. MIRROR; with what juſtice you ſhall judge, when you have heard the little family-hiſtory I am going to relate.

My niece, *Emilia* ———, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when ſhe was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted univerſal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not leſs worthy of admiration. To the ſweeteſt natural

disposition, she united uncommon powers both of genius and of understanding: these I spared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I so far succeeded, that, in her eighteenth year, *Emilia* was inferior to few women of her age, either in personal attractions or in accomplishments of the mind. My fond hopes (for she was a daughter to me, Mr. MIRROR) looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life, as full of happiness as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was strongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineness of feeling which she had inherited from Nature, and which her earliest reading had tended to encourage and increase. To this standard she was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praise and blame, than was consistent with either justice or expediency. I sometimes endeavoured gently to combat these notions. She was not always logical, but she was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their side, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being silent on the subject, trusting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would necessarily weaken their influence.

At her age, and with her feelings, it is necessary to have a *friend: Emilia* had found one at a very early period. *Harriet S——* was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother's, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in these the superiority lay much on the side of *Emilia*. *Harriet* was no wise remarkable for fineness of genius or quickness of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, she knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were soft and winning, like those of *Emilia*, her sentiments as delicate and exalted; there seemed, however, less of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increase, till, at last, it so totally engrossed her as rather to displease me. When together, their atten-

ion was confined almoſt entirely to each other; or what politeneſs forced them to beſtow upon others, hey conſidered as a tax which it was fair to elude as nuch as poſſible. The *world*, a term which they ap-lied indiſcriminately to almoſt every one but them-lves, they ſeemed to feel as much pride as happineſs n being ſecluded from; and its laws of prudence and ropriety, they held the invention of cold and ſelfiſh ninds, inſenſible of the delights of feeling, of ſenti-nent, and of friendſhip. Theſe ideas were, I believe, nuch ſtrengthened by a correſpondence that occupied noſt of the hours (not many indeed) in which they ere ſeparated. Againſt this I ventured to remonſtrate n a jocular manner, with *Emilia*; ſhe anſwered me in ſtrain ſo ſerious, as convinced me of the danger of ſo omantic an attachment. Our diſcourſe on the ſubject rew inſenſibly warm; *Emilia* at laſt burſt into tears; nd I apologized for having, I know not how, offend-d her. From that day forth, though I continued her dviſer, I found I had ceaſed to be her friend.

That office was now *Harriet*'s alone; the tie only anted ſome difficulty to rivet it cloſer, ſome ſecret to e intruſted with, ſome diſtreſs to alleviate. Of this n opportunity ſoon after preſented itſelf. *Harriet* be-ame enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of *Marlow*, an officer of dragoons who had come to the ountry on a viſit to her brother, with whom he had een acquainted at college. As ſhe inherited ſeveral nouſand pounds, inde[illegible]dent of her expectations from er father, ſuch a match was a very favourable one for young man who poſſeſſed no revenue but his com-iſſion. But, for that very reaſon, the conſent of the oung lady's relations was not to be looked for. After me time, therefore, of ſecret and ardent attachment, which my niece was the confident, the young folks arried without it, and truſted to the common relent-gs of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could ot be remedied. But the father of *Harriet* remained uite inexorable: nor was his reſentment ſoftened even y her huſband's leaving the army; a ſtep which, it

was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to arise from his daughter's marrying a soldier.

After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom; where, as *Harriet* described their situation to *Emilia*, they found every wish gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. *Emilia*, soon after, went to see them in their new abode: her description of their happiness, on her return, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her visit was repeated on occasion of *Harriet*'s lying-in of her first child. This incident was a new source of delight to *Emilia*'s friends, and of pleasure to her in their society. *Harriet*, whose recovery was slow, easily prevailed on her to stay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret, on both sides, that she left, at the end of six months, a house from which, as she told me, the world was secluded, where sentiment regulated the conduct, and happiness rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneasiness from *Emilia*; I represented the situation in which her friend stood, whom prudent people must consider as having, at least, made a bold step, if not a blameable one.—I was answered rather angrily by a warm remonstrance against the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingness of age, and the injustice of the world.

That happiness, which my niece had described as the inmate of *Harriet*'s family, was not of long duration. Her husband, tired of the inactive scene into which his marriage had cast him, grew first discontented at home, and then sought for that pleasure abroad which his own house could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not restrain herself from expressing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her husband's dislike to her society, and his relish for the society of others. *Emilia* was, as usual, the confident of her friend's distress; it was now increased to a lingering illness, which had succeeded the birth of her second girl. After it

orming me of those disagreeable circumstances in which er *Harriet* was situated, *Emilia* told me she had formd the resolution of participating, at least, if she could ot alleviate, her friend's distress, by going directly to eside in her house. Though I had now lost the affecti-ne of my niece, she had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Against this proposal I remonstrated n the strongest manner. You will easily guess my arguments; but *Emilia* would not allow them any force. n vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of haracter. They only produced an eulogium on generosity, on friendship, and on sentiment. I could not o far command my temper as to forbear some observations, which my niece interpreted into reflexions upon ier *Harriet*. She grew warm on the subject; my affection for her would not suffer me to be cool. At last, n the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us; that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for *Harriet*'s that very evening.

There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable: her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she had brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming-table. The last calamity the fortune of *Emilia* enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which, her physicians informed *Emilia*, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, *Marlow* was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the principles of virtue, and to taste the pleasures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His conversion was now as violent as sudden. *Emilia* believed it sincere, because confidence

was natural to her, and the effects of sudden emotion her favourite system. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr. and Mrs. *Marlow;* and the short while the latter survived, was passed in that luxury of reconcilement, which more than reinstates the injurer in our affection. *Harriet* died in the arms of her husband; and, by a solemn adjuration, left to *Emilia* the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of sorrow one of the strongest of all connexions; and the charge which *Emilia* had received from her dying friend of her daughters, necessarily produced the freest and most frequent intercourse with their father. Debts, which his former course of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more premptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary assistance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this distress, he communicated it to *Emilia.* Her generosity relieved him from the embarrassment, and gave him that farther tie which is formed by the gratitude of those we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generosity, she suffered considerable inconvenience. The world was loud, and sometimes scurrilous, in its censure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was master of, to recal her from the labyrinth in which this false sort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that *sentiment,* like religion, had its superstition, and its martyrdom. Every hardship she suffered, she accounted a trial; every censure she endured, she considered as a testimony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of *Marlow,* had spread for her, that she gave to the dying charge of *Harriet* the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr. Mirror, while I foresee the consequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill-accommodated to her wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin

o which it has led her, and the world will not even af-ord their pity to diſtreſſes, which the prudent may lame, and the ſelfiſh may deride.

Let me warn at leaſt where I cannot remedy. Tell our readers this ſtory, Sir. Tell them, there are ounds beyond which virtuous feelings ceaſe to be vir-ue; that the deciſions of ſentiment are ſubject to the ontroul of prudence, and the ties of friendſhip ſubor-inate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c.

LEONTIUS.

No. 102. SATURDAY, *April* 29, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOU have already obſerved how difficult it is to re-duce the ſcience of *manners* to general denomi-ations, and have ſhown how liable to miſapplication e ſome of the terms which are uſed in it. To your ſtances of *men of faſhion* and *good company*, you will ve me leave to add another, of which, I think, the rverſion is neither leſs common nor leſs dangerous: mean the term applied to a certain ſpecies of charac-r, which we diſtinguiſh by the appellation of a *man ſpirit*.

Lord Cheſterfield ſays ſomewhere, that, to ſpeak d act with ſpirit, is to ſpeak rudely, and act fooliſh-: and his Lordſhip's definition is frequently right. t the ſame time, SPIRIT may be, and certainly is, ten applied to that line of conduct and ſentiment that ſerves it. A perſon of virtue, dignity, and prudence, with much propriety, denominated a "MAN OF SPIRIT;" but, by the abuſe I complain of, "man of ſpirit" is, for the moſt part, very differently ap-ed.

In the various departments of buſineſs, the term

ſpirit is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and viſionary ſpeculations. Let a man be bold enough to riſk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon ſchemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, ſanguine amidſt repeated loſſes, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a ſort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future truſt and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate *man of ſpirit*.

But theſe are not the moſt glaring inſtances of the monſtrous perverſion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of ſpirit, though it is not ſpirit, but want of judgment, and viſionary impetuoſity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, poſſeſs that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true ſpirit conſiſts, and may have been ruined by whim and want of foreſight, not want of ſpirit. But there is one ſet of men on whom the appellation is beſtowed, whoſe conduct, for the moſt part, is, in every article, the reverſe of dignity or ſpirit, and perfectly inconſiſtent with it.

The men I mean are thoſe, who, by a train of intemperance and profuſion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themſelves to miſery.—Such men are common, and will be ſo, while vice, folly, and want of foreſight, prevail among mankind.—They have been frequently ridiculed and expoſed by the ableſt pens: and it is not the character itſelf that falls under my obſervation; it is the unaccountable abſurdity of beſtowing upon ſuch characters the appellation of "men of ſpirit;" which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have ſquandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of anceſtors.

The miſapplication of the term is ſo completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the miſchief that I am convinced has been occaſioned by it. Youths entering on the ſtage of life are catched with the engaging appellation, "a man of ſpirit:" they become ambitious of acquiring that epithet; and perceiving it to be moſt generally beſtowed on ſuch men as I have deſcribed, they look up to them as patterns of life

and manners, and begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and defpiſes conſequences; nay, if they ſhould look forward, and view the "man "of ſpirit" reduced, by his own profuſion, to the moſt abject ſtate of ſervile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world he is "a man of "ſpirit ſtill."—It is ſaid, that the eaſy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of "a man of ſpirit" tempts many a young man to enter on a courſe of intemperance and prodigality, that moſt frequently ends in deſperate circumſtances and a broken conſtitution.

This perverſion is the more provoking, that, of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is, in every feature and every ſtage, the moſt diametrically oppoſite to a man of ſpirit.—True *ſpirit* is founded on a love and deſire of *independence*, and the two are ſo blended together, that it is impoſſible, even in idea, to ſeparate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the moſt dependent of all human beings.—He depends on others for amuſement and company; and, however faſhionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the courſe of his profuſion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of ſupporting it; and when his race of prodigality is run, he ſuffers a miſerable dependence for the ſupport even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him a "man of "ſpirit," when he is really in a ſtate of ſervile indigence, with a broken conſtitution, without ſpirit, and without the power of exerting it; with the additional reflexion of having himſelf been the cauſe of his diſtreſſes.

Nor is it only in the *affirmative* uſe of the term that I have to complain of its perverſion; the ſame injuſtice takes place when it is applied in the *negative*. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a "MAN OF SPIRIT," may proceed ſometimes from pity; but, when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, eſpecially if he happen alſo to be opulent, blamed as "*wanting ſpi*-"*rit*," the accuſation is generally the child of detracti-

on and malignity. I do not apply my observation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whose purses are shut against their friends, and whose doors are barred against every body; such men certainly want spirit, and are, for the most part, defective in every virtue; but I am afraid that it often happens that a person, benevolent to his friends, hospitable to the deserving, kind to his servants, and indulgent to his children, is blamed as "*wanting spirit*," for no reason but because he is proof against the absurdities of fashion and vanity, because he guards against the tricks of the designing, despises the opinions and disapprobation of the foolish, and persists in that train of moderate œconomy, which he knows is best suited to his fortune and rational views.

Instead of wanting "*spirit*," such a character is the true idea of "a man of spirit." In every part of his manners and conduct, he passes through life with an uniform steadiness and dignity. His moderation secures his independence, and his attention supplies the means of hospitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and distempered course, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment and respectable industry; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a shattered constitution, without fortune, and without friends, is in absolute want, or, at best, become the mean flatterer of some insolent minion of wealth or power; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himself, useful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing, perhaps, from charity, not respect, his assistance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characterised him as a *man of no spirit*.

But it was not my purpose to delineate at length the character of a real "man of spirit."—I proposed only to explode a very absurd and mischievous abuse of an epithet that too generally prevails. I shall therefore conclude, with assuring those who are ambitious of being "men of spirit," by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preserve it after

their fortunes are ſpent, and their conſtitutions broken; yet they will be "men of ſpirit" only nominally, and in the mouths of the world; in reality, and in their hearts they will be the meaneſt as well as the moſt unhappy of mankind, lingering out a uſeleſs and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed diſeaſe, and extravagance and profuſion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

My correſpondent has confined his obſervations to ne half of the world, and remarked the abuſe of the erm *ſpirit*, when applied to the *men* only. Might he ot have extended his remarks a little farther, and tra- ed the application of the phraſe to the conduct and ehaviour of the other ſex? Perhaps, indeed, the *aracter* is not ſo univerſally in repute, as to come ithin the line of *Moderatus*'s complaint; but the *ing* is more in vogue than it ſeems to have been at any riod of which my predeceſſors, who are a ſort of roniclers of manners and faſhions, have preſerved the ſtory.

In *London*, to which place we are always to look the "*Glaſs of Faſhion*," the ladies, not ſatisfied with owing their *ſpirit* in the bold look, the maſculine , and the manly garb, have made inroads into a pro- ce from which they were formerly conſidered as ab- utely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. alf a dozen ſocieties have ſtarted up this winter, in ich female ſpeakers exerciſe their powers of elocuti- before numerous audiences, and canvaſs all manner ſubjects with the freedom and ſpirit of the boldeſt le orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet at- pted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in reſpect: ſome of our ladies, however, do all they to put us on a footing with them. There is ſeldom rowded play, or a full concert, at which ſome of

our *public speakers* do not exert themselves with a most laudable spirit to drown the declamation of the stage, or the music of the orchestra.

Nor is the ambition of those spirited ladies satisfied with speaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice of the actor, or the tones of the musician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and, in the side-box of the theatre, or the front bench of the concert-room, there is often such a collection of beauty, animated with so much *spirit* of *exhibition*, that it is impossible the male part of the company should look at the scene, or think of the music. One of my predecessors has mentioned the art which the ladies of his day used in the unfurling of their *fans*, so as to display certain little *Cupids* and *Venuses* which lurked in their folds. Had he seen some of our ladies in the attitudes which modern *spirit* has taught them to assume—such unfurlings and unfoldings!—his *Venuses* and *Cupids* were mere ice and snow to them.

It is but justice to those ladies to remark, that this part of their behaviour seems calculated merely to show their accomplishment in fashionable freedom of manner, without any motive of an interested or selfish kind. They are contented with the reputation of ease and spirit, without procuring much indulgence from the one, or licence from the other. I have sometimes, however, been inclined to think, that there was a degree of unfairness in this, and to doubt, if a lady was entitled thus to hang out false colours, and to be in reality innocent and harmless, while she was quite a different sort of creature in appearance. I could not help allowing some justice in the complaint of a girl, whom I overheard some weeks ago, in the passage from the upper boxes, thus addressing her companion: "Do "you observe that pert, giggling, naked thing in the "stage-box? There's not a man in the house she can "a farthing for; and yet she has the assurance to look "like one of us."

No. 103. Tuesday, *May* 2, 1780.

To the Author of the Mirror.

SIR,

FROM my earliest infancy I have been remarkable for good humour, and a gentle, complying, inoffensive dispositon; qualities which, I am told, I inherit of my father, the late Mr. *Paul Softly*, an eminent linen draper. Though I myself soon recover any disappointment or contradiction I meet with; yet so tender is my regard to the feelings of others, that I am led some how, constitutionally, and almost against my reason to comply with their requests, humour them in their foibles, and aquiesce in their opinions. I cannot bear, Mr. Mirror, it hurts me more than you can imagine, to disappoint the hopes, or withstand the solicitation of any human being whatever. There is a sturdy, idle, impudent, merry-looking dog of a sailor, with a wooden leg, stationed at the corner of the street where I live, who, I do believe, has established himself as a pensioner upon me for life, by the earnestness of his tones, and his constant prayers to heaven for blessings on my goodness. Often and often have I been engaged in midnight riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood; and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to resist the hospitable importunity of my landlord pressing me to fill a bumper.

From this I would not have you imagine that I am devoid of resolution, or a will of my own. On the contrary, I do assure you, that, upon extraordinary occasions, and when it is necessary, I can resist and resent too. Nay, my wife (if you will believe her) frequently complains of my obstinacy and perverseness; and declares, that, of all the men she ever knew, *Simon Softly* (for that is my name) is the least sensible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, considering that I married her, not so much from any personal regard, as in order to please her worthy family,

who had ſerved me, though I dare ſay without any expectation of reward, I thank God I lead a pretty tolerable ſort of life with her. Upon the whole, Sir, this diſpoſition of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient, than that named firm and deciſive, which, I confeſs to you, I ſuſpect is at the bottom nothing elſe but conceit and ill-humour. Upon one occaſion in my life, however (I think it is the very firſt), which I am going to lay before you, I muſt own that it has given me a good deal of ſerious diſturbance.

About ſix months ago I ſucceeded, by the death of an uncle, to a land-eſtate of £ 100 a-year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greateſt proprietor in the country. Along with it I inherited a law-ſuit, kept alive by various means ever ſince the year thirty-three. The ſubject of it was a fourth part of the eſtate, which, though it had long been poſſeſſed by my predeceſſors, as part of the farm of *Oxentown*, Sir *Ralph Holdencourt*, our adverſary and neighbour above mentioned, contended muſt belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of *Acredale* — But, before I go on, I muſt make you acquainted with Sir *Ralph*. He is deſcended from one of the oldeſt and moſt choleric families in the kingdom. The ſtem of it, as appears from the tree drawn by the hand of his great grandfather, Sir *Euſtace*, was a Norman baron, who came over with the Conqueror. One of his poſterity intermarried with a Welſh heireſs; they were driven out of England for ſome act of rebellion, and ſince their ſettlement in the north, their blood has been further heightened by alliance with the family of a Scots Peer and a Highland Chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the ſuddenneſs of their paſſion, have all along borne ample teſtimony to the purity of their lineage. Sir *Euſtace* himſelf fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In Sir *Ralph*'s veins, this ſpirit, though ſomewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one, who, as it is whiſpered, had once ſerved him in the capacity of dairy-maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth, he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the ſame ſurname, who,

without juſt title, claimed kindred with him, and aſſumed the arms of his family. I have heard too, that he himſelf was once ſoundly peppered by a gentleman of ſmall fortune whoſe gun Sir *Ralph* had attempted to ſeize upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is ſtill noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretenſions, the ceremonious politeneſs with which he receives the great gentry, and his ſupercilious treatment of all thoſe who are not intitled to that name.—But to go on with my ſtory. Soon after my ſucceſſion, being on a viſit to another neighbour, Mr. B.; I found him with his wife preparing to depart, in great form, for the ſeat of my adverſary, to whom they are annually in uſe of paying their reſpects. Being ignorant of my ſituation, they preſſed me much to accompany them; and I, deſirous to pleaſe them, Sir, and not knowing how to excuſe myſelf, at the ſame time thinking it unreaſonable that I ſhould be at enmity with a man whom I did not know, merely becauſe we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family arms are worked, and at the other, by the manſion-houſe, a large old-faſhioned building, with a moat and and turrets, we overtook the Knight himſelf returning from a ride. He ſeemed to be about ſixty, but retained a robuſt make and florid complexion. He was ſeated on a ſuperb ſaddle, with holſters, and a houſing of fur: he rode a long-tailed horſe, which had once been grey, but had now become white with age; and was attended, at a due diſtance, by a ſedate elderly looking ſervant, in an ample livery ſurtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach-nag. No ſooner had he perceived us, than he puſhed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to preſent himſelf upon the platform of a large outer ſtone ſtair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour Mr. *Softly:* but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood ruſhed into his face, and eyeing me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel, and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled (for I do not

want ſpirit), and wiſhed to retire: but, perceiving that my horſe had been led into the ſtable, and that I muſt paſs through a crowd of ſervants who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be juſt as good to go on, and ſo followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainſcotted with oak, and decorated with ſome portraits, a map of the eſtate, a tree of the family deſcent, beſide a ſpear and a croſs-bow, which had been borne, I ſuppoſe, by ſome of the Knight's progenitors. Here we were received by Miſs *Primroſe Holdencourt*, his ſiſter, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever ſince the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To her I made a profound bow, of which ſhe took no notice, unleſs by bridling up her head, and toſſing a look of diſdain at me.

Our preſent company, beſides the perſons already mentioned, conſiſted of the Knight's agent or attorney, and the parſon of the pariſh. The two latter, who, for ſome reaſon or other, had all along kept ſtanding together by one of the windows near the door, were baniſhed, upon the appearance of dinner, to a bye-table in a corner of the room, where I likewiſe, finding no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my ſeat. But, for this diſgrace, I was ſoon comforted by the good humour and facetiouſneſs of the attorney (who ſeemed to take a liking for me), as well as by ſome excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parſon, participated pretty liberally. We had no communication with the other table, unleſs by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with Miſs *Primroſe*, by drinking her health, which met with a very ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cauſe to envy their converſation, as it conſiſted chiefly of ſome annotations by her upon the table-linen, in which the heads of the twelve apoſtles, and ſome worthies of the family, were woven; beſides a hiſtory from the Knight, of ſome exploits, performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to an union with ours; which, however, did not take place without ſtrong marks of repugnance on the part of the Knight. Theſe became ſtill more and more

manifeſt, as the liquor elevated his pride: he puſhed the bottle paſt me, neglected to require my toaſt, and every now and then eyed me over his ſhoulder, with a look of the utmoſt jealouſy and averſion. I did not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing; ſo I kept my ſeat manfully. In a ſhort time, my friend Mr. B. having, for ſome purpoſe or other, left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great candour and cordiality, inquired of me, whether that unhappy conteſt relative to the farm of Oxentown were drawing to an iſſue? "*Nothing that depends on my will for that* "*purpoſe ſhall be wanting,*" anſwered I, "*You allow,* "*then,*" immediately interpoſed the Knight, "*that* "*the lands of Harrowfield make part of my barony of* "*Acredale: you are at laſt become ſenſible of the juſtice* "*of my claims.*" *I am glad of it, heartily glad of it,*" ejoined the attorney; "*but, indeed, it is impoſſible to* "*doubt it, for*"—and here he began a long diſſertation, ſo full of law-terms, and bad Latin, that I did not underſtand a word on't, which he finiſhed with, "*From all which, it is* luce clarius, *that the lands be-* "*long to Sir Ralph.*" "*Moſt aſſuredly,*" echoed the parſon. "*And when, my dear Sir, do you mean to re-* "*nounce your claim?*" reſumed the attorney. All this, Mr. MIRROR, paſſed with ſo much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be farther from my intention, than totally to ſurrender my claim; an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr. MIRROR? My friend, who might have ſupported me, had left the room: I had no anſwer ready to the attorney's argument; the whole company concurred in regarding my claim as groundleſs; my meaning had been miſunderſtood, and an explanation, beſides expoſing me to their reſentment (but that I did not value a ſtraw,) would have ſubjected me to the ſuſpicion of inſincerity and looſe dealing. Still, however, I was loth thus to play away ſo conſiderable a part of my inheritance. After heſitating a little while, awkward and embarraſſed between theſe oppoſite motives, I did at laſt reſolve to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an addreſs for that purpoſe, which, I do believe, I

ſhould have delivered, when the attorney, ſlapping me on the ſhoulder with one hand, and ſtretching out the other to me, with an air of the greateſt cordiality, cut me ſhort, "*What ſay you, Mr. Softly? faſt bind faſt find; what ſay you to finiſhing the matter immediately?*" This propoſal being quite unexpected, utterly diſconcerted me. Between ſurpriſe, embarraſſment, and the deſire of relieving myſelf by a deciſion one way or other, ſeeing them, at the ſame time, full of expectation, I haſtily, almoſt without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and anſwered, "*Sir, with all my heart.*" In ſhort, Mr. MIRROR, paper, pen, and ink were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I inſtantly executed. The Knight, immediately, after, coming up to me, ſhook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, deſired and inſiſted to ſee me often at *Caſtle Holdencourt*.

Being naturally of an eaſy temper, and ſeeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the ſame time with the ſatisfaction it had diffuſed, I ſoon, in ſome degree, regained my good humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning I found myſelf at my friend Mr. B.'s houſe, without knowing how or when I had been tranſported to it.

Upon ſerious deliberation, however, and after ſome converſation upon the ſubject with my wife, I am really vexed and diſpirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the firſt merely to diſburden my mind by telling the ſtory (I fear it is a dull and tedious one); the ſecond, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for *reducing* my conſent? the third, to warn perſons of a ſimilar diſpoſition from going into company with their adverſaries in a law-ſuit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SIMON SOFTLY.

As I ſincerely ſympathiſe with Mr. *Softly* in his diſtreſs, I have publiſhed his letter for the firſt purpoſe

mentioned in its concluſion, to diſburden his mind of the ſtory. As to the ſecond, I am afraid I can be of little uſe to him, as a law opinion delivered through the channel of the MIRROR, would be deſtitute of ſome of the pre-requiſites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceeding. The third, which is a very diſintereſted motive, is, I believe, more charitable in him, than it will be uſeful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occaſion for warning people againſt going into the company of thoſe with whom they are at law, leſt they ſhould be ſurpriſed into improper conceſſions; I have generally obſerved, that being in company with an adverſary in a law-ſuit, has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to diſpoſe him to relinquiſh them.

Z

No. 104. SATURDAY, *May* 6, 1780.

IT has been remarked, that the *country-life* prevails more in Great Britain than in any civilized nation in Europe. However true this obſervation may be in the general, there is one ſet of men among us, to whom in the preſent times, it will by no means apply: I mean our great nobles and men of high fortune. It is indeed vain to expect, that perſons in that rank of life ſhould be able to withſtand the attractions of a court, and the ſeductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheleſs, a melancholy circumſtance, in travelling through this iſland, to find ſo many noble palaces deſerted by their illuſtrious owners, even in that ſeaſon of the year when, to every man of taſte, the country muſt afford true pleaſure. How mortifying is it to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot *afford* to live at his country-ſeat, and to ſee him, after paſſing a winter in London, and loſing thouſands in a week, reduced to the neceſſity of murdering the ſummer, by lounging from watering-place, to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a *villa* in the

environs of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the mansion of his ancestors! To such men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I. who, as Lord Bacon tells us, "was wont to "be very earnest with the country gentlemen to go "from London to their country-seats; and sometimes "would say to them, *Gentlemen, at London you are like "ships in the sea, which show like nothing; but in your "country-villages, you are like ships in a river, which "look like great things.*"

I do not mean, however, to say, that a *great man* should live always in the country. The duties of his station, and the rank he holds in society, require, that he should pass part of the year in the capital; and, independent of those considerations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has passed his whole life immured within the walls of his own *chateau*, and constantly surrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the most insupportable.

Nay, I will go farther: I am disposed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing, even for a private Gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himself altogether to a country-life.

A remarkable instance of the bad consequences of abandoning society, I lately met with in a visit I had occasion to pay to a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whose real name I shall conceal under that of *Acasto*. Soon after he quitted the university, where he had been distinguished by an ardent love of literature, *Acasto* retired to his estate in the country, which though not great, was fully sufficient for all his wants. There he had resided ever since; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not seen him for many years. Time had made some alteration on his figure; but that was little, when compared with the change I found in him in all other respects. In his dress and manners he was indeed completely rusticated; and, by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to those little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in society. The day I arrived at his house

I found him sauntering in his garden, waiting a call to dinner, dressed in an old coat, which had once been black, a slouched hat of the same complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days.

After a hearty welcome, he carried me in to dinner. In his conversation, I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which sometimes amused from its oddity; and, from conversing chiefly with persons rather of an inferior station to himself, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been self-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the same causes, the veriest trifle, particularly if it concerned himself, had become to him an object of importance. A *country-gentleman* he considered as the most respectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth and sincerity, were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world, he considered as a villain; and every woman who passed much of her time in town, he made no scruple to say, was *no better than she should be*. At first, it astonished me to hear a man, of his good sense and benevolent dispositions, talk of some of the most amiable characters of the age in the most disrespectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me short, by saying, he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told such and such a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr. *Downright*, who scorned to flatter any man, or to tell any thing but the truth.

I soon had an opportunity of judging how far the country gentlemen were entitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and integrity. The morning after I arrived, my host informed me he was obliged to attend a county-meeting, where there was to be business of considerable importance, in which he was deeply interested; and, as he could not stay at home with me, I readily consented to accompany him. He had dressed himself for the occasion; that is, he had shaved his beard, and put on a clean shirt. It re-

mained to determine how we ſhould travel. At firſt he propoſed to go on horſeback; but the appearance of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would ſtop the plough; and it was determined we ſhould ride. But as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with ſome threatnings of a ſore throat he had had the week before, made him again reſolve upon the carriage. In ſhort, I found, that my poor friend, naturally of an undeciſive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accuſtomed himſelf to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greateſt conſequence. At length we ſet out in the carriage; but not till repeated inſtructions were given to *John* to drive only two miles the firſt hour, and not more than three, or three and a quarter afterwards.

On the road, we met with ſome incidents that were amuſing enough. In the midſt of a ſerious converſation on the *ſtate of the nation*, in which *Acaſto* was propoſing plans of reformation, and tracing all our preſent calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile intereſt in parliament, and the ſhameful neglect of the country-gentlemen, we happened to paſs the houſe of a cottager, who had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high road; which *Acaſto* no ſooner perceived than he ſtopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the groſſeſt offence. Not ſatisfied with ordering the nuiſance to be removed, he thought it neceſſary to repreſent, in ſtrong colours, all the poſſible miſchiefs that might have enſued from it. "What might have happened," ſaid he, "if my horſes had ſtartled, God "only knows!—Had we been overturned, my carri"age might have been broken, or my horſes killed, "and even I myſelf might have been hurt."

This circumſtance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend ſo much, that it was ſome time before he could reſume the thread of his converſation. Some other incidents of the ſame kind gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his attention to the police of the country, and of impreſſing me with an idea of the obligations he had thereby conferred on his fellow-citizens. At

length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court-house, were we found a very numerous meeting.

I soon found that the important business which had brought so many gentlemen from their own houses, was to determine, whether a bridge should be built at one end of a village or the other? From the course of the argument, if argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that to the *Public* it was a matter of the most perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in the course of trade, and had lately purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant house. *Acasto*, and his friend Mr. *Downright*, strenuously opposed the plan of accommodating this *novus homo*, who had presumed to buy one of the best estates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price than any body else would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to observe in both parties as much trick and chicane as might, when properly varnished, have done honour to the most finished statesman. In one thing only I discovered that *open plainness* on which country-gentlemen are so apt to value themselves, and that was in the *language* in which they addressed each other. *There*, indeed, they were sufficiently plain; and no where did I ever observe a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Chesterfield, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*.

On our way home, *Acasto* entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had seen; but he might have saved himself the trouble; for, by recollecting how they *voted*, I should immediately have known which of them were honest and sincere, and which mean time-serving sycophants.

I shall not trouble my readers with any reflexions on *Acasto*'s character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural good sense and benevolence, expose him hourly to ridicule or to censure, have been occasioned by his retreat from the world, and by that solitude in which he has lived so long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in

some degree, suffer from it; that did not, more or less, become selfish and contracted, conceited and opinionative. I never see a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gaiety, without feeling an emotion of compassion. In a few years, when he comes to be supplanted in that circle by a younger set, no resource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he must pass his days either in a state of listless inactivity, or in pursuits unworthy of a rational being. I would, therefore, earnestly recommend it to every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to some profession; to set before him some object that may fill his mind, may rouse him to action, and may make him at once a happy and respectable member of society.

M

No. 105. TUESDAY, *May* 9, 1780.

THE winter, which, like an untaught visitor, had prolonged its stay with us to a very unreasonable length, has, at last, given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent sky; and many of my readers will now leave the business or amusements of the *town*, for the purer air and less tumultuous enjoyments of the *country*. As I have, now, and then, ventured some observations on the manners and fashions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for those whom the season now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My last paper was intended for the serious perusal of *country gentlemen*. I mean, in this, to make a few lighter observations on some little failings, in point of manners, to which I have seen a propensity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in those who, though of the town, for the greatest part of the year, make their appearance, like the *cuckoo* (I mean no offence by the comparison), when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the *first* place, I would beg of those who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the newest-fashioned cut in her riding-habit, or to astonish a country-congregation with the height of her head-dress; and a gentleman, in like manner, to *sport*, as they term it, a grotesque pattern of a waistcoat, or to set the children agape by the enormous size of his buckles. These are privileges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have intitled themselves by the expence and trouble of a winter's residence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil sort of consequence such people are apt to assume in conversation, which, I think, goes beyond the just prerogative of *township*, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They should consider, that though there are certain subjects of *ton* and fashion, on which they may pronounce *ex cathedrâ* (if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase), yet that, even in the country, the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a person may like or dislike a new song, a new lutestring, a French dish, or an Italian perfume, though such person has been unfortunate enough to pass last winter at a hundred miles distance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in those matters, to the enlightened judgment of their friends, who are newly arrived from the seat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her cousin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating some extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting some remarkable piece of dress or finery, cut her short, by saying, with all the coolness in the world, "That is singular enough, but it is no-"thing to what I heard from Miss B———, with "whom I have corresponded ever since she went to "London;" or, "This is very pretty, to be sure, "but not to be compared to Mrs. C———'s, which "she had sent her in a present from Paris." This sort

of *brag-playing* in converſation I have ſometimes heard carried to a very diſagreeable length, which would be in a great meaſure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take conſequence only from what they have ſeen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and ſubordination in the matter. To borrow another alluſion from the *game* above mentioned, I think it is but reaſonable, that the wonders of perſons from town ſhould take the ſame precedence of the wonders of the people in the country, that *natural cards* do of *makers*.

But it is ſometimes from the oppoſite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town viſitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to ſee the confuſion into which the appearance of the new-faſhioned carriage of a gentleman juſt arrived from town throws the family, eſpecially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, ſuch a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls to fetch their maſter from the field, and their miſtreſs from the waſh-houſe! Then, after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chambermaid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with ſome awkward apology, followed by a ſcold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-bruſh in view of the company. By and by appears the maſter of the houſe, with another apology, for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dreſs. After a long ſeries of common inquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the viſitors, and two or three meſſages up ſtairs from the miſtreſs of the family; down come the young ladies with their caps awry, their long pins but half ſtuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons ſtiff from the folds. Here follows a ſecond courſe of the ſame queſtions and anſwers, which being cloſed by an obſervation of the late hour from the one ſide, and ſome ſtrictures on the ſhortneſs of town-viſits from the other, the company are ſuffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at ſuch pains to make themſelves fit, as they thought, to be ſeen by them. Let theſe laſt remember, that there

is a ſtyle, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanlineſs they owe to themſelves; an imitation of the faſhionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; moſt of theſe, indeed, are quite prepoſterous in the country: it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themſelves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, deſired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, ſo I muſt intreat their country friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their reliſh for draining, ditching, hedging, horſe-hoeing, liming, and marling, and ſuch other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's converſation at a gentleman farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by ſeven months reſidence in the region of amuſement and diſſipation. The like caution will apply to thoſe female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with diſſertations on the cow-houſe, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

There are ſome topics which may be introduced, at that ſeaſon, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a ſparing and moderate uſe; I mean thoſe little lectures on morality, ſometimes known by the name of *ſcandal*. In theſe the town ladies, however, have ſome advantage, as their ſubjects are often ſuch as may be reckoned fair game, perſons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who ſeem to act as if they wiſhed to be talked of. Theſe notorious offenders againſt decency and decorum, of which there are always ſome inſtances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be ſent, after execution, to *Surgeons'-Hall*; their characters may be diſſected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country town or village is rarely ſo unguarded in her conduct as to give this licence to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged to reſort to the whiſpering of little private anecdotes and family-ſecrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally intitled to do, at leaſt except in caſes of great neceſſity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party conſiſts but

of two, who can neither play cribbage, piquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat a-kin to the lovers of detraction are the *offence-takers*, a ſpecies of people I have obſerved more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply verſed in the ſcience of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning viſits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and curtſies. I have been aſtoniſhed to find the circle of my acquaintance ſo circumſcribed as I have ſometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houſes of one-half of the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally eſtranged from the other by neglects of himſelf, affronts to his wife, ſquabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toaſts at country-meetings after the ſecond bottle.

This diſeaſe of offence-taking is particularly epidemic in ſome places every *ſeventh* year, or ſometimes it returns a little ſooner by royal proclamation. As this ſummer may probably be the ſeaſon of its recurring with violence, I take the preſent opportunity of warning my readers againſt the company of the infected; and even to theſe a regimen of temper and good-manners may be found a very powerful and ſalutary alterative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very diſagreeable; and, as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflexions, or break out into ſcurrility and abuſe, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their conſequences. To gentleman concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly obſerve, that the period of their canvaſs is not the proper time for indulging any ſuch freedoms in converſation or behaviour. When the conteſt is determined, the loſers have ſome ſort of privilege for railing; the ſucceſsful candidates, as things go now-a-days, ſhould keep all their foul language for that place to which the ſuffrages of their conſtituents are to ſend them.

No. 106. SATURDAY, *May* 13, 1780.

Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

HOR.

THE importance of education to fit men for the world, has been univerſally ſeen and acknowledged; but I think it has not been always ſufficiently attended to, as neceſſary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety when they retreat from the buſineſs of life, and to enjoy themſelves, when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almoſt every man wiſhes to eſcape from the hurry and buſtle of the world, and to taſte the ſweets of retirement and repoſe; but how few are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their deſigns in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Inſtead of pleaſure, they find ſatiety, wearineſs, and diſguſt; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in what way they may kill the tedious hours, grows, at length, their only object. But had theſe men received a good education, they would never be at a loſs how to fill up their time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various ſources. Company and converſation would receive a finer reliſh; books would give perpetual enjoyments; the gay proſpects of the country, the romantic ſcenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying thoſe ſcenes, and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many poſſeſs without knowing how to uſe, the miniſter of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taſte for the elegant arts, is requiſite to enable a perſon engaged in the ordinary buſineſs of life, to ſucceed in his profeſſion; and, while ſo engaged, the occupations of that profeſſion will prevent his feeling any vacuity or ſuffering any inconvenience from his ignorance and want of refinement. But when ſuch a perſon has acquired a

fortune, and given up buſineſs, I have often obſerved, that, from this uncultivated ſtate of mind, he is at a loſs how to enjoy himſelf or his riches. He either becomes a prey to chagrin and *ennui*, or he gives himſelf up to the coarſeſt intemperance; or, ſhould he wiſh to figure as a man of taſte or faſhion, he receives but little entertainment himſelf, and his attempts are ſo abſurd and prepoſterous, as to make him the object of ſcoff and ridicule to others.

Drexelius was put early to buſineſs: his whole learning conſiſted in being able to read Engliſh, to write and keep accounts. He got ſoon into a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitted; and his œconomy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burden upon him, only gave him an exertion of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceaſing flow of ſpirits. By the time he was fifty, *Drexelius* had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richeſt of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think ſeriouſly of enjoying it. The reſolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he ſhould have acquired a fortune, and which had ſupported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He, therefore, wound up his buſineſs, ſold off his ſtock, and purchaſed an eſtate in the country. The novelty of the ſituation, and the flattering thought that he was proprietor of ſo many acres, ſupported him for a while. But he ſoon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no ſort of pleaſure. He could receive no amuſement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the *Spectator*, recommended to him by the clergyman of the pariſh, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece; and the proſpects which he heard others admire, appeared to him not more beautiful than the front of the Exchange, or the pavement of the ſtreet on which he uſed to tread. Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the 'Change. Accordingly he hired a houſe in town, and reſolved to ſpend in it the winter-months at leaſt. But the town had now alſo loſt its charms,

and he found it impoſſible to recover them. He had no longer buſineſs to occupy his mind: when he roſe in the morning, he knew not what to do; he had no bargains to ſettle, and no ſhips to inſure. His acquaintance around him were buſy, while he was idle; he found himſelf alone in the midſt of a crowd, an unintereſted ſpectator of what uſed to employ him. Change of ſituation, therefore, gave him no relief, for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchaſe he had made was a dear one: upon his *eſtate*, which had coſt him more at firſt than he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a houſe, and to make ſome other improvements, the expence of which, like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of *Drexelius*'s fortune. On former occaſions, he had loſt more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loſs; but then he had different objects to intereſt him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had loſt upon one; now he had nothing elſe to think of but the daily expenditure. This took poſſeſſion of his imagination; he thought he ſaw poverty and ruin before him; and his health began to ſink under the vexations of his mind. In vain did his friends repreſent to him the greatneſs of his fortune; that the money he was laying out was a trifle to what he poſſeſſed; and that, after all his plans were finiſhed, he would ſtill have more than he could ſpend. It is to no purpoſe to reaſon with a diſeaſed imagination: the only thing which can relieve it is a change of objects and a variety of amuſements. But this method could not be followed by *Drexelius*: there was no object to intereſt him; and his mind was incapable of amuſement. His diſeaſe, therefore, increaſed upon him every day. The proprietor of a fine place, poſſeſſed of a great fortune, in ſhort, with all the means of pleaſure and enjoyment, he was haunted with the demon of Poverty, and actually believed, that, if he lived many years, he ſhould die of want.

Clavius was a partner in trade with *Drexelius*, whoſe example he followed in the ſcheme of enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and

uneducated as that of *Drexelius*, equally incapable of amuſing itſelf in ſolitude, or of receiving pleaſure from thoſe enjoyments which a country life is calculated to beſtow. He was, however, a man of greater natural ſpirits, and was not therefore ſo apt to become a prey to liſtleſsneſs, or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his reſource; and that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone. But as he had no talent for converſation, every ſort of company was equally welcome to him; and, where converſation was not the object, it became neceſſary to ſupport the ſociety by ſome adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourſe to. This was the employment during the fineſt ſummer-evenings; and the morning ſun often roſe upon the ſame company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to *Clavius*'s country ſeat, not to enjoy the charms of the country, but the charms of ſociety, and what they called good fellowſhip. Thus were *Clavius*'s nights ſpent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in ſleeping off that intoxication. His conſtitution was not long able to ſupport this courſe of life; he died, a few years after he had quitted buſineſs, a martyr to that fortune which his wiſhes had formerly repreſented as the certain ſource of felicity.

Pomponius took a different turn from the perſons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they; but, when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taſte, of elegance, and of refinement, he reſolved to be a *man of taſte*. The eſtate he purchaſed had been the old hereditary poſſeſſion of a man of conſiderable rank. *Pomponius* gave ſeveral years purchaſe more than its value, that he might be poſſeſſed of the demeſne of an ancient family, and have the pleaſure of adding to his name "Eſquire, of ——." When he came to live at this eſtate, he found the old manſion-houſe muſt be pulled down, and a new one erected. But, inſtead of truſting to the ſkill and taſte of his architect, the plan muſt be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have ſupported a Gothic cathedral; the inſide is crowded with painted compartments; and every pannel and window is bedawb-

ed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the moſt abſurd taſte. A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a *canal*, made at an exorbitant expence, runs parrallel with the front of his houſe; at each end is a circular puddle, called a *baſon*, in which is a little bank of rubbiſh, dignified with the name of *iſland*. Not a walk but is ſtuck full of ſtatues; and temples and grottoes appear in every field. In ſhowing you his grounds he tells you the price of every ſtatue; and every temple is honoured with the account of what it coſt. Not ſatisfied with being a man of taſte out of doors, he pretends to connoiſſeurſhip and to literature within. He ſhows pictures painted, as he thinks, by maſters, whoſe names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are ſtarted of their originality, *Pomponius* ſtops all further queſtions by the mention of the ſum he paid for them. His library has its ſtatues like his fields; it is furniſhed with a profuſion of *bronzes* and *buſts*; and the books are as liberally gilded as the reſt of his furniture. In talking of them (for he runs all riſks to be thought a man of learning) he gets into the moſt ridiculous blunders. He miſtakes a Greek for a Roman author; and to ſhow himſelf a philoſopher, praiſes a writer, in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, ſomebody happening to mention the *World*, he aſked if the author, Mr. *Fitzadam*, was ſtill alive, and if he had written any other book.

Drexelius and *Clavius* were miſerable in the midſt of their wealth; *Pomponius* is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his.

How much is it to be regretted, that theſe perſons had not in their earlier years received the benefit of a liberal education? Had their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the firſt principles of elegance and taſte, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity: while they were reaping the fruits of their honeſt induſtry and ſucceſs, they might have been uſeful to others and proved ornaments to their country.

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No. 107. TUESDAY, *May* 16, 1780.

And love *and* war *take turns like day and night.*

ROWE.

IN every art and ſcience, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by ſpecious theories and deluſive ſpeculation. Learned men, in the ſolitude of their ſtudies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper, can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into eaſy and conſtant practice. But thoſe who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the brain of the demonſtrator, is ſadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is ſomething, however, ſo delightful in this art of *theory-building*, that the experience of a thouſand diſappointments will never be able to extinguiſh it. Nor, indeed, ſhould any body wiſh for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the perſon who builds is delighted with the expectation of ſucceſs, and that other people are often little leſs pleaſed with tracing the diſappointment. The laſt are flattered by ſeeing the ſuperiority of ſcience thus levelled and brought down; the firſt ſolaces himſelf by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and ſhutting his cloſet-door, returns to freſh theories and new ſpeculation.

In the courſe of my reading, I have met with two theoretical deſcriptions, which pleaſed me ſo much by the appearance they exhibited of ſelf-ſatisfaction in the ſages who compoſed them, that I cannot reſiſt the deſire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The firſt I found in an obſcure author of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, in tracing the progreſs of certain affections of the mind, thus perſonifies his ideas of *Honourable Love*.

"When a young man," ſays he, "of illuſtrious deſcent, rarely gifted by Nature in mind and body, the which he hath, through the care of his noble parents and his own ſpecial induſtry, much helped by art, firſt

cometh from the retired haunts of learning into the resort of the world, he is suddenly smitten by the beauty and rare accomplishments of some young damsel, of parentage no less honourable than his own, and of endowments no less precious than those wherewith he himself is graced. He seeketh all opportunities of converse with, and of courtesy towards her; which nevertheless she, out of maiden shyness, whereof her lady-mother hath well instructed her, doth, with a determined statelines of aspect, most constantly avoid; whereat the young man being grieved in his mind, but nowise damped in his love, he resteth not till by all means he render himself more worthy of her regard, not only by excelling in all gentlemanlike exercises, such as dancing, horsemanship, skill in his rapier, and the like, but likewise in all becoming softness of behaviour, and courtly niceness of speech, adding thereunto the study of sweet poesy, wherewith, in curious sonnets, he speaketh the praise of his mistress's manifold perfections. But she, nowise yielding to such flatteries, nor abating the rigour of her looks, he sometimes complaineth of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and for a while, as seeking freedom from his fair tyrant, shunneth her company, and resorteth to that of jovial companions, much given to the sports of the field, and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to efface her image quite from his mind. But, after no great space, he groweth uneasy and unquiet, and though stoutly denying all allegiance to that dominion, whereof he hath sworn to be free, he goeth secretly where he can again steal a glance of her lovely face, by one look of which being, as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he reneweth his suit with fresh warmth, renouncing his past rebellion as a grievous sin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold increased love. Nevertheless she, willing to show her power, thus marvelously confirmed and increased, demeaneth herself as haughtily as before, and, haply, to punish his late treasonous lapse and falling off, seemeth to cast upon others more soft and favourable looks; whereat our lover, being stung with envy and jealous wrath, doth encounter the chiefest of his rivals with sharp and angry words, which growing

into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to decide which is the worthieſt by trial of arms; and having met, in ſome retired place, either on horſeback or on foot, attended by their ſquires, a furious combat enſueth, in which the valour of both ſhineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more eſpecially inflamed and ſpurred on. After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both ſides, our lover doth, with difficulty, maſter his adverſary, to whom he ſhoweth no leſs courteſy in defeat, than fierceneſs in fight. After a time, having recovered of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath ſhowed as much grief and pity as beſeemeth a modeſt maiden to ſhow for man, he appeareth before her, his arm ſcarfed, and his cheeks yet pale from loſs of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveneſs for paſt faults, and voweth conſtancy and love, not ſhorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter; while ſhe, without ſpeaking a word, doth, by looks and ſilent bluſhes, in ſome ſort confeſs herſelf propitious to his vows; whereof, having paſſed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wiſhes, and obtaineth her conſent to be his wedded wife. Laſtly their noble parents being well ſatisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage is celebrated, with much ceremony and pomp, at the caſtle of the bride's princely father, whereat there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and of minſtrelſy for many days."

This theory of ancient love and courtſhip, inſtead of ſimplifying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at leaſt, it is actually found. The lover, now-a-days, finds but little of that ſtately pride and maiden ſhyneſs above deſcribed; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his miſtreſs, nor to meet any rival attended by his ſquire, nor to ſuffer wounds and loſs of blood for her ſake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, ſay a few ſoft things to her in plain proſe, then meet her father attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and ſettlements, and ſo proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as ſhort or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The ſecond theoretical deſcription, which I ſhall lay

before my readers, is so far different from the first, that it renders a very confused and intricate business, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meanest capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical situation of that incident or bustle which occurs, in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and astonishing in the first than in the latter, though the art of the theorist carries the imagination through them all with wonderful distinctness and regularity. The instance to which I allude is the description of a *battle*, given by the ingenious Mr. *A. Boyer*, in his *French Dictionary*, under the word *Battaille*.

Description of a Battle.

"The two armies being in sight, the cannon roar on each side; and the signal of the fight being given, they both move, and begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals show their intrepidity, by preserving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without emotion and without hurry. In the close engagement, the officers perform wonders, and show extraordinary valour and judgment; and seconded by their men, who fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow all they meet in their way, break through battalions, and bear down squadrons. Upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, they resolutely sustain the effort of the enemy; and the generals, being informed by their aids-de-camp of what passes on that side, cause succours to march thither with all speed, revive the spirits of the soldiers by their presence, rally the broken battalions, bring them again to the charge, repulse the enemy, drive them before them, regain the ground they had lost, retrieve the whole affair, pursue the enemy close, trample them under foot or ride over them, entirely disable them, put all that resist to the sword; and, after having sustained continual discharges of cannon and small shot, and gained an entire and complete victory, cause a retreat to be sounded, and lie on the field of battle, while the air resounds with the flourishes of trumpets."

The above description is contained in an edition of

Mr. *Boyer*'s learned and useful work, now become exceedingly scarce. It is there given in *French* and *English*; but I choose to publish the translation only, as I mean it for the sole use of our *British* commanders, from whose practice, at the time of its first publication (about the beginning of this century), the description was probably taken. Perhaps, in some late campaigns, our generals had consulted other Dictionaries, containing a much less animated and decisive definition of a battle, than that which I have transcribed from the ingenious Mr. *Boyer*. I

No. 108. SATURDAY, *May* 20, 1780.

Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.

SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir *Edward* ———, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at *Florence*, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something beside pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous

in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at *Marseilles* with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea-voyage, leaving Sir *Edward* to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of *Piedmont*, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir *Edward*, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English *hunter* to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir *Edward*, was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir *Edward* brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir *Edward* to sense and life. *Venoni* possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir *Edward*, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of *Venoni* and his daughter.

He could not help expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe at the appearance of refinement in the converſation of the latter, much beyond what her ſituation ſeemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the houſe of a lady, who happened to paſs through the valley, and to take ſhelter in *Venoni*'s cottage (for his houſe was but a better ſort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When her mother died," ſaid he, "the Signora, whoſe name, at her deſire, we "had given the child, took her home to her own houſe; "there ſhe was taught many things, of which there "is no need here; yet ſhe is not ſo proud of her learn-"ing as to wiſh to leave her father in his old age; "and I hope ſoon to have her ſettled near me for life."

But Sir *Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louiſa* better than from the deſcription of her father. Muſic and painting, in both of which arts ſhe was a tolerable proficient, Sir *Edward* had ſtudied with ſucceſs. *Louiſa* felt a ſort of pleaſure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praiſed by Sir *Edward*; and the family-concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his gueſt was ſo far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other muſic of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir *Edward*'s violin was finer than either. But his converſation with *Louiſa*—it was that of a ſuperior order of beings!—ſcience, taſte, ſentiment!——it was long ſince *Louiſa* had heard theſe ſounds; amidſt the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir *Edward*, who was one of the moſt engaging figures I ever ſaw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was an expreſſion animated and intereſting; his ſickneſs had overcome ſomewhat of the firſt, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louiſa's was no leſs captivating—and Sir *Edward* had not ſeen it ſo long without emotion. During his illneſs he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it firſt grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her ſituation, and of the debt he owed her. But the ſtruggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of conſequence, increaſed his paſſion. There was but one way

in which the pride of Sir *Edward* allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of *Louisa*; at any rate to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir *Edward* an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes "when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know "how I came to think of it now; yet I have some rea"son to be sad." Sir *Edward* pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but *Venoni* was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.——"To marry, where one "cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir *Edward!*"——It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir *Edward* pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal—Sir *Edward* improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificacy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. *Louisa* started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father

with his intended ſon-in-law. He was juſt ſuch a man as *Louiſa* had repreſented him, coarſe, vulgar, and ignorant. But *Venoni*, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him, as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and diſcovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aſide, told her he had brought her future huſband, and that he intended they ſhould be married in a week at fartheſt.

Next morning *Louiſa* was indiſpoſed, and kept her chamber. Sir *Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with *Venoni*; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louiſa*.

In the evening ſhe wandered forth to indulge her ſorrows alone. She had reached a ſequeſtered ſpot, where ſome poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little ſtream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accuſtomed ſong. *Louiſa* ſat down on a withered ſtump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was ſcared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louiſa* roſe from the ground, and burſt into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir *Edward*. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he caſt on the earth a melancholy look, and ſeemed unable to ſpeak his feelings. "Are you not well, Sir *Edward?*" ſaid *Louiſa*, with a voice faint and broken.—"I am ill "indeed," ſaid he, "but my illneſs is of the mind. "*Louiſa*, cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but "I deſerve to be ſo. I have broken every law of hoſpi- "tality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared "to wiſh for happineſs, and to ſpeak what I wiſhed, "though it wounded the heart of my deareſt benefac- "treſs—but I will make a ſevere expiation. This mo- "ment I leave you, *Louiſa!* I go to be wretched; but "you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, "happy, it may be, in the arms of a huſband, whom "the poſſeſſion of ſuch a wife may teach refinement and "ſenſibility.—I go to my native country, to hurry "through ſcenes of irkſome buſineſs or taſteleſs amuſe- "ment; that I may, if poſſible, procure a ſort of half- "oblivion of that happineſs which I have left behind,

" a liſtleſs endurance of that life which I once dreamed " might be made delightful with *Louiſa*."

Tears were the only anſwer ſhe could give. Sir *Edward*'s ſervants appeared with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of *Louiſa*, he faſtened round his neck, and kiſſing it with rapture hid it in his boſom. The other he held out in a heſitating manner. "This" ſaid he, " if *Louiſa* will accept of it, may ſometimes put her in " mind of him who once offended, who can never ceaſe " to adore her. She may look on it perhaps, after the " original is no more; when this heart ſhall have for- " got to love, and ceaſe to be wretched."

Louiſa was at laſt overcome. Her face was firſt pale as death; then ſuddenly it was croſſed with a crimſon bluſh. " Oh! Sir *Edward!*" ſaid ſhe, " What—what " would you have me to do?"—He eagerly ſeized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious ſpeed, were ſoon out of ſight of thoſe hills which paſtured the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

V

No. 109. TUESDAY, *May* 23, 1780.

THE virtue of *Louiſa* was vanquiſhed; but her ſenſe of virtue was not overcome.—Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her ſeducer, nor the conſtant and reſpectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguiſh which ſhe ſuffered at the recollection of her paſt, and the thoughts of her preſent ſituation. Sir *Edward* felt ſtrongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was ſtill ſubject to remorſe, to compaſſion, and to love. Theſe emotions, perhaps, he might ſoon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding ſorrows of *Louiſa*, nouriſhed thoſe feelings of tenderneſs and attachment. She ne-

ver mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music

On their arrival in England, Sir *Edward* carried *Louisa* to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir *Edward* to blazon with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir *Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that *Venoni*, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of *Savoy*. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir *Edward*'s whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to *London*, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir *Edward*'s, the affliction of *Louisa* gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In *London*, Sir *Edward* found his sister, who had mar-

ried a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir *Edward* had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of *Louisa* he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir *Edward*, and felt the friendship which he showed her. Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir *Edward* saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with *Louisa*, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a *hand organ*, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. *Louisa* laid aside her lute and listened: the airs it played where those of her native

country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir *Edward* ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which *Louisa* had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—*Louisa* started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and a black patch. It was her father!—She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir *Edward* stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—"I come not to upbraid you," said *Venoni*; "I "a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am "am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to "die! When you saw us first, Sir *Edward*, we were "not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the "valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our "songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and "we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been "heard in *Venoni*'s fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, "who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. "Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy;—else why that dejected "look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, "I saw you wear, and those tears which, under "all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor "deluded girl shed?"———"But she shall shed no "more," cried Sir *Edward*; "you shall be happy, "and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the "injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my *Louisa*, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I "have seen those high-born females to which my rank "might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices,

" and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, " amidst affected purity they are slaves to pleasure with- " out the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of " honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, " my *Louisa!*—but I will not call up recollections that " might render me less worthy of your future esteem " ——Continue to love your *Edward;* but a few " hours, and you shall add the title to the affections " of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband " bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to " your cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder " and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will " restore your father to his native home; under that " roof I shall once more be happy; happy without al- " lay, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall " the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and in- " nocence and peace beam on the cottage of *Venoni!*"

V

No. 110. SATURDAY, *May* 27, 1780.

Extremum concede laborem. VIRG.

AS, at the close of life, people confess the secrets, and explain the mysteries of their conduct; endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world; so, in the *concluding number* of a *periodical publication*, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the Public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the *last*, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the MIRROR did not admit of much personification of its editor; the little disguise he has used has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himself out for what he was not.

The idea of publishing a *periodical paper* in *Edinburgh* took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom particular circumstances of connexion brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and, soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication: the writers of it were naturally associated; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence that such a resolution was taken. From that, and several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted.

The assistance received from Correspondents has been considerable. To them the MIRROR is indebted for the following papers; the 8th, the note from IGNORAMUS in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter signed ADELIUS in the 21st, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th (except the short letter at the end), the first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the first letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the first letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th (except the letter signed EVELINA), the 97th and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the 103. Of some of their Correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to the work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgment for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for several abridgments, additions, and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays them-

elves, and sometimes the nature of the work in which they were to appear, seemed to render necessary.

The situation of the authors of the MIRROR was such as neither to prompt much ambition of literary success, nor to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had scarcely ventured to send abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to so much uncertainty. They foresaw many difficulties, which a publication like the MIRROR, even in hands much abler than theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the *times*, they were sensible, was very unpropitious to a work of this sort. In a conjuncture so critical as the present, at a period so big with national danger and public solicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention should be paid to speculation or to sentiment, to minute investigations of character, or pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aside and resume at pleasure, may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles of public intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But, exclusive of this general disadvantage, there were particular circumstances which its authors knew must be unfavourable to the MIRROR. That secrecy which they thought it necessary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendship; it even damped those common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at least for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an interest in those whom we have not ventured to trust; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The *place* of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous. There is a certain distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or to amuse the Public in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as *Edinburgh*, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural;

if ludicrous, are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of buſineſs ſees few who ſhould be willing, and the man of genius few who are able to be authors; and a work that comes out unſupported by eſtabliſhed names, is liable alike to the cenſure of the grave, and the ſneer of the witty. Even Folly herſelf acquires ſome merit from being diſpleaſed, when name or faſhion has not ſanctified a work from her diſpleaſure.

This deſire of levelling the pride of authorſhip, is in none more prevalent than in thoſe who themſelves have written. Of theſe the unſucceſsful have a preſcriptive title to criticiſm; and, though eſtabliſhed literary reputation commonly ſets men above the neceſſity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet there are not wanting inſtances of monopoliſts of public favour, who wiſh not only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are willing to confine its influence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage. General cenſure is of all things the eaſieſt; from ſuch men it paſſes unexamined, and its ſentence is deciſive; nay, even a ſtudied ſilence will go far to ſmother a production, which, if they have not the meanneſs to envy, they want the candour to appreciate with juſtice.

In point of ſubject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the MIRROR. Whoever will examine the works of a ſimilar kind that have preceded it, will eaſily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of public amuſement, and circumſtances of reigning faſhion. But, with us, beſides the danger of perſonal application, theſe are hardly various enough for the ſubject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a ſort of claſſic privilege in the very names of places in *London*, which does not extend to thoſe of *Edinburgh*. The *Cannongate* is almoſt as long as the *Strand*, but it will not bear the compariſon upon paper; and *Blackfriarswynd* can never vie with *Drury-Lane*, in point of ſound, however they may rank in the article of chaſtity. In the department of *humour*, theſe circumſtances muſt neceſſarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk of readers will generally call, becauſe the number is much greater of thoſe who can laugh, than of thoſe

who can think. To add to the difficulty people are too proud to laugh upon easy terms with one, of whose title to make them laugh they are not apprised. A joke in writing is like a joke in conversation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome these difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the Public, the Public will judge; as to themselves, they may be allowed to say, that they have found it an amusement of an elegant, and, they are inclined to believe, of an useful kind. They imagine, that, by tracing the manners and sentiments of others, they have performed a sort of exercise which may have some tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that society which was formed by this publication, they have drawn somewhat closer the ties of a friendship, which they flatter themselves they may long enjoy, with a recollection not unpleasing, of the literary adventure by which it was strengthened and improved.

The disadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their *volumes* as they gave their *papers*, to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If, in this hope, the authors of the MIRROR may indulge, they trust, that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

Z

THE END.

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